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One Razor-Strop—Sixty-five Cents

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. *Rochester;* Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"SPEAKING of life and death and why men do what they do," said the sun-dried captain of Marines, on sick leave from the tropic station, "I'll tell you a story.

"There was a fellow named John Paul Jones, who came to my company from the States on the first draft last year. He was starting his second hitch, and he was a clean, well-drilled bird, very good-lookin'. A fine soldier; knew his stuff: N. C. O. material. I liked him. Sent him up to Cieba, where my *teniente*, Slosson, had an outpost platoon. Our outpost chaps are hand-picked, you know.

"He was up there quite some months—country was quiet—I forget how long. In those days they didn't have radios and movies and such, on outpost, the way they have now. It was right dull, especially when the natives were behavin'; but most men stood it. This Jones came down to Santa Cruz del Sur, which was my headquarters—and also the colonel's—and the place we had our rifle-range—for his annual target practice. Outposts send in one or two men at a time—they shoot for record and go back. Get extra money for qualification. The day this Jones went back a mail-boat was in, and we gave him the mail for his detachment.

"Private Jones—I had it in my mind to make him a corporal—fact, I was sending a chit to Slosson to prepare him for examination—stole a razor-strop out of that mail. Razor-strop worth sixty-five cents. Razor-strop belonged to one of his bunkies, who'd written to the States for it. Don't know why Jones stole it. Saw the package in the mail and just took it. A few days later, the bird it belonged to saw Jones using it and put in a claim. Went to Slosson, he did, and accused Jones of stealing his razor-strop.

"Now, Lieutenant Slosson was a careful chap—didn't want to do anybody an injustice—and he had Jones up to explain. Jones says it's his strop. Said he bought it while on range detail in Santa Cruz del Sur; said where he bought it, and how many pesos he paid for it. The other fellow was equally sure it was his, and showed a letter from his folks sayin' it was being sent. Both being men of good repute, as they say, Slosson couldn't get any satisfaction out of it. So he turned over to his sergeant and came, twelve hours on horseback down to Santa Cruz, to see if Jones's story about buying it was true.

"While Slosson was gone, Jones stole the lieutenant's personal gat—little .38 automatic—and all the ammunition Slosson had for it. He stole a .45 caliber service automatic from the property sergeant, with several hundred rounds of ammunition and some spare clips. He stole a fast little dun stallion that belonged to a thrifty hospital corps man in the detachment, and a new saddle from somebody else, and fixed himself up generally. Then he took to the hills. Stealin' from the inside is mighty rare in the

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service, thank the Lord, and we get out of the habit of watching for it, which is why Jones got away so easy, I reckon. When Slosson got back, sadly convinced that Jones was a thief, and all set to lock him up awaitin' a court, John Paul Jones was nobody knew where.

"A few days later, a *colona* from the hills—Spanish immigrant named Luis—came in and gave information that a *soldado* from Cieba had kicked him off his

"Palm-thatch shack in a little clearin'."

little place and taken his wife. His wife was a pretty Andalusian woman—pretty as they go down there. All sorts of changes occur to your ideas of beauty if you stay too long in those countries. She was rather pretty, though—I'd seen her. Luis said this *soldado* was there like he was going to stay, and were the Americanos goin' to take steps? Luis was right mad about it.

"Slosson took steps *muy pronto*. He sent a squint-eyed gunnery sergeant named Mahan and three privates to get John Paul Jones. The gunnery sergeant, riding hard, came on the place late the next afternoon. (Palm-thatch shack, you know, in a little clearin'.) Mahan rode up to the edge of the cover, and hollered to Jones that he knew he was inside—little dun stallion was grazin' staked out —and he'd better come and be put under arrest.

"John Paul Jones, inside, yells back that if they wanted him they could come in and get him. He then came into action with both pistols, killing the sergeant's horse. I'm sure he meant to get the sergeant, because he wasn't a good enough shot to swank around with an automatic at a hundred yards. The gunnery sergeant is a cagy bird; he stayed in cover, disposin' his men so as to command all approaches, and waited for dark. Fired a few shots through the roof, just to show he was there. Besides, he had the woman on his mind. Some time later, Jones, who is keepin' up some small shooting, sings out: 'Hold it a minute, will you, sergeant, and let this kid come out!' And the Andalusian woman comes out and scuttles off in the brush, makin' no remarks, so Mahan said. After that, Mahan fires a few rounds through the shack, just to keep Jones amused, and Jones replies briskly until it got dark. Mahan well and truly reported the number of rounds fired by all, verifying same from the empty brass, when he got back. I forget how many.

"When it was dark enough, Mahan's merry men closed accordin' to plan and

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

"The gunnery sergeant is a cagy bird."—Page 4.

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"The Andalusian woman . . . scuttles off."—Page 4.

rushed the shack. Two went in through what windows there were, and one through the door. They each fired one shot. Jones got one through the head, one through the lungs, and one in his stomach. And that was the end of John Paul Jones. They brought the remains in across a horse.

"The board of senior and expensive line and staff officers who investigated the case found nothing whatever, except that death occurred not in the line of duty. . . ."

"Well," I said, after waiting sufficiently, "what's the answer?"

"I don't know," the captain replied crossly. "Perhaps there isn't any."

Acceptance

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SOME love the peace of the sod,
Some love the din of the scrimmage;
Shall I be angry with God
That He did not make Man in my image?

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The Informer

BY SHAW DESMOND
Author of "Democracy," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IT was Dennis Coulahan had the beautiful way with him. A tall, proud boy was Dennis, with an eye of hard blue, a dazzling smile, and an easy way with the colleens. Sure, were not half the girls from Ballyduff to Lismore—and that is a good stretch—cracked after him!

You would hear him of an evening with the boys, coming down maybe from Lanty Sullivan's, the *potheen* man, when perhaps he had two or three glasses taken, with a high note in the laugh of him, and a rich, throaty tone underneath that was a delight to the ear. It is easy to see him now as he came down the *boreen* with the dark curl on his forehead and a white turn of the eye, putting the *comether* on the boys, as the people used to be saying.

And maybe on a fine, moonlight night you might run across him taking a slant under the ould *rath* with one of the colleens. There was something very queer about Dennis, indeed, for although the most beautiful girl in Ireland, Kathleen O'Shea, was dying for the glance of him, he was never happy but when he was gallivanting with this one and that one, and it was a curious thing entirely how the good girls and the nice girls used to forget their duty to God, not to mention their duty to themselves, when they caught the careless look of his eye.

That was a queer story altogether of Kathleen and Dennis. It was the time when Patrick O'Donovan was courting the girl, just before the boys were "up" when the great rebellion of '98 broke out, and Kathleen, who was always a strange, wayward colleen, would go walking, walking with him, because she had the wish to love him. But by this and by that there was something contrairy inside her that would not let her heart have the tender fancy, and the more she tried to care for him as a woman should care for her sweetheart, the less she looked like doing it. But at the long last she overpersuaded herself, if you understand me, and she said she would marry him. Sure, it is the way that the women have.

Patrick was a beautiful boy, with a clear, steady eye and brown hair, in which was a wave of the water where it curves over the Modeligo fall. It was he that had the great frame, and sure there was no man in the South could hurl the stone against him, and as for "lepping"—well, they used to be sayin' that after Jim Burke's horse, the "Phooka," saw him jump on the Carrickmacross race-course, he could never face the five-barred gate the same way again, for the conceit was destroyed in the heart of him.

Well, it was Kathleen had the great respect and fondness after him—but love him? No. Love is a queer thing—it is like a woman, the more you bid it the less biddable it is—but this is not the place to be discoursing on things of that sort.

The matter was soon settled, however, for Patrick and Kathleen. One fine morning the redcoats came marching up to O'Donovan's farm, knocked at the door, took him out under the dawn of the summer's sun, planting him with his back against the gray stone wall of his own farm, and put five pieces of lead into him, without "by your leave" or anything else. But it was given out by the general commanding the district that he was agin' the government.

That was the black night in the valley; the people were screaming mad with the rage and terror of it, but they could never find the man who tould on him, for there was not a man, woman, or child in the place that would stoop to the dirtiest work in the world.

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Kathleen was the changed woman after that. Something crept into her heart and turned it to ice, and with all the soft gentle ways of her there was a hardness lurking underneath which would come out now and again in the glint of the eye or a turn of the head. They said she would always be looking for the man that sent Patrick O'Donovan to his end, but if she was, she never found him nor any one else either. And as though fate would leave her nothing in the world, they took her father, gentle Michael O'Shea, the scholar, and swung him into eternity in the great square of Fermoy. "For fomenting rebellion," they said.

It was not until Dennis crossed her path that the roses stole back into her cheeks. But sure it was no wonder she would be liking the most beautiful young man in the valley, though when Patrick was alive she had neither the kind word nor the kind look for him. If you can understand that, you will be wiser than I, for I have given up trying to understand the pattern of a woman's mind.

But whether she liked him or not was all the same so far as her father was concerned, for he could never bear the sight of Dennis, do what he would, and it was he always had the black look for him.

But I would not be recounting the half of Dennis Coulahan if I was not tellin' ye about the power of the tongue he had. It was he that was forever dropping the spell on the people, and faith there was nothing strange that the name they put on him was "The Spellbinder." Sure he had the tongue so easy that the horses and dogs would come to him when he spoke to them. He was a horse "Whisperer," and there wasn't a wild baste in Ireland—and they are very wild there sometimes—that he could not tame. Since the days of the blessed Saint Patrick, the likes of him with the wild creatures was never seen.

Moscha! there was one night they used to tell of when under the shadow of the ould *rath*, by the light of a May moon, he put his magic on the young men, so that they were mad to have a crack at the English redcoats that were swarming in the country, for, as I said before, it was the time of the Black Rebellion, a hundred years ago and all. And it was the mothers and the sisters and the sweethearts that used to be askin' him not to be settin' the boys wrong with his talk. Sure wasn't the gallows-tree ripe with the poor boys who had dared all and lost all for the cause. There was Michael Moriarty, and Tim Doolan, and Shawn O'Connor—all fine young men and all gone to their deaths by the running noose.

And, indeed, it was Dennis himself that had the narrow escapes. Once the soldiers took him and put him safe in Fermoy jail, but the evidence failed against him and he was released, and after he came out he was bolder than ever in the things that he said and the things that he did.

And it was Kathleen O'Shea that was the sufferer. Every time a patrol of redcoats marched down the Ballyduff village her heart was in her throat for Dennis, because it was for him at this time she had the great love entirely. But Dennis took the danger and her love easily enough. He would look down into her eyes, though she was a tall young woman itself, and would grip those soft, round shoulders of hers, and throw a laugh back for her sighs and tears.

One fine night in July, Kathleen was taking a breath of fresh air outside her cottage. From where she stood she could see the ribbon of the Blackwater as it wound velvety between its banks under the shadows of the falling night. Away to the west hung the star of night to show like a Jack-o'-Lantern through the rising river-mists. Peeping out along the valley were the lights of the little cabins that spotted the hillside.

The moist, earthy smell of the river came sweet to her nostrils. It was the earliest thing in her life she could remember. God be with the times when, as a little child, she used to be looking under the stones of the river for the "divileens," as the children called the baby eels. And the brown trout that used to swim down there under the old stone bridge, where the water ran so smoothly to-night. And the sullen leap of the salmon in the cool of the evening—the cry of the wild duck—the haunting call of the plover. It all came back to her again.

Nestling under the hollow of a high bank was the little chapel. She could

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just see the ruined wall of the part that was said to have been built when the blessed Saint Patrick was making Ireland the Isle of Saints. There it stood, close by the bridge that was nearly as old as itself, like two old friends who had held up the *boreen* which led to her house. There was a muttering and a tumblement —and every now and then a hoarse cry cutting the stillness.

A number of men walked out of the mouth of the *boreen*, straight up toward

They took him out under the dawn of the summer's sun and put five pieces of lead into him.—Page 7.

together under the storms of a thousand winters. What queer sights the old place had seen. Sure usen't her father, who was a scholar, to be telling her maybe on a fine night like this, before he went to his death at the hands of the soldiers . . . Glory be to God! what was that!

There was the beating of men's footsteps—not the regular tramping of soldiers, but a scattering of feet as they came the house. They had something in the middle of them with a white bandage around the head of it.

Kathleen looked curiously at the men as they came laughing and talking toward the house, which stood away back by itself.

In front strutted little Larry O'Halloran, the cunningest charmer of the pipes in the South, who carried his pipes

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under his arm. A weazened little fellow, with a moist gray eye.

Sure it was Larry who could play the pipes or break your head with a loaded blackthorn with all the will in life. Faith it was he that took the light of day from one of Black Michael's eyes—and sure Michael was a giant. But he was no match for Larry with the stick. It was he that was so quick that you would only be after beating the empty air when you were looking for him with the *shillelagh*. But indeed, that is neither here nor there now.

In front, I say, strutted the little man. And it was he that was busy giving directions about something. Every now and then, as they walked toward the house, you could hear the hoarse crackle of laughter come out of them. A queer kind of laughter—half choked as it came from the throat.

"Be careful of him, boys—sure we must take great care of him for his friends," urged the little man plaintively, with a queer cock of the head.

"What is it you have got?" said the girl, laughing, "and what devilment are you up to now?"

"Oh!" said Larry, "we have something that you'll be glad to see—for which the heart of you has been longing"—and he passed the sign to the men, who stood clear from the thing they were carrying.

The girl looked slowly round. No—she had the senses in her. It was all right. She could hear the rush of the water as it crept under the bridge. She could see the faces of the men she had known all her life.

What was it had come to them? What was it that lay on the ground, with ropes swathing it?

"God in Heaven!"

The scream of the girl rose on the air as she ran forward and threw herself on the ground by the side of the figure that lay so stiffly. She tore at the white bandage which lay strapped tightly across the face.

"Dennis—Dennis! what is it they are doin' to ye?"

"Arrah! don't be makin' yourself unaisy—can't ye see the poor boy is unconscious?" said the little piper—"he will be all right in a moment. Sure the poor creature is tired in himself and a drop of the right sort will make him all right again. Hand that bottle over."

A tall man came forward and handed him a greenish bottle. He forced it between the clinched teeth of the man on the ground, and poured a few drops gradually down his throat. After a moment, he moved his head slightly and opened his eyes, turning his face to look at the faces about him. He stared dully at Kathleen, but did not speak.

"Listen, girl," and the voice of the piper was low and soft, but with a hissing underneath like the snakes that Ireland hasn't. "Listen," says he—"that man you see there—that beautiful young man—that man with the heart of gold and the tongue of silver like the chiming of the bell at the holy Elevation"—and he crossed himself—"that is the man that sent Moriarty and Doolan and the rest to the gallows-tree.

"That man, the 'Whisperer,' the man with the voice that neither child, woman, nor dumb baste could resist—it is he that whispered away the lives of the boys at Aherlow—of the men who were shot with their backs to the stone wall at Ballineety. It was he that put the soldiers on to McCarthy's farm when they took the life of John McCarthy, and placed the black shadow on the virtue of his daughter Norah. And it was he that gave the word which sent your father to the noose.

"He, the poor man, without a penny in the world—the honest man, who could not be bought, he was so light with his talk under the shadow of the *rath* on the May night—that sent five boys to the scaffold. Look at his hands—they are bloody, like those of Judas in the old time. Look at his face—white with the great fear.

"There is the brave man, the honest man, the good man—may God blast his soul forever and ever!"

And the little man smiled softly to himself.

Kathleen looked at him intently. The words came and went on her ears as unmeaning as the wind-shadows that sweep across the face of the Slieve Bloom Mountains.

Then she began to laugh quietly to her-

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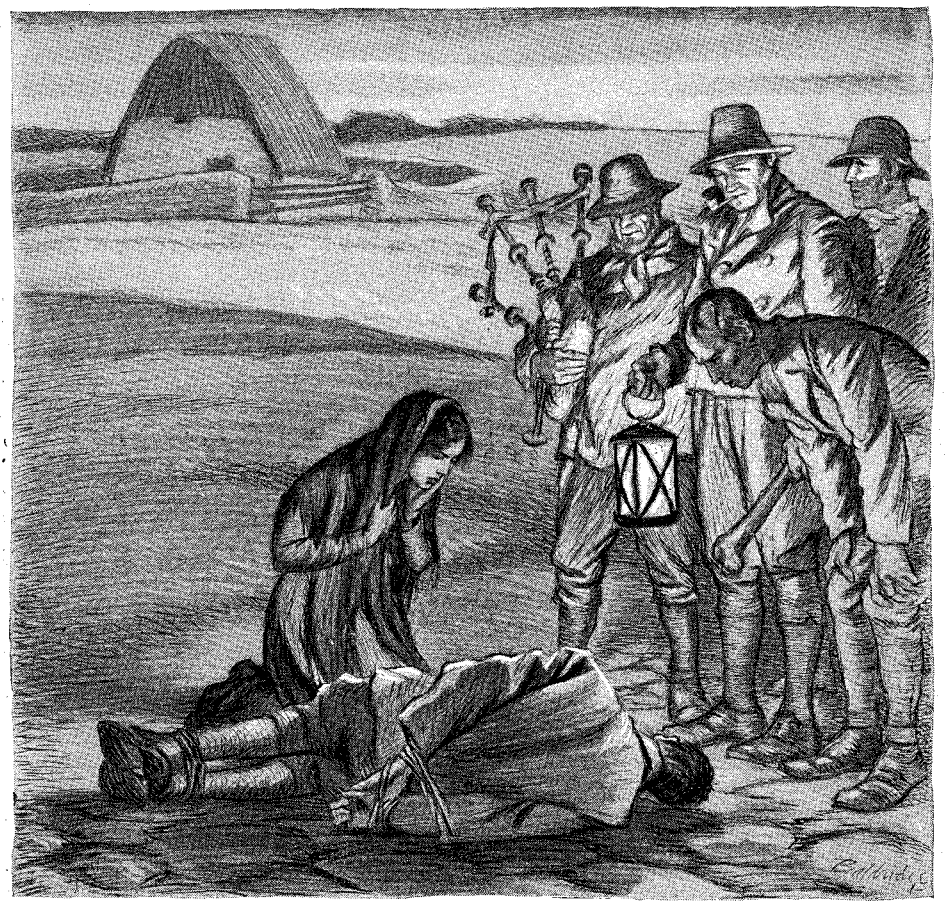
self. It was the queer little laugh, strangled at his birth.

"How do you know all this, Larry O'Halloran?" said she. "What proof have you?"

"Sure it is half dead that you are! You don't hear me, *asthore*," said the girl. "Do ye hear me?"

Something rattled in the man's throat, but nothing came from him.



"Dennis—Dennis! what is it they are doin' to ye?"—Page 10.

"Proof be damned! Look at him and ask him for the proof."

The girl turned and looked down at her lover, who lay there as though the thing did not concern him.

"Tell them they lie," she said quietly, under her breath. "Tell them they have put the bad word on my beautiful boy. Give them the lie in their throats. Do you hear me, *alannah?* it is Kathleen that is askin' you. The girl you swore to love all your life. Give them the lie!"

The man looked at her, but spoke never a word.

"Take those ropes off him," said the piper. The men unwound the ropes. "Now stand up and speak—do ye hear?" As the man made no effort to move—"Stand up!" One of the men kicked him heavily in the side. The blow sounded as though he had kicked a barrel. But the man still made no effort to move.

"Stand him up!"

Two men lifted him until he stood upright. Kathleen looked at him steadfastly. "Do ye understand me, *asthore*, or is it that your senses have left you under the treatment?"

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Coulahan stood there white and sullen, a little froth, flecked with blood, oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"Arrah, don't be wasting your breath," said the piper, "sure it is he that has his senses all the time, but he knows in his black devil's heart what is coming. Sure it is he that understands that words are now no more than the passing of the wind.

"Let him deny this if he can. Wasn't I and Mickey the Rat here making our devotions in the old chapel, praying for the soul of Patrick O'Donovan, as the boys have done every week since his murder, when who should come into the chapel in the darkness but *that*, with an agent from the castle, and didn't we see him take the blood-money from his hands? the money that was for the life of Con O'Reilly, who was found with the gun hid in his chimney, and who was hanged at the crossroads of Kilgobinet? I can hear him now as he gave out the choking cry before they lifted him by his neck. Can he deny that?"

He went up to the man. "Blast you—will ye speak?" and he struck him heavily across the mouth.

A thin stream of blood trickled down the man's face and fell on to his white shirt. But he never spoke, though there was a look in his eyes which showed the tempest of passion and fear that was tearing him as though a mad dog were at work in his vitals.

The girl looked at him hard, her face setting white as she came close to him, speaking quickly.

"Ah," said she, "I have the sight clear now. So it was you who put the noose around Con O'Reilly—the pride of his mother. It was you that put the sod over my father, and it was you that put the soldiers on to Patrick. I wish you joy of your work, Dennis," and she laughed a little. "I wish you joy of their company on the road to hell—to the pit that's gaping to swallow you forever."

Still never a word.

"Boys," cried the girl, with the daft light in her eyes, as she stared at the river, "this is my business. It was *my* father and *my* Patrick. Bring him down to the bridge. I want to speak with him."

One of the men produced a lantern as she led the way down the *boreen*, which sloped to the banks of the river. Far below them they could hear the tearing of the water as it rushed over the stones. Now and then came to their ears a dull roar as a wave of extra volume from the hills ran over the stream.

The Blackwater River was at the beginning of flood, and its way, as you know, is to rise half a dozen feet in half as many hours. But at present it was nearly as low as it had ever been, and ran smoothly enough in and out of the dark arches—shallow and free.

The last few hundred yards of the way ran steeply down to the bank under the side of the old bridge. There was no moon, but the stars showed faintly overhead through the misty veil which hung over the river.

The little body walked in silence, Dennis Coulahan in the middle of them. They scrambled down over the stones, which showed naked to the eye by the edge of the stream. Yawning near to them were the two arches, under the farther of which the main stream ran deep and swiftly, leaving the other dry.

From the centre of the bridge hung a pillar of stone, with other pillars lying darkly behind it, which supported the whole structure.

"What are ye going to do, *alannah?*" asked Larry gently; "sure, you are not going to drown him? That would be too easy a death for the likes of him."

The girl did not answer. There was a hard stare in the eye, a twitching of the muscles of the face which worked fearfully.

"Bring him here," said she, pointing to the front of the pillar. "Tie him there."

The men took Coulahan and placed him with his back against the pillar, passing the lengths of rope around and around his chest, arms, and waist, and tying his feet by the ankles to the pillar, to which he was laced as though he were a figure carved from the stone.

When they had finished, the girl motioned them back.

"Leave him to me now."

A light grew in the man's eyes.

"No, by God!" said the piper. "If you stay, we stay."

"Oh! is it thinkin' ye are that I would be afther lettin' him go? Well, then, it

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is little ye know of Kathleen O'Shea if ye think that. But you stay, Larry, if ye wish, but let the rest go, for the things I have to do cannot be done before others."

"Didn't we see him take the blood-money from the agent's hands?"—Page 12.

"All right, boys. Let you be goin' away. I will see to it that Dennis here is made nice and comfortable, and maybe I will rise him a tune on the pipes to lighten his road."

There was a crackle of laughter as the men moved off, for none of them dared to give the wrong word to Larry.

Their voices came back from the *boreen* as they scrambled through the darkness, until they died away, and there was a great silence, save for the rush of the water, which had the queer note in it.

It was a terrible little place, the only house near being that of the O'Sheas' farm. A cry of the night came from a bed of reeds, and there was the sulky splash of a salmon as it rose to feed. The water swept down on them in a black mass, with the starshine gleaming like fairy silver on the face of it, and then, as by magic, when it was about to sweep over them, turned and ran into the channel at the side.

The piper walked in under the arch, and crouched against the wall, his elbow pipes cradled in his arms, as Kathleen sat on a big stone at the foot of Dennis.

"Listen, *alannah*," said she—and her voice was crooning soft as though a mother were speaking to her child—"sure I want to have a talk with you. And we have the night before us, and as it will not be the top of the flood for some

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hours yet, you will have time to hear all.

"Do ye remember the day you came to me afther Patrick's death—and the beautiful things you said to me? Do ye remember how, when I cried for the first time since they put him against the wall, you gave me the soft word? Do ye remember how you told me you would have given the life for him to save him to me—how without me the light of your life would go out? How, with the summer's sun striking into your room over Slieve Bloom of a morning, it awakened you to another day of misery—because I had not the glance of love for ye?

"Do ye remember how you said you tried to save my father? How ye went to Fermoy to see the colonel about him? Do ye remember?"

Steady as death itself, the voice went on. "Do ye remember how you struck under me—how you told me you would take me away and make me an honest woman—how you took away my pride? Do ye remember? Think." And the girl stared at him.

The man never opened his lips, but looked at her, the gleam of his eyes coming and going under the starlight.

The water began to leap uneasily under the arch like a young horse on the curb. Away through the dark curve the stars were framed. The silence hung over them like the cloth on a coffin.

All at once something rose on the night wind. It was like the struggle of a giant bee. It came and went soft and velvety to the ear.

It was the pipes. The darling pipes of Ireland.

Soft and low the strains stole on the air. In haunting cadence they rippled and swelled, and then died away, coming again and again, until from the tanglement of sounds crept the beautiful "Grierna of the Waters."

The notes echoed in the dark spaces of the bridge, and ever, as they echoed, the waters crept higher and higher, fretting now in their narrow channel as the flood rose.

Then the notes died away in the silence.

"Do ye remember little Con O'Reilly—with the child face and the beautiful blue eyes, who used to be mindin' his sheep by the side of the Brideen? Do ye remember Jim Dillon and Michael McGrath and James O'Leary? Do ye remember Norah O'Connor, that the madness struck afther they took her man from her? Do ye remember?"

The water was rising quickly. It commenced to overrun the stones of the dry arch, and almost reached the feet of Coulahan.

The man stared around him like a man on a cross. At last the voice came to him.

"Oh, Christ! what are you doin' to me! Sure you are not goin' to drown me here by inches. Cut the ropes from me quick. Don't let me die. I am too young—too young. I swear I had no hand in your father's death—nor in the death of Patrick O'Donovan. I swear it by the Blessed Sacrament."

A shadow stood close by him. Larry had crept out of the arch, hearing the cries.

"Arrah! hould your whisht, darlin'," said he. "Don't be wastin' the breath of you—you'll want it all. Sure what is a little dyin' by the side of the others? I will play to lighten the heart of you. What will ye have? 'Modderideroo'? 'Sheela na guira'? 'The Pigs Are in the Clover'? 'Planxty Kelly's Reel'? Give the word and I will rise it for you, my bouckaleen!"

The man's head had fallen a little forward, the death sweat glistening on his forehead.

"Well, by this and by that!" said Larry, "ye'll have to have a tune." And without another word he broke into "The Wild Tune," as it is called, which came down from the time of the Flood. The wildest tune, surely, that ever came from the heart of a mortal, with the sound of the wind, and the rushing of the waters, and the song of the birds, and the warchant of the men of the old, ancient times—all running through it like the devil at the Quakers' meeting. Wildly its melody broke on the air and re-echoed under the arches, mingling with the cheep-cheep of the waters and the night winds in the reeds.

Madly it rose, Larry working the bellows as though possessed.

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Higher and yet higher, until, with a note that wailed away into the black night, it ceased.

Without a breath, the piper went on into "The Tender Child." You know the tune—sweet and low—ever and again trembling, like the steps of a child that is learning to walk.

Something stirred in the girl's breast. She muttered to herself: "The tender child—the tender child."

"Yes"—and she went on as though she had never stopped speaking—"you hear it, 'The Tender Child.' The child that is growing in me. The child that will have a murderer and informer for its father—that will be born with the crooked way on it. Yes—you hear, Larry, 'The Tender Child.' Play on—play on—Larry boy."

The water circled around the stone on which she was sitting, but she sat there, her feet dipping in the rising flood. The little piper took her by the wrist and dragged her away. She moved over the stones like a ghost of the night, looking back every few steps, and laughing softly to herself.

Dennis Coulahan fixed his eyes on her. Once again his screams tore the night: "God! you are not leaving me to die like a rat in a trap. For the love of Jesus, come back to me—as you hope for mercy, come back—come back—come . . ." His voice died away in the silence, his head sinking on his chest as though his neck were broken.

The girl crouched under the bank with the piper. In the darkness they felt the form of the man swathed to the hard stone. The waters were coming down now in waves which surged upward, ran and broke, showing white where they leaped at the foot of the man like hungry dogs. As he felt the cold fangs in his feet, he screamed once more. After that there was silence.

The dark waters mounted higher—ever higher. Upward they crept—now to his knee—now to his waist.

"We'll play him on his last passage," said the piper. He placed the pipes under his arm and started "The Dirge of Rhoderick Dhu." The notes in the minor stole onward to the man on the pillar—the *ullhone* for the dead. It ran sullenly under the arches over the flood of waters.

The girl crouched there motionless, her head sunk in her hands. She rose to her feet, the great change in the face of her.

"Dennis—Dennis," she screamed, "I am coming!"

She sprang into the flood, which carried her swiftly under the arch and into the darkness, as the waters kissed the lips of Dennis Coulahan.

On an Operating-Table

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

"LET there be Light!" There was no spoken word,
Such as once thundered down the morning skies.
Firm, facile fingers touched my unseeing eyes,
And seemed to spell the message they had heard.
Then, in my being, something waked and stirred
That bade me know again the glad surprise,
The green delight of Spring, and Autumn's dyes,
Flamboyant in their tints as tropic bird.
Oh! miracle-working fingers, deft and sure
And tender as the touch, in Galilee,
Of One who gave the sorrowing blind man sight:
Not Science only wrought the magic cure.
Lover of Man, who mourns his misery,
'Twas thy great heart that breathed, "Let there be Light!"

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Splurgin'

BY WILL ROSE

Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

HIRAM SMITH was late in leaving his house for another day in his grocery and meat store, even though he had pulled away from the warm outing-flannelled presence of Mother Smith and set his bony toes on the cold hardwood floor of their bedroom at an early hour.

But this was Tuesday morning. There had been the furnace ashes to take up, and the three big galvanized ash-cans to wheel up the cellar stairs and out through the snow to the curb for the weekly borough collection. And there had been a hundred yards or more of sidewalk and paths to shovel after the snowfall of the night. For Hiram Smith did not keep a hired man; they cost too much, and, besides, they wasted coal, even though they did keep the house warmer.

So Hiram was openly glad to have Billy Sumner, the country town's rotund, joking, bluffing, self-made lawyer hail him as Sumner's cutter came by the house just as Hiram was rushing out. Hiram accepted the lawyer's invitation to ride. But he felt a slight squirm of inside guilt as he pulled himself under the robes between breaths—a wiry, prematurely old man on a frosty morning.

"I don't go down to the store as late as this as a general thing," confessed Hiram, answering his own accusation—Billy Sumner hadn't said a thing.

There had been the furnace ashes to take up.

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The lawyer looked at the thin man of threescore years and five. He noted the gray hairs spreading out over the turned-up overcoat collar on this not too cold day, and he sensed Hiram's habitual and impatient energy.

"Humph!" Billy had boys of his own. "Boys are all done with college, ain't they?" Then he assumed a softer, more honest tone. "Boys doin' well?" he asked.

"Yes—fair," said Hiram. "I've set

A hundred yards of sidewalk and paths to shovel.—Page 16.

"You own the store, don't you?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"You've always paid your debts—you make your own living, don't you?"

"Such as it is."

"Then what the hell are you apologizing for?"

Hiram laughed. "I feel guilty as a thief when I ain't on the job," he explained. "It's always cost me so much to live—the boys and everything. It's the drive. As I grow older, I feel more and more that I've got to git there all the time."

them all up in business—in a small way—and I guess there's no complaint. It seems to cost them more to live, though, than it ever has me."

"Yes—I guess so!"

"And—you never can tell. Something might happen, and I feel like I have to be ready when they come for help."

"I know—I know," Sumner nodded. "But do you ever pull away from it?"

"Only for a day or so."

"Ever goin' to?"

"Yes—some time."

"Humph!"

"Yes—my wife and I has promised us

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a winter in California some time. We notice the cold more and more every winter."

"Why not Florida? That's the place nowdays."

"Nope. Seems like Florida's one of the flesh-pots. Seems like California's more our style."

"Got the money to go this winter?" asked the lawyer.

"Ye-es—I guess so."

"Go then!" Sumner advised emphatically. "Go now. Some time will come—some time. But a kink, a stroke, pressure on the heart always comes sooner. Take my advice and expand. You need it. You've done your duty to your family. They are all boys and can rustle for themselves, anyhow. Take my advice, Hiram, and splurge for once while the splurgin' is good."

They had come to the store and Hiram got out. He was chuckling in his self-conscious, though absent and nervous, way.

"I see you don't take me serious," continued Billy Sumner, readjusting himself in the cutter. "Let me tell you—I felt just like you do up to six years ago. Then I got wise, and I've been in Florida every winter since. And the boys are gettin' along just as well now as when I was coddlin' them."

Then he pulled on the reins, clucked to the roan, and drove on.

Hiram watched him go. "Buckey," he said to the air about him, "he *don't* coddle 'em." But the thought that the lawyer's oldest son was in the penitentiary immediately crashed against his mind.

"I see you don't take me serious."

With a five-cent "Golden Oak" in his mouth. —Page 19.

The closing hour at Smith's corner grocery, with its exodus into the wintry evening of cashier and clerks, had come and gone. The two delivery men, slapping the snow from hats and coats, had been in and settled up. On this 12,520th rushing day, Hiram Smith had seen that Mrs. Wall received her chops in time for dinner, that the marble potatoes sent by a sleepy clerk to cranky Mrs. Jones were replaced, and that the bills due were discounted. Now he had only one more routine task to do. He must lock the door in person; not that the insignificant act gave him any distinct pleasure, but it was the opportunity to make sure that belated customers had been served, that the drafts on the furnace were off, that the ice-boxes were closed, that the safe was locked; in fact, that the premises were safely and carefully closed for another night.

But in one way this had been a different day for Hiram Smith. The lawyer's words of the morning had fallen on more fertile ground than the lawyer had thought. That day, after a long, thorough pounding on will and mind, had

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brought Hiram to a big decision—for him. He had even—with an excited trembling, to be sure—picked up the telephone and talked to the ticket-agent of the trunk-line railroad for quite a long time. Finishing this conversation, he had sought his check-book, noted the balance, and figured all over three sheets of paper. Slowly the idea had become possibility, probability, certainty. By closing time Hiram Smith had made up his mind to splurge. And with the decision made, the big thought in his mind was not selfish anticipation but the joyous surprise he would have for Mother Smith that night.

He stood up now, pulled on his overcoat, stuffed that morning's New York *Times* into his pocket, and found his gloves for the walk home that saved not only health but also a nickel carfare. Five cents every night amounted to $15.65 every year.

He went to the cigar-case for the cigar he had allowed habit to claim as he walked home. He was thinking that he would celebrate this evening with one of those fifteen-centers he had always admired from a distance. He selected one, pulled out his knife to snip off the end, hesitated, and then laid the cigar back in the box. In another instant, he felt less guilty with a five-cent "Golden Oak" in his mouth as he lowered his head into the storm.

Mother Smith was standing by the front bay window, and she saw him come across the intersection of streets just below the house, holding his overcoat tight around his neck with one hand and swinging the other from a toil-lowered shoulder in quick jerks as his feet slipped in the snow in spite of all he could do. She knew the cold pierced him. His thin body looked hardly equal to the battle—but it was.

There was none of "The Silver Threads Among the Gold" business in the nightly home-coming of Hiram Smith.

"Whew!" he whistled, as he came in the side door to save the front of the house. "I tell you it's lucky the strike is over and we can get some coal. This is winter!"

Mother Smith never attempted to converse with him when he came in. His custom, in journeying from cellar to bathroom, to bedroom, did not include stops. But this never seemed to get to the attention of Hiram. He talked right along from all parts of the house whether Mother Smith could hear him or not.

"Will you be right ready for supper?" she called after him.

He talked right along from all parts of the house.

"I'll be ready right away," he answered from the furnace cellar.

"Then I'll have Maggie put the things right on."

Some men in possession of a really big, delightful, and long-anticipated surprise for a faithful wife would have staged it. They would have waited for the after-dinner hour and the fireplace and the couch. Perhaps Hiram ought to have done so but he never thought of it.

"It's a cold winter," he said, coming through the house on his way up-stairs. "I'm glad we're goin' to spend the rest of it in California, eh, buckey?" This last

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trailed back to Mother Smith from the upper floor.

"Um-mm," she said to the catsup-bottle, cracker-bowl, vinegar-cruet, sugar-bowl, and other occasional foods that always cluttered the dining-room table in this house of no pretensions. And with it came the trace of a smile she used when Hiram Smith joked her. But she listened. Hiram was arguing away up in the bedroom in a note of protest over something. "What's he talking about now?" she said as she fluttered to the foot of the stairs.

"What say, Hiram?" she called.

"I had them double the furnace when I built this house," Hiram was saying, "but I wish now I had tripled it. There ain't a bit of heat comin' in this room. I tell you it's a frosty night—frosty—frosty!"

"Um-mm," said Mother Smith again, going back to the dining-room.

"Shultis is a good head clerk."

Hiram came down talking away about Mrs. Deyo's meat order that hadn't been right, the men blinded by the snow, John Dublin, who was short in his cash, the unusual price of sugar, and a dozen other incidentals picked up in the personal interest he took in his business. But when he sat down, he ate his soup in silence and with the customary speed and brown study that lately had given him acute attacks of gas pressure.

Presently, however, he reached for a piece of bread and said: "I thought we would stop off at Niagara Falls, where we wanted to go when we was married, and we will stop off at other places too. I surely had ought to be able to allow myself a couple of months. I need it. Shultis is a good head clerk, and I've had him writin' the Saturday ads for quite some time. Sometimes, I think they get along better when I'm away, anyway. And I don't think it's splurgin', either."

"Now why do you talk such foolishness, Hiram? You know you'll go and get yourself all worked up again, and then you'll feel so bad about it."

"Foolishness! I tell you, buckey, I mean business this time. Why, I almost bought the tickets this afternoon. We start out on the Buffalonian Thursday night."

"Thursday night! How on earth—why, Hiram, with all the packin'?"

"I tell you we're goin' before I change my mind," challenged Hiram. "If I was you, I'd take only one trunk. I'm goin' to put on that new gray suit and wear it the whole time. We've always counted on this thing and now we're goin'. I've got my mind made up. I don't care if—if it costs twice as much as I've figured. This time, I'm goin'. Why, I've got the boys through college, I've set them up in business, and I've got the extra cash for the trip—I've got back clear again. I'm goin' to splurge while the splurgin' is good."

"But, Hiram—" began Mother Smith, and then stopped. She wanted to take this trip as much as he did. But she feared there might be another reason why they could not go. She wondered if she should speak of it now. Slowly, she drew a letter from her apron pocket.

"Jimmie wrote to-day," she said, handing the letter to her husband.

"*Now*—what's the trouble with him!"

Hiram asked the accusing question with all the right in the world. During

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"That he would have to look after himself some time."—Page 22.

the college days of the boys, since they had been at work, even when they had wanted to go into business, their appeals had come to him by way of letters to their mother. There had been letters without appeals for money, of course, but they had been shadowed into insignificance in Hiram's mind by the number of the others. He had come to have a sinking feeling whenever one of the boys wrote home.

And the answer of Mother Smith did not disapprove him; rather it established the justice of his attitude.

"He don't say. Read it."

Hiram did. The letter was very short. Jimmie wrote that he would be home the following Saturday on a very important matter that he hoped his father would understand. He said his trip concerned his auto-supply business up-State.

"I'll bet he wants me to meet his note again," said Hiram. "Ain't it funny the way things go?" He was keenly—weakeningly—disappointed. He looked up suddenly and demanded of Mother Smith: "When will these boys get on their own feet? It seems to me if I had come for help as many times as they have, I'd be ashamed to come any more. I'd scrimp. I'd save. I'd do something—anything!"

Mother Smith sighed. "I know, Hiram," she said. "You always have."

There was a silence and a staring into space.

"Well, I suppose this Jimmie business means no California," said Hiram.

To which there was no reply from Mother Smith. She did not feel that she could say anything to make his disappointment easier. And she felt a disappointment, too, in a way, but it was lost in a mother's sense of responsibility for her own. Besides, she knew that her stoic husband did not want her to say anything.

Hiram retired into the little study he liked so well, where, at a golden-oak desk that did not match another piece of furniture in the room, he apparently read the paper and worked until bedtime. At intervals during the night, Mother Smith heard him toss and mutter unintelligibly, but she supposed it just one of his restless nights after too great a strain at the store. In the morning, however, a return of decision had dawned in Hiram's mind as

Hiram sat in a corner of the couch.—Page 23.

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clear as the sky after the storm of the night before. He told mother at breakfast.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "A son can't learn to look after himself unless he meets his problems alone. Go right ahead with your packin'. We start for California Thursday night, just as planned."

"But, Hiram——"

"Please let me finish," said Hiram in a firm tone that showed long thought. "I wrote Jimmie as soon as I was up this morning. I told him all about it, how our plans are all laid and can't be changed. I told him I wouldn't always be here and that he would have to look after himself some time, and must begin now. We will go right along just the same."

"Yes—I wired Jimmie."—Page 23.

Mother Smith knew he meant it. She did not demur. She asked only one question, anxiously.

"You wasn't harsh, was you, Hiram?"

"I am afraid I was too easy," answered Hiram. "I'm afraid I always have been. It's one thing that makes me worry about the boys."

"Love never hurt anybody," said Mother Smith. "I guess you don't need to worry on that score. But I do wish we could know what Jimmie wants before we start."

Thursday night came too soon for both of them. But the will of Hiram Smith devoured the thousand and one last, minute details, and the train started with Hiram and mother in a stateroom wondering if they were all there.

Of course, and in spite of the longed-for trip, they were not purely and simply happy. They were confused. They were unsettled. Definite and somewhat nervous unrest occupied both their minds. Even the pure anticipation of the two days of preparation had been submerged in this unrest. Mother Smith was depressed about deserting Jimmie without knowing what he wanted. She felt like a thief. And Hiram could not dodge an uncomfortable feeling that he had not yet recognized as love denied.

The novelty of the stateroom in the Pullman, the feel of the train moving through the black night, the joy of the thought of what she would see in the next months, now that they were started, soon wore off for Mother Smith. Depression came again. She felt tired and hardly equal to the exertion the trip would demand. But she did not tell Hiram of this as she asked him to have the porter make up their berths. She thought Hiram's interest in everything, including the porter, was deep. The good woman did not want to spoil his fun.

"If you are goin' to bed, I guess I'll go up to the club car and smoke a cigar," said Hiram. "I tell you, buckey, we might as well enjoy *all* of this. I've always wanted to ride in a club car."

Mother Smith nodded as he went out. But when he had gone she got up, found her hand-bag, took from it an old photograph of herself and her first-born, Jimmie, in Windsor tie, blouse, and short pants, with his arms about her in the love she had taught him, and looked at it and kissed it for a long time. Then she laid it under her pillow and turned her face to the black window away from the light. After a time, something soothed her and

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she dropped to sleep. It might have been the gentle motion of the heavy sleeper or it might have been—tears.

How long she slept she did not know; probably hours. The big train slowing down for one of its only occasional stops awakened her. Her first thought was that Hiram was not in bed. Then she heard a sigh. She looked out into the room.

Hiram sat in a corner of the couch, wide-awake, lost in revery. His arms were folded, his chin was resting on his chest.

And as she looked, Mother Smith saw two big tears start from his eyes and roll swiftly down over his wrinkled old face.

She was glad.

Niagara Falls, the following day, was mostly snow and ice as Mother and Hiram saw it. It was big, of course, tremendous, but they did not grasp it. They saw it all, however. They had come to do so and accepted the usual methods, even to a ride around the gorge route. The rapids, too, were marked, for them, with a tedious sameness. They thought it was very damp near the falls. Inspiration from within was lacking.

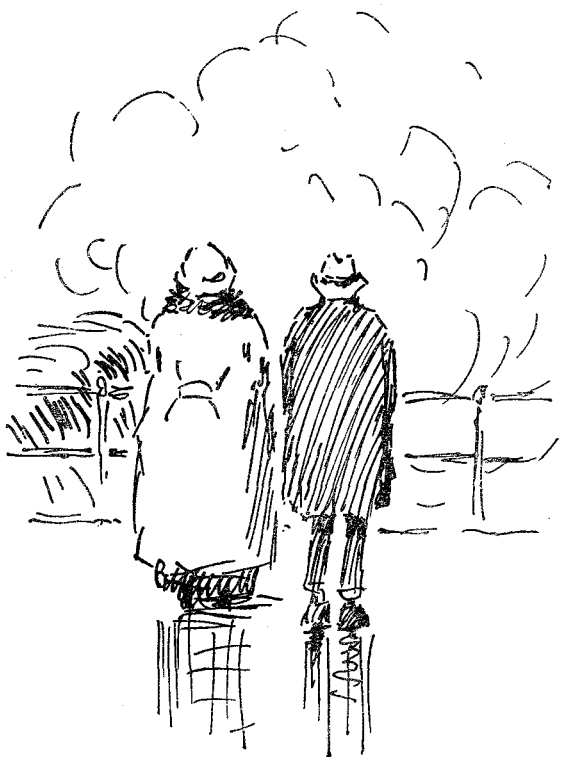
They returned to their hotel late in the afternoon. The spell of nature's wonder still hung over them, but very vaguely. They felt simply that they had put in a strenuous day. They were more concerned about rest than the visualization for permanency of what they had seen.

Mother Smith lay down before dinner, but Hiram went to the barber-shop. Such inaction, after the surging day, cleared his mind.

Never was there a greater change in a man than when Hiram Smith got out of that barber-chair—not in appearance alone. But the lines of care and unhappy thought in his face took on the ascending curves of joy. His eyes reclaimed their smiles. His step was keen.

He proceeded quickly up the marble stairs to the hotel desk and called for a telegraph blank. Then he went to his rooms to awaken Mother Smith.

"I just happened to think," he explained a bit backwardly, "that I come away without gettin' any more coal for the house. It worries me. First, I thought I would write to the coal company. But somehow I'm not satisfied to leave it to them. There may be a shortage again. Why, if it happened that they did not take some coal to the house when they received that letter, Maggie would have to lock up, the water-pipes would burst—and everything. I don't mind splurgin' once in a while, but we can't let the house go to rack and ruin while we're doin' it."



They saw it all, however.

Mother got her feet on the floor.

"The clerk tells me," went on Hiram, "that there is a train in an hour that will get us home in the morning. So I've made reservations."

Mother Smith started for the trunk. And as Hiram began to pick up his things to aid her in such awkward manner as his inexperience allowed him, she asked:

"Did you wire Jimmie, Hiram?"

"Yes—I wired Jimmie," he said.

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"England" and My Critics

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE
Dean of St. Paul's; Author of "The Victorian Age," "England," etc.

THE present writer has no cause to complain of the newspaper press, which has inflicted upon him a notoriety undesired indeed, but very convenient in hard times such as these. But editors and reviewers can be exceedingly annoying. About twelve years ago some foolish young man on the staff of one of Lord Northcliffe's papers made the strange discovery that I am a pessimist, and tied a tin kettle to my tail which still seems to give peculiar satisfaction in the United States, though in England it is seldom quoted any longer except as an example of a very inappropriate nickname. When I write a book, your average reviewer skims it as rapidly as possible, and marks for quotation any sentences which seem to confirm the preestablished character of the writer which he or his sub-editor has chosen to adorn the headlines. In reviewing a book like "England," which is intended partly to indicate rocks ahead, of which there are plenty, this method was easy. But any one who takes the trouble to read the book will get a very different impression. It was not written either to run down my own country or to irritate good Americans. "Dean predicts the ruin of England" is not a true summary of my work.

I am in fact an almost fanatical patriot, and I should not have grumbled if American critics had found fault with me, as some of them have done, only on that ground. I certainly think that England has received much less than justice from her neighbors, America included. But my object in writing was to convince my countrymen that we are likely to have a rough time in the near future, and that we must be prepared to meet it with an united front. There are certain things which in my opinion need to be said, and which those who spread their sails to catch the popular breeze are careful not to say. There are tendencies and movements in England which may wreck us if we do not take care. So from my humble position as one of the "inferior clergy" (so the Bidding Prayer at our universities calls us, to distinguish us from the bishops) I have repeated King George V's exhortation, "Wake up, England!" *Ubi nil timetur, quod timeatur nascitur*, or, in the language of the Bible, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

No one who has lived through the Great War has any right to speak of decadence in connection with England. We had never aspired to be a military nation, when at a moment's notice an amateur wofully out of training was called upon to stand up to Jack Dempsey. The German army in the first two years of the war, when it was confident in its own invincibility, was the most tremendous fighting machine ever known. It was formidable enough even in 1918, after disillusionment had set in, but from 1914 to 1916 it was almost irresistible. And we did stand up to it, as the Germans themselves are willing to admit. A friend of mine who applied to the German War Office for leave to visit prisoners, was courteously received by a Prussian general. "You know," he said, "we Germans are amazed at what you have made of your army. We thought it impossible." And General von Kluck, after the war, went up to an English colonel in a Swiss hotel, and said chivalrously: "I hope, sir, you will not object to shake hands with me. I have been wishing to tell an English officer of the immense admiration which we who fought against you in 1914 felt for your old army." I believe the impartial verdict of history will be that as fighting men there was nothing to choose between the Germans, the French, and the English, that

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these three were in a different class from the other European belligerents, and that never before in history have armies passed through such a terrible and protracted ordeal. Our little Cockneys were men of poor physique, but they fought with the courage of Bantam cocks, as bravely, I believe, as the big Highlanders, Canadians, and Australians.

Well, we emerged from the four years' struggle victorious indeed, but without much left of our accumulated wealth, and with the loss of a million killed, the flower of our youth. Then, as might perhaps have been expected, alarming cracks began to show themselves in the edifice which had been so severely shaken. There is something radically unhealthy in the Labor movement in Great Britain. To put it shortly, Labor regards itself as in conscious antagonism to the rest of the community, and is determined to become parasitic on the wealth and industry of the nation. There is no other country in which the pernicious system of doles, immunities, and pensions has been carried so far. Trade disputes have changed their character. They used to be directed against the employers, and had as their object the attainment of better conditions in some particular trade. The modern strike is an act of civil war, planned long beforehand, and directed not against the employers but against the community, which is to be held up and starved out by an organized blockade. The general strike last spring was unquestionably a deep-laid revolutionary conspiracy, hatched in the midst of a nation enjoying complete democratic institutions and universal suffrage. It failed, because the nation voluntarily organized itself to maintain the public services; but the ominous fact remains that the trade-unions as a whole, though they had no grievances of their own, broke their contracts and enrolled themselves under the red flag. We are in fact in a state of chronic civil war, in which society is standing purely on the defensive against those who wish to wreck it.

It is not unpatriotic to point out that this way lies ruin, probably the overthrow of popular government in favor of some form of military dictatorship, and certainly the loss of our foreign trade, on which millions in our island depend for their existence. There may be some nations which can afford to indulge in monkey tricks with their institutions, but England is the very last country that can play the fool in this way. Our circumstances make us very vulnerable. For us, the class war is national suicide.

I have attributed these dangerous symptoms partly to disappointment at the failure of exaggerated hopes. All through the last century England was in a privileged position. It was assumed that as a matter of course wages with us were higher, and the hours of work shorter, than on the Continent of Europe. This privileged position was in fact gained at a time when the workers had a great deal to complain of; but it continued for many years after the iniquities of the early industrial era had been redressed. We had a long start, and it took time for other nations to catch us up. But it could not last forever. At the beginning of the present century it was already plain that the ratio of wages to output must be approximately the same all over Europe, which meant that the British working man must be as efficient as the German. But the British trade-unionist has been very slow to accept these new conditions. Not only does he demand higher wages and shorter hours than his continental rival, but in many trades there is deliberate restriction of output. This custom prevails especially in those trades where there is no direct foreign competition, for instance in all branches of the building trade, and in the mines. The miners are now on strike against any increase in a very short working week; for their hours are seven hours a day, and in many parts Monday is regularly a holiday in the pits. These dangers have been pointed out by many others, and they are well known in America, where there seems to be comparatively little slack work, and nothing like so much bitterness and hostility on the part of the working men toward their employers.

The plan of the series to which my book belongs demanded that I should make some attempt to forecast the future of the British Isles as a Great Power. The expansion of Europe has been the salient feature of world-history during the last

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century and a half. The White races had, in the year 1900, established a decisive supremacy all over the globe; many believed that the time was not far distant when the few remaining independent colored nations would fall under the sway of one or other of the competing White peoples of European descent. By great good fortune, aided by the sterling qualities of her people, Great Britain obtained the lion's share of these conquests. The world viewed with astonishment the spectacle of a comparatively small island whose flag waved over one-quarter of the surface of the habitable globe, and over one-quarter of its inhabitants. The question which I was obliged to ask was whether this almost miraculous state of things is likely to continue indefinitely. The fate of other empires, at one time almost as imposing as the British, had to be considered. Holland and Spain were not large enough to remain the nuclei of world-empires; and Spain is larger than the British Isles. Then it was necessary to observe that in the present century at least one non-European people—Japan—has been able to repel the aggression of a great European military Power, and has taken a place as a Power of the first class. No one now supposes that Eastern Asia will ever be a dependency of any White nation. Our anxiety is not how to subjugate the so-called Yellow races, but how to prevent them from ousting the Whites from White territory by economic competition. These facts seem to indicate that the expansion of the Whites, and not least of the Anglo-Saxons, has almost reached its term.

On the other hand, there seems at present to be no reason why the British Empire should not hold together as a loose federation, a League of Nations in being. Our race has a political genius which has been denied to the Spanish. To the political philosopher, the Constitutions of the United States and the British Empire are by far the most interesting experiments in nation-building since the Roman Empire, and the difficulties caused by the great distance of some of the Dominions grow less every year. On the whole, the tendencies which make for continued union and closer relations seem at present to be stronger than the fissiparous tendencies. It would be rash, I think, to speak with more confidence than this. But the supremacy of the English language and institutions seems to be secure for a long time to come, in spite of the diminishing fecundity of the Anglo-Saxons both in the British Empire and in the United States. If England one day ceases to be the political centre of a World Power, it will remain, perhaps even more than it is now, the spiritual home and ancestral hearth of a large section of the human race.

I have spoken very freely in my book about our relations with the United States. There is no warmer advocate of Anglo-American friendship than I am. But there are pleasing illusions about America in my country, which I thought it necessary to dissipate, for they may lead to mistaken political action. Foreigners will never understand the English character unless they realize that though we are not at all emotional, we are the most sentimental people in Europe. The French, on the contrary, are very emotional, and inwardly as hard as nails. We are so sentimental as to be very reluctant to admit that our separation from our former colonies is final and complete. In *Whitaker's Almanack*, the leading gazetteer of Great Britain, the world is divided into three parts—the British Empire, the United States, and Foreign Countries. America is not one of the Foreign Countries. A few years ago an American gentleman wished to take a house in London. He found what he wanted, but saw a difficulty. "I see there is a clause in the lease which forbids the leaseholder to sublet to a foreigner." The house-agent smiled. "That does not apply to you, sir," he said. From the English point of view, nothing could be more natural. But if my countrymen fancy that the same feeling exists on the other side of the Atlantic, they are very much mistaken. We in England would consider war with the United States a shocking kind of civil war; I do not think that the Americans would feel anything of the kind. To us, an alliance with America would be the natural consequence of unity of origin, of language, of religion, of institutions, and of sympathies. The two nations stand together for popular government, for religious toleration, and for a conviction that international relations can be and ought to be

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moralized. Many Englishmen can be heard to say, "Why should we not cut ourselves loose from entangling alliances on the Continent of Europe, and form closer ties with our natural friends and kinsfolk, the Americans?" Unfortunately, this policy, attractive as it is to us, is impossible. We could not rely on American help if a coalition in Europe were formed to destroy us. This is the fact, and we ought not to deceive ourselves.

I have been rather pleased to receive indignant letters from Americans, reproaching me for doubting the friendship and good-will of America for England. But will any well-informed American deny that these friendly voices are in a small minority? The British visitor to America usually sees only the Atlantic States, where he is made to feel very much at home. He is received with charming hospitality, and so far forgets that he is in a foreign land that he is not always sufficiently careful not to offend American susceptibilities. But if he travels further west, he finds himself, I am told, in a very different atmosphere, and is fortunate if he does not hear comments upon the "Britishers" which make his blood boil. He finds everywhere a strange isolation from European interests, tempered only by an active dislike of one European nation—his own. So at least I have been told by several travellers.

But even if this is untrue, or overstated, things happen sometimes which cannot be explained away. One such incident sank deep into the minds of Englishmen. It is recorded in the reminiscences of Ambassador Page. During the war, before America came in, our government thought it vitally important to stop the shipping of supplies for Germany from the United States. A vessel called (if I remember rightly) the *Dacia*, set out from an American port laden with contraband. The sailing of this ship was intended to be a test case. Would the British dare to stop it or not? The American Government let Sir Edward Grey know very plainly that they would regard the seizure of the *Dacia* as an unfriendly act, a phrase of sinister meaning in diplomacy. What was to be done? Were we to risk a quarrel with America, or were we to allow our blockade to be reduced to a nullity? Mr. Page found the way out. Why, he suggested, should not the *Dacia* be seized by a *French* cruiser? Sir Edward Grey took the hint. The vessel was stopped, taken to a French port, and her cargo confiscated. Not a dog in Washington barked! I think it is not strange that this incident made a deep impression on the minds of English people, and gave food for very unpleasant reflections.

The causes of this ill-feeling are often discussed here. Three in particular are mentioned. First, the steady malignity of the Irish-Americans, who are not only very numerous, but are, we are told, more influential in American politics even than their numbers justify. The Irish vote, it is said, is angled for by both political parties, and any courtesy or good feeling shown to England would probably lose it. Next, the hostility of the Hearst newspapers, which are believed to have an enormous sale in the Middle West. Lastly, it is said that the school-books on which young America is educated always represent England as the villain of the piece. I am told that the newer educational books are less unfair, and it is probably a mistake to attach much importance to this cause of unfriendliness.

Some will add that the two nations do not like each other's manners. The Englishman is apt to be stiff if a stranger addresses him in a familiar tone; that is not our way. But I think we are punished for the sins of our grandparents. I should not like an American to see the cartoons in *Punch* between 1861 and 1865. In the Palmerstonian era we were certainly arrogant; I do not think we are so now. I will venture to add that the Americans would not be so ready to suspect us of airs of superiority if they were not themselves a very modest people at bottom. They do their best to hide it, but sooner or later one finds them out. I was once walking with a charming young American professor, soon, alas, to be removed by an early death. We were strolling through the street of Chipping Campden, a village of noted beauty in the Cotswold country. The vicar passed us, and said courteously: "I see you gentlemen are Americans. May I have the pleasure of showing you my church, which is one of the finest in the country?" My friend was really

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troubled; he honestly thought that I should not like being mistaken for an American! A little incident like that throws a great deal of light on the mentality of the two countries. An Englishman no more wishes to change his nationality than he wishes to change his wife, and he is ready to uphold his country against all comers; but he expects a Frenchman or German or American to do the same, and likes him less if he does not.

I have never asked an intelligent American, who knows England, what he really thinks about my country. It is a question which we never ask. When things are going well, perhaps we do not care much; when they are going ill with us, as they are now, we do not want to hear our troubles discussed by a possibly unsympathetic stranger. I quoted in my book the judgments of Page and Santayana, which gave us great pleasure. These two writers saw us during the war, and their generous appreciation of the way in which we acquitted ourselves through our great ordeal was, I think, well deserved. But at present the Labor question dwarfs all others; and I must repeat my conviction that until the people of England realize that henceforth they must compete with other nations on equal terms—or even on somewhat unfavorable terms, since the load of debt is heavier with us than elsewhere—we shall not recover our prosperity, but must acquiesce in going slowly down-hill. I believe American opinion would support this view. The average output of an American workman seems to be far greater than the maximum which our trade-unions permit.

The possible exhaustion of the world's supply of food and of minerals is a very difficult question, and I believe that my anticipation of a coming failure of our coal-fields, based on the calculations of Jevons in about 1865, was partly erroneous. New coal-fields have been discovered, and improved methods of getting coal. It is possible that East Kent will before long become a productive colliery district. There is wheat in Argentina and elsewhere for at least another generation—if we can afford to pay for it. Some think that the wheat-belt in Canada might be extended further north; but wheat-growing is a risky industry where there is a danger of summer frosts. I have heard dazzling predictions of the future wealth of Australia; but will it ever be gathered by men of our race? The provincial capitals, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Hobart, and Perth are growing rapidly; but the country parts remain undeveloped for want of labor. In New Zealand the population is better distributed.

On the whole, I stick to my prediction that except in North and South America, and to a less extent in Australasia, the era of White expansion has nearly come to an end; and this means that the position of Europe will alter relatively, though not necessarily absolutely, for the worse. The United States will be by far the richest and most powerful country in the world. This prediction should not cause any great discouragement to an Englishman, for it means the increased ascendancy of our language and institutions. Bismarck, asked what he considered the most important fact in modern history, said, "The fact that English is the language of North America." He saw that here was a fact, big with destiny, which reduced his new German Empire, built by blood and iron, to insignificance. It meant the ultimate triumph of Anglo-Saxondom.

It is irritating that one cannot defend a well-considered judgment about future history without being charged with pessimism. If my arguments are bad, let me know where the fallacies are to be found. I have never attempted to prophesy without giving my reasons. The Socialists are annoyed, as I expected them to be; but Dame Nature will not alter her laws to please the Socialists. If there ever was a fruit which was rotten before it was ripe, that fruit is Socialism. State ownership of the means of production has almost always proved wasteful and inefficient. Individual acquisitiveness is not by any means the only incentive to industry, but it is a very important incentive, and when it is withdrawn, slackness invariably appears. Equally mischievous is the system of doles, pensions, and "free" State aid, which has assumed monstrous proportions in England. Man will always become parasitic if he is given the chance.

To return to the question of Anglo-

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American relations. An alliance is hardly to be thought of, since America needs no allies, and cannot commit herself to go to war in Europe. But if the League of Nations ever becomes a real arbiter in international affairs, America may exercise a decisive influence in preserving peace, which now as always is "the first of British interests." It will also tend to draw into its orbit (I do not mean by annexation) all the other English-speaking countries. Australasia, if threatened with penetration by the Asiatic races, will look for sympathy to the United States. So the world-importance of the Union will steadily grow, especially as South America, which has almost boundless possibilities, will be very much under the control of the great Republic. I see no reason why the relations of this mighty power to England and the British Empire should be anything but friendly. The notion that the American nation is only a hundred and fifty years old will be discarded, and a reasonable pride will be taken in its earlier history, before the disruption. England will probably be the chief cultural centre of the English-speaking nations, and young men and women will increasingly come to England to finish their education, as young men from all the Mediterranean countries flocked to the university of Athens.

Let who will call this pessimism. When I look at a map of the world, and see how small a spot is the little island off the northwest coast of Europe, which itself is only a peninsula of the great Asiatic mass, and then consider in what large letters my countrymen have written their name on the earth's surface, I am much more inclined to be vainglorious than despondent. Our great daughter nation will surpass us as much as Carthage surpassed Tyre; but bigness is not everything. Attica was no bigger than a small English county; Palestine was about the size of Wales; and the England of Shakespeare might have housed all its inhabitants in half of modern London.

In Montana

BY LILLIAN T. LEONARD

A Woman Homesteader

I WALKED with quick steps up the coulee trail;
I had to hurry lest the creeping dark
Would catch me and my nervous hands would fail
To find the wire gate that closed the park
Against stray cattle. Here my cabin stood,
In a small wilderness of quaking asp;
Here I "homesteaded." No one thought I could
Two years ago, but now I calmly pass
A bristling porcupine, a rattlesnake,
The watching eyes of some wild, hidden thing—
A coyote sneaking near the dried-up lake,
A row of stunted pines where finches sing,
The mule-eared deer that often come to sup,
And nuzzle one another at my spring,
(Which, after cleaning, is but just a cup).
And yet, to-night, how glad I was to bring
My hands in contact with the wire bight
That held my gate. I thought, "Real homesteading!

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I hate the dark; I only love the light!"
Quickly I shut the door and slid the draw
Across the iron latch, and dropped the clamp
Firmly in place, but not before I saw
Near Tiger Butte the glimmer of a lamp.
I stood a moment puzzled by the light—
Startled, perhaps, and curious as a deer
That lifts its head to catch the rushing flight
Of a young grouse. And then my silly fear
Vanished like mountain mist. My lamp! A match!
To cheer that other soul I knew had come
To plough and fence; to have a garden patch;
To live with God as I and build a home.

Spring Gardening

LAST fall I built—and lived the winter through—
Upon my claim. I read and dreamed. I planned
Enough, some frosty days, of things to do
When spring came round . . . For oh, the waking land!—
Can one resist a fragrant May unfolding
Her tender buds? The green of prairie space
And growing things ensnared for June's beholding—
The blush of bitter-root, the fan-weeds' lace?—
Spring tiptoed in behind a warm Chinook,
Dropping rain jewels, veiling her return
In pale Missouri fog. She lightly shook
And broke the dried seed-pods that I might learn
The way of God's first planting. I could see
The subtle lure . . . I spaded up and raked
The ground I thought would be enough for me
To weed and hoe, to watch and irrigate.
I drew each furrow straight, my hoe against
A length of binder twine stretched taut to lead
Between two pointed stakes from fence to fence.
Into the cool, black earth I dropped the seed
And patted down the rows. God whispered, "Wait!"
Spring kissed the hills, they rippled into flower;
A sapphire length of bluebirds clasped my gate;
My garden rang with song and in that hour,
I felt a spirit stirring to new birth
Across my land, and I a pioneer,
Though late. Brave toil would tame my virgin earth!
The hawks and jays should not look down and jeer!
Nothing, I felt, might mock me at the goal,
Since goal was in the making of a home,
However small; a place to lift my soul
And shield my body, though it had one room.

. . . . . .

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The Young Cowboy

BY WILL JAMES
Author of "Cowboys, North and South," "Smoky, the Cowhorse," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I'D just stepped off a bronc which I'd started breaking, it was hot in the corral, and I figgered it'd be a good idea to hunt shade for a few minutes and puff on a cigarette while giving that bronc a fair deal and a breathing spell.

It'd been my fourth setting on that pony, and he was getting so he really knowed how to buck, he was inclined more on the bucking and not so much on the behaving, and he'd made things some interesting for me that fourth time, till I figgered it'd gone far enough and I started to whip the buck out of him.

War had been declared from the time my quirt layed along his neck, and the fight that followed had been mighty fast and wicked, the pony bellered, swapped ends and had lit into bucking with all his heart and strength, his action hadn't lacked speed either, and there'd been a few times when my quirt had missed him entirely on account he wasn't where I'd figgered he'd be.

The battle hadn't been one-sided, and I kinda showed where I'd been in it plain enough. One of my spurs had been kicked off my heel and sent a sailing acrost the corral plumb on to the top of the log stable, and when all was over and I touched the ground I found that one of my ankles wasn't at all willing to stand my weight.

I was rubbing my ankle and figgering to go that bronc another round, when I hear the corral gate open and sees a young feller, a boy about ten years old coming toward me, he acts awful shy, but what struck me most was the way he sized me up, just as though I was a Santa Claus or any other such person that kids admire and want to get on the good side of.

I could see he wanted to say something, but the words didn't seem to want to come, and he had to swallow considerable before he could finally say:

"By golly, Mister, you sure can ride."

It'd been mighty hard for him to get them few words out of his system, but he showed relieved a heap after it was over with, I guess it all had to come out somehow, and when I grinned at him and told him I was glad he thought so, it seemed to put him more at ease as to what else he wanted to say.

I listened to his talk and kept serious while it went on. It all had to do with what he was going to be when he got big, and I gathered soon enough that his ambition layed on being a bronco buster, a straight-up riding bronc peeler.

"I rode a big weaner calf the other day," he says, and then, as a kind of proof, he pulled up his shirt-sleeve and showed me where some of the skin had been scraped off his forearm, "this is what I done when I roped him in the corral, I couldn't hold him, and he dragged me all over, but I got my turns around a post and *then* I had him, it was no tame calf either, and you ought to seen him fight when I put a rope around his belly so as I could have something to hang on with, and you ought to seen him buck when I climbed him, he throwed me off twice too, but by golly I sure rode him the third time."

In another corral was a bunch of big fat weaner calves from four to six months old, I knowed how strong and kinky them little fellers could be, and maybe as I looked the direction where the calves was corralled I might of showed some doubt as to the kid's ability to handle and ride any of them, for he says:

"Want to see me ride one?"

"No, I don't think I do," I says, "your dad might not like to see you riding 'em for fear you'd get hurt."

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"Dad don't mind," says the kid as he picks up a rope, "he just laughs and tells mother that I'm just like he used to be when he was a kid, always riding or roping something, it's mother who don't like it, she says she's too busy to be patching my shirts every day, but I'll be careful not to tear it this time."

There was only one way out for me, and that was to get busy with my bronc, I knowed the kid would want to stay and watch till maybe he'd forget all about the calf riding, and that's what I wanted.

I'd been on the outfit just a few days, just long enough to learn that the kid was the son of the cow foreman, the man who hired me. I'd seen the kid's mother only a couple of times and that was on the way to the grub pile the chink cook had fixed and hollered for me to come and get. Both the foreman and his wife seemed mighty fine cow country folks and I wasn't going to take any chances of the young feller getting bruised up, not while I was around and looking on.

He'd forgot all about wanting to show me how he could ride the minute I got ready to climb my bronc, and as me and that pony went around and around I'd get glimpses of the kid. I had to laugh some at the interest he showed, his eyes was near popping out of his head and then I noticed—his attention wasn't on the horse none at all, he wasn't worried how that pony bucked, he was just watching how I rode, and it was my turn to wonder—that kid was sure out to be what his heart was set on him being.

It was bright and early the next morning when I sees the kid come around the corner of the bunk-house and heading my way, the first sight of him made me want to grin some, he was all togged up like a full-grown cowpuncher and looked ready for anything, a blue jumper fitted him tight around the shoulders and waist, a stetson was pulled down to his eyebrows, and the best of all was a well fitting pair of batwing chaps and a hanging just right; then a neat made to order pair of boots and at the heels of 'em was straight-shanked, silver mounted spurs all a fitting him like the light gloves that was on his hands.

"This is the outfit my dad gave me last Christmas," he says as he grins his way up for inspection. The whole of what he was wearing sure met up with my liking, and as I watched the kid go in the stable, get his rope, and line out for the calf corral I knowed his outfit would show considerable more wear before he'd come out of there again.

I'm working along trying to ease my saddle up on a bronc when I hear a beller come from the next corral, I glances over, and sees that the kid has snared himself a calf, one of the biggest and fattest of the bunch and he was working hard to get his rope around a post before the weaner could begin dragging him too fast around the big corral.

It was about then and when I was getting the most fun out of watching the kid that my bronc started acting up and I had to put all my attention to my own work, I'd just bought me a new pair of flower-stamped tapidaros and that pony was doing his bestest a trying to disfigger 'em with his hind hoofs.

The bellering coming from the next corral kept up and my curiosity was doing its daggonedest to make me look, but as my bronc was doing considerable bellering and fighting himself I gradually found it some easier to keep my mind in my own corral.

All finally quietened down, and of a sudden, as I made ready to climb my horse, I knowed the kid had let up on his calf and was peeking thru the bars at me, even my horse had come to a shaking standstill and the way it all felt was like the quiet of the land just the minute before a cyclone hits.

I rode my horse, sashayed him around the corral a few times, and then I opened the gate and rode him out to where there was more room.

On account of me having other broncs to top off I couldn't stay away very long, and as I rode back to the corral a half an hour or so later I see that the kid had somehow hazed his calf on my corral and tied him down, he was standing by his critter seemed like waiting, and when I come closer and where I could get a good look at the goings on I seen the kid take the foot rope off the calf, climb on him as he got up, and start fanning him from there.

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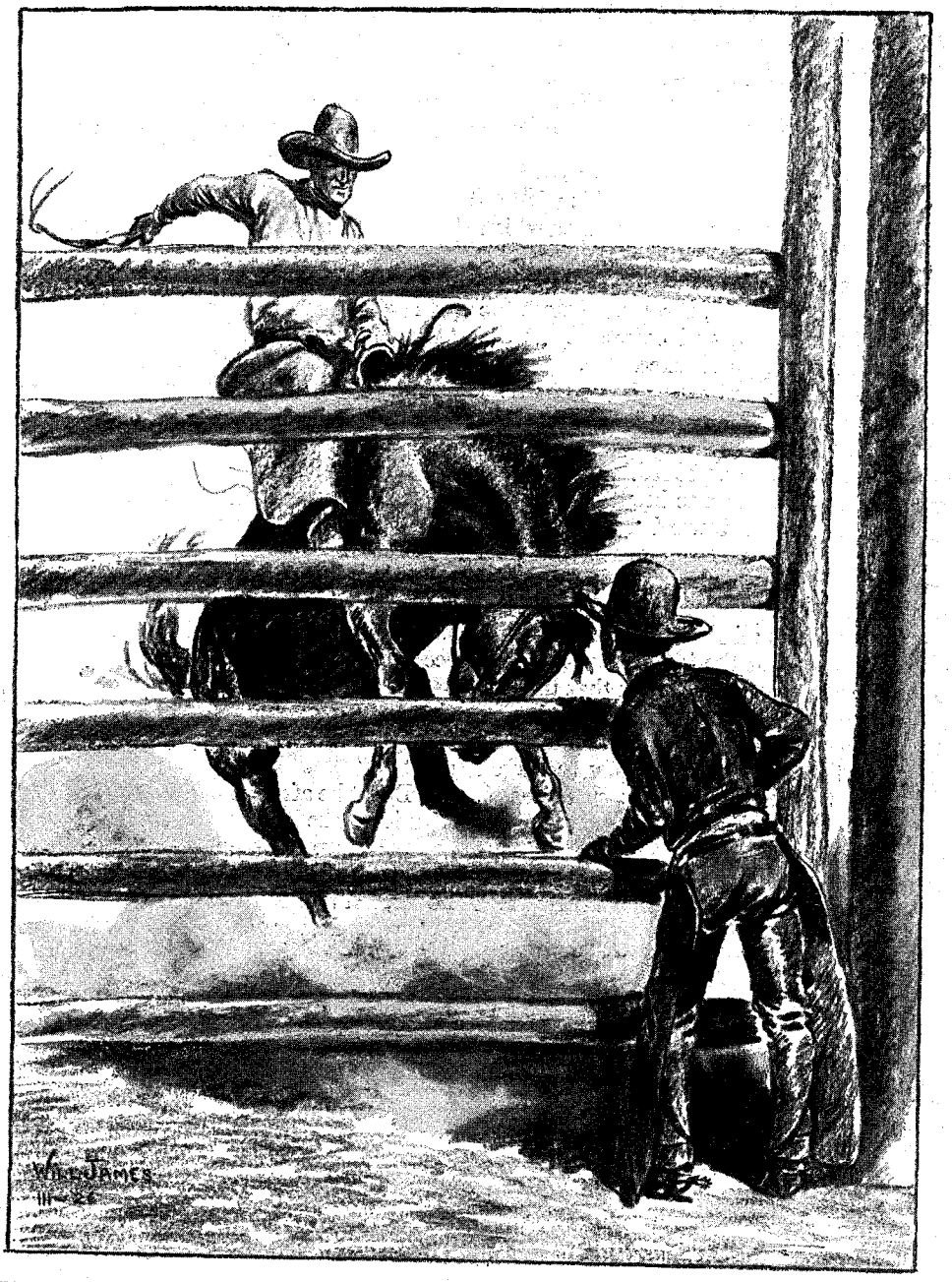

There was no shaking Billy the rest of that afternoon, I'd no more than got thru with one bronc when he'd be right alongside of the corral and watching me saddle up and ride another.—Page 36.

The trouble that kid had went to show off his riding ability had me grinning, but my grin soon faded to admiration for the little son of a gun. He was riding loose and reckless, and as I figgered that he'd last only a couple of jumps, I seen where I'd sure figgered wrong, he stuck on like a leach and every chance he got he'd glance over my way to see how I was taking it—I guess I was taking it all with a

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mighty blank face, mouth open and eyes a staring, 'cause every time the kid looked at me it seemed like he'd go at it all the wilder and a trying to show me what he really could do. I guess my opinion meant a considerable to him.

It was as the kid was doing his best work and the calf bringing in his wickedest twists that something happened which was too quick for eyes to see. In half a second the kid was standing on his head on the calf's withers, throwed against the side of the corral, and before he hit the ground the calf had kicked him.

I was off my horse and into the corral in mighty quick time as I seen the kid land in a heap. I straightened him out and went for water, poured it on him, and was just getting him to breathing regular again, when off toward the foreman's house I hear a screen door slam and then a woman's voice calling.

"BIL-L-e-e."

The kid was all right, but daggone it I sure didn't want the lady to see him just then, and I thanked the luck that the corrals was so well hid from the main house. I picked the kid up and packed him away around the corner of the stables and layed him in the shade of a big cottonwood. That done, I took one more glance at him to make sure there was nothing about him that needed rushing attention, and then hightailed it back to the corral and where I'd left my bronc.

I was right busy fooling around with the latigoes of my saddle when the lady turned the corner of the bunk house and seeing me headed my way.

"Have you seen anything of little Billy?" she asks.

I'd been prepared for that question long before she asked it, and had managed to keep my tongue in working order by swallowing a few times, and that way keep my throat moist.

"Why, I think," I says, trying hard to keep from getting tangled up in my words, "that he's down in the big pasture, I seen him ride out on his little sorel horse not long ago."

The lie seemed to work all right for she seemed relieved considerable as I sprung it.

"Well, if he's out on Concho I won't worry about him."

She smiled, and turned back to the house, I drawed a long breath and soon as she was out of my sight I run back where I'd packed the kid. Billy was laying in the same position I'd left him, but his eyes was open, and vacant like was staring up in the branches of the big cottonwood.

I reached over in the creek with cupped hands and splattered water on his face, and pretty soon he looked at me pretty natural. I grinned at him and he tried to grin back, but somehow it hurt him to do that. There was a swollen lump raised on the bridge of his nose close to his forehead, and it was turning black, so was both his eyes.

"How are you feeling, *cowboy?*" I asks.

Me calling him cowboy tickled him into a pretty prompt answer and he smiled kinda proud as he says:

"I don't know yet, I'll have to feel of myself first."

Then something came to his mind which by the look of his expression seemed mighty important.

"But say, Mister, will you watch out that my mother don't find me for a spell, she gets worried every time I get a scratch."

"Don't be afraid Billy, I'll tend to that. You just take it easy for a spell, I'm going to saddle up another bronc then I'll be over to see you, and if you need help just holler, I'll be listening."

I walked over to the chuck house and talked the chink cook out of a nice piece of raw meat. I had to do a lot of explaining before I could get it, but when I told him I wanted to use it for bait to catch the bob cats that'd been eating his chickens he never stopped to think that I was using mighty good meat for such a purpose, he just handed me the butcher knife and showed me a hind quarter of fresh beef.

Back to the corral I went and then around to where Billy was stretched out, the little feller seen me come and wondered at the steak I was packing.

"Looks to me like," I said sort of explaining, "that you're due to pack a couple of black eyes for a spell, but that's all that's ailing you, and when I get the rough off of 'em with this hunk of meat, you'll be as good as new."

It was getting near noon, and while I was busy working with my broncs I kept

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a thinking and figgering on ways so that Billy could be missing from the dinner-table without his mother wondering, and finally I come to something that seemed pretty good.

I suggested to Billy that he get on his horse and ride out, and try to show up in plain sight somewheres on the meadow, want to think what would happen if she ever found it out on me.

I et my bait, swiped a plate full of grub for the kid and hit back for the shade of the cottonwood where a half an hour or so later Billy met me. I watched him eat, and could see where he felt like a pretty big man to be knocked out the way he'd

I glances over, and sees that the kid has snared himself a big calf, one of the biggest and fattest of the bunch. —Page 32.

and just when his mother would be calling him to come and eat. That suited the boy fine, for he'd been thinking about how his mother would feel when she'd see him with them two "shiners," and he wanted to put off the meeting as long as possible.

I was in the bunk house when the screen door slammed again, close to within hearing distance, and as his mother called I showed myself natural like, and, walking up to her, told her I thought Billy had found a den of coyotes. I could see the boy out on the meadow about a mile, and as me and him had arranged it, he was moving back and forth the same as he was watching something. The distance was too far for him to hear if she called, but she could see him plain, and that seemed to satisfy her.

"If he's found a coyote den, there's no use me waiting for him to come and eat," she says, and she started back for the house. I headed her off once again, but I sure felt guilty somehow, and I didn't been and be able to grin and enjoy grub a few hours afterwards.

Ever since Billy had been knee high to a grasshopper and able to navigate by his lonesome, his company, outside of his mother, had been cowboys, his dad was of the bowlegged, sunburnt, and hard riding breed, his dad's daddy had been the same, was one of the first cowboys through the times when he had to make his own chaps out of a green cow hide, and even his saddle from the tree to the stirrups was turned out by his own injun fighting hands.

Billy was a chip of the old block, and if anything, a better chip on account that the blood of the pioneer generation before him had already made it second nature for him to be what he was, he had the start on 'em by inheriting some of what his father and the father before him had to learn through experience. They'd had to find a way to meet odds that was strange

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to 'em, and finally, after a lot of hardships and dangers they'd lived to know how to meet and contend with all the frontier country called for, but with Billy he'd fell heir to a kind of a sixth sense at birth, that sixth sense was nothing short of what was handed down to him from what all the generations before him had went through, learned, and passed on.

He was a *born* cowboy, the only kind that ever makes the real cowboy. There was as much difference between him and the town or settlement-raised kid as there is between the wild horse that rustles his own living on the open range and the standard-bred horse that lives in steam-heated box stalls, gets rub downs, and a feed of grain twice a day.

And taking all what Billy was, it would sort of set a person to thinking when looking at the country around that *it* hadn't waited, or stayed as it was; he couldn't of followed the trail his forefathers had blazed, and what all the generations before him had went through and the sixth sense which he'd inherited from it was going to go to waste.

Windmills and nester's fences and irrigating ditches and railroads and boosters and all was claiming the land, the range his father was running the Company's cattle on was dwindling away hunk by hunk, and one day when Billy had went to town with his dad he seen a rig, no horses hooked on, but going along and chugging away on two lungs, the first automobile.

"By God," he'd heard an old cowman say, "they'll be flying next."

What cattle, horses, and range that was left was Billy's last straw, if he'd come to earth thirty years or so before he'd naturally took to hunting wild cattle and buffalo, he'd been learning to use the long rifle, and how to make his own ropes, but as it was everything was all plain, ready made, and set and before him with no choice.

Being a good rider, a top bronco buster, seemed to him right then the only thing worth while. He didn't know it, but his heart was a hanging on to the last of the life his forefathers had lived, and limited as he was with what little of it that was left, he went at the remains like a drowning man grabs at a rope.

"Feel better now?" I asks the kid after he'd near cleared the plate of all I'd brought him.

"You bet, I feel fine," and then: "Did mother suspicion anything?"

I was back in the corral and had been there for about an hour getting the kinks out of one perticular ornery gelding, when happening to glance toward where the kid had been I noticed he'd moved, come right alongside the poles of the corral and was watching me like a hawk. He was still holding the piece of beef I'd got for his eyes, but he wasn't holding it where it'd do any good, he was peeking underneath, and I had to laugh at the looks of him as he stood there.

He laughed back, and when I tried to get him to go back to the shade of the cottonwood and take it easy, he only laughed some more and said:

"I'll wait till you get through with that pony you got there, dad always said he'd be a hard one to set."

Dad was right, that pony was a hard one to set and Billy watched the performance through them swollen eyelids of his the same as tho his vision was hindered none at all.

"Now it's all over with, Billy," I says as I pulled my saddle off the bronc, "you go on back under the tree and lay down for a spell."

I walked out of the corral to help him on the way and see that he was made comfortable, I'd took a few saddle blankets along figgering to make him a sort of a bed. It was as I was walking along that way with one arm kind of steadying him that I happened to glance on the back of his shirt (as the day was hot I'd took off his jumper to make him more comfortable) and there was dry bloodstains.

I found the little son of a gun had got some skin scraped off his back bone as he was throwed against the corral, but nary a word did he tell me about it. He figgered, like a cowboy, that such scratches shouldn't be mentioned and don't count, and I'll be daggoned if he didn't seem ashamed that I found it out on him.

There was no shaking Billy the rest of that afternoon, I'd no more than got through with one bronc when he'd be right alongside of the corral and watching

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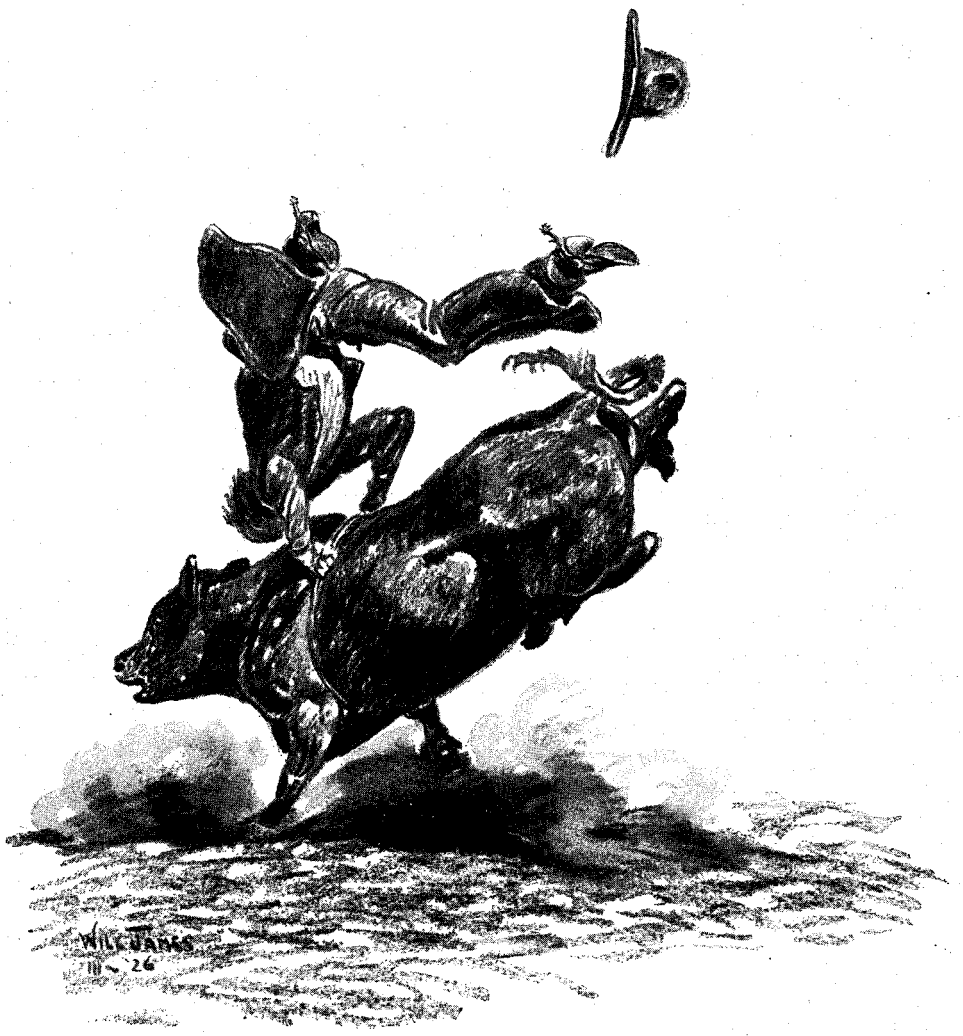
me saddle up and ride another, and I seen where I had to move his quarters closer and where he could watch me without having to stand in the hot sun. But even got no legs or back broke nor nothing, my head just feels a little heavy that's all."

"All right Billy," I laughed, "I forgot you was a big feller."



It was as the kid was doing his best work and the calf bringing in his wickedest twists that something happened which was too quick for eyes to see.—Page 34.

that didn't seem to agree with him and there was no happy look on his face as he watched me a trying to make him a comfortable place in the shade of the log stable. Finally he spoke, and I seen then what was the matter, I was making too much fuss over him.

"Aw, I'm all right," he says, "I ain't

I let him be as he wanted from then on, and I could see that pleased him a lot. He even tried to show how little the bumps bothered him by playing with a rope and practicing on a few throws and with his hat a hanging on the back of his head wandered around from corral to corral, but he was always on the spot and

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mighty close whenever I'd bring in and top off a new bronc. The sound of the screen door slamming was the only thing that made him hightail it no matter what was going on.

It was along toward evening and when the day's work was near over that Billy came up to me and, with a worried look, said:

"By golly, I don't know what I'm going to tell mother about this face of mine, she never did agree with me riding them weaners."

We was both figgering strong on the subject when pretty soon Billy's face lit up with a grin, and pointing to a big dust on one of the benches he hollered:

"Dad's coming! Dad's coming! I'm all right now."

He jumped up and down, and I never seen pleasure show so plain on a human's face as it did on that kid's.

It was about an hour later when the foreman (Billy's father) and a dozen cowboys rode up. He was the first to come to the corral and there in front of him kind of proud and a little doubtful stood Billy.

His dad just stayed on his horse at the sight of that son of his and looked, he couldn't do nothing else for a minute but just stare, mighty serious for a spell, but pretty soon as he noticed Billy's expression (what there was of it to see) he looked less serious, then a grin spread on his features and he asked:

"What hit you, Son?"

Billy seemed to draw a long breath, and pointing toward the other corrals he answered:

"One of them weaners did, throwed me off and kicked me before I hit the ground."

"What did your Mother say?"

"She ain't seen me yet."

The foreman got off his horse, and grinning a little was fooling with his latigoes and slowly unsaddling. He was thinking the while and after turning his horse loose in the big pasture he came to Billy, who was waiting, and put his hand on his shoulder. There was a kind of proud light in his eyes as he spoke.

"Don't worry, Sonny, we'll tell Mother that you run into a tree or something—was you out riding to-day?"

"Yes."

"Does mother *know* it?"

"Yes."

"We're o.k. then, Son, we'll just tell her you was chasing a cow through the willows and you hit your head on a limb."

All was fixed, and arm in arm the little cowboy followed the big cowboy toward the house.

Supper was over with, and while we'd been eating the horse wrangler had reached the ranch and was corralling the remuda, there was near two hundred head of saddle horses in it. I was walking toward the corral to kinda look the ponies over when I hear somebody holler back for me.

I turned and seen Billy leave his dad and catching up with me, there was something he wanted to tell me, and tell me mighty quick, but somehow in his excitement he could only stutter, and finally I could make out something about his dad getting him a new horse.

We'd reached the corrals before he'd quieted down enough to speak and there I was informed again that his dad had brought him a new horse.

"Dad says," went on Billy, "that I can have him if I can break him, by golly, I've *always* wanted to break in a horse, that'll be lots of fun."

The foreman caught up with us and pointed out the gelding to Billy, it was a little black horse, not much bigger than a good sized shetland and pretty as a picture. Billy went wilder than ever at the sight of him and into the corral he run to get as close a view of the horse as he could.

"Bought him from an injun for ten dollars," says the foreman soon as the kid was out of hearing distance. "I knowed the kid would be tickled to death with him, had one of the boys try him out and he can't buck very hard, there's not a mean hair in him either, just a little spooky."

"Say, Daddy, can I catch him now?" Billy hollered,—he had a rope in his hands.

The foreman grinned, "Just like I used to be," he says, "couldn't get on 'em fast enough"—and then to the kid:

"You'd better wait till you heal up a little first, Sonny, you'll need all the skin you can get together to handle that pony."

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Billy had turned challenger and was pawing the black from ears to rump—"Y-e-e-e-p!" he hollered, "I'm a wolf!"—Page 42.

Billy looked mighty disappointed. "Well, when *can* I ride him?"

It seemed, though, the next morning, that Billy had won out, his eyes was still black, and the raw place on his back had nowheres near healed but the sun hadn't been up very long when I found him in the round corral with his new horse.

"Well, I see you're busy right early, Billy."

"You bet you," he says, and then remarks, "he's some horse, ain't he?"

"He sure is," I agrees, "and your first bronc too."

I watched him a spell while he worked his way on up the rope and tried to place a hand on the pony's head, and as I watched a hunch came to me that a little advice right at the start wouldn't go bad, and I says:

"Now, Billy, I've found out that the best way to get along with a green colt is to allow that he's got lots of brains, and give him a chance to reason things out once in a while without rushing him."

Billy looked back at me, seemed to figger a while, and then says:

"I'd never thought about that, but now that I do think of it it seems to me like I've *always* took that for granted."

"Pretty daggone good," I says to my-

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self. I grinned and had no more advice to give after that.

An hour or so later Billy had his saddle on the black and cinched to stay, by that time quite a crowd had gathered around, a bigger crowd than I'd ever drawed even if I'd been about to ride the worst horse in the world, the foreman, the cowboys, all the ranch hands, and even the chink was present and watching through them slanting eyes of his. I looked the crowd over to see if the lady of the outfit was around too, and the foreman knowing who I was looking for gave me the wink and says:

"She don't know this is going on—and I hope she don't find out."

All was set but taking the hobbles off the horse's front feet and climbing on. Help was offered to do that for Billy but that young cowboy refused it, he wanted to do it all himself, it was *his* bronc.

For a kid of his age Billy'd already had a lot of experience with horses, and even though the others he'd rode had been well broke and gentle he'd made a many a long ride and followed his daddy many a time on "circle." He could saddle a horse in the dark as well as in plain daylight and never get a string twisted, and taking that knowledge and stacking it up with the experience he'd had a trying to stick on the kinky backs of the weaners or whatever was around that could shake him, the young feller sure wasn't climbing the black gelding without knowing what he was up against, nor without being able to put up some fight.

Billy gathered his hackamore rope, a hunk of mane to go with it, grabbed the saddle-horn with his right hand, and sticking his foot in the stirrup, eased himself in the saddle. He squirmed around till he was well set, and like an old bronco fighter seen that the length of the reins between his hands and the pony's head was just right, then he reached over and pulled off the blindfold.

Billy's lips was closed tight, he was ready for whatever happened. The pony blinked at seeing daylight again, looked back at the boy setting on him, snorted, and *trotted* off.

A laugh went up from all around, it was Billy who'd caused that laugh, for soon as he seen that the pony seemed to have no intentions of wanting to do anything but trot around, his set jaw relaxed and disappointment showed plain, he turned a blank face toward his father and hollered:

"H—, Dad, he won't buck!"

Another laugh was heard, and when it quieted down some the foreman spoke up.

"Never mind, Son," he says, while trying to keep a straight face, "he might buck yet."

The words was no more than out of his mouth, when, of a sudden the little black bogged his head and lit into bucking. Billy was loosened the first jump on account that he'd been paying more attention to what his dad had been saying than what he'd been setting on. The little pony crowhopped around the corral and bucked just enough so as to keep the kid from getting back in the saddle, Billy was hanging on to all he could find, but pretty soon the little old pony happened to make the right kind of a jump for the kid and he straightened up once again.

Billy rode pretty fair the next few jumps and managed to keep his seat pretty well under him, but he wasn't satisfied with just plain setting there, he grabbed his hat and begin fanning—. All went fine for a few more jumps and then hell broke loose. The pony brought in some *reserved* twists, Billy dropped his hat like it was a hot iron and made a wild grab for the saddle horn.

But the holt on the saddle horn didn't help him any, he kept a going, up, and up he went, a little higher every jump, and pretty soon he started coming down, when he did that he was by his lonesome. The horse had went another direction.

"Where is he?" says Billy trying to get some of the earth out of his eyes.

"Right here, Son," says his father, who'd caught the horse and brought him up.

He handed him the hackamore reins, and touched the kid on the hand.

"And listen here, young feller, if I catch you grabbing the horn with that paw of yours again, I'll tie it and the other right back where you can't use 'em."

Them few words had hit the kid pretty hard, he looked my way from under his hat brim to see if I showed I'd heard. There was a frown on his face and his lips was quivering some at the same time, he was both ashamed and peeved.

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His father held the horse while Billy climbed on again.

"Are you ready, *cowboy?*" the foreman looked up at his son and smiled.

After some hard efforts the kid smiled back, and answered:

"Yes, Dad, let him go."

The pony lit into bucking the minute he was loose this time and seemed to mean business from the start. Time and time again Billy's hand reached down as to grab the horn, I could see it was hard for him, but he kept away from it.

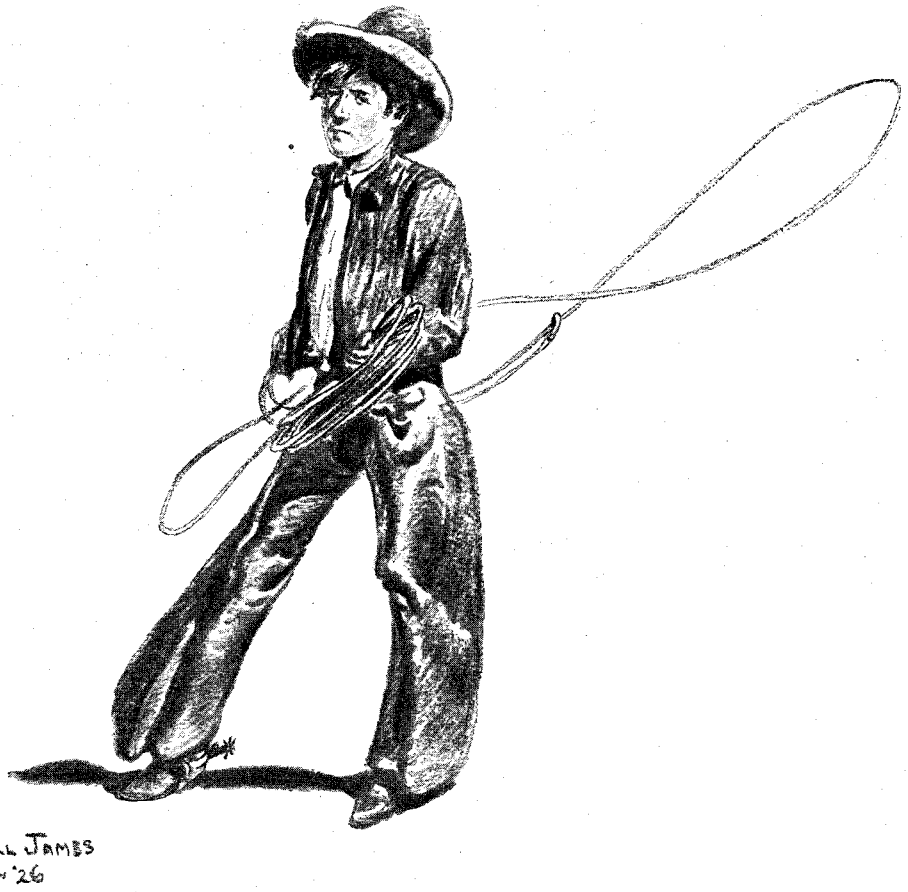
The little horse was bucking pretty good, and for a kid Billy was doing mighty fine, but the horse still proved too much for him. Billy kept a getting further and further away from the saddle till finally he slid along the pony's shoulder and to the ground once again.

The kid was up before his dad could get to him and he begin looking for his horse right away.

"I don't think you'd better try to ride him any more to-day, Sonny," he says as he brushed some of the dust off the kid's clothes, "maybe to-morrow you can ride him easy."

Billy sneaked a glance my way, maybe he was only trying to get a hint from my expression (if I had any) as to what he should do. Anyway, as he turned and seen the horse, challenging him, seemed like,—the kid crossed the corral, caught the black, blindfolded him, and climbed him again.

It was then I figgered again that another little hunk of advice wouldn't go bad, I walked up to the kid, touched his chap' leg before he'd reached to pull off



Billy was a chip of the old block—a born cowboy.—Page 35.

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the blind, and I says to him so as nobody else could hear.

"You go after him this time, Billy, and you just make this pony think you're the wolf of the world and paw him the same as you did that last calf you rode."

"Y-e-e-e-p," Billy hollered as he jerked the blind off the pony's eyes, "I'm a wolf."

Billy *was* a wolf, he'd turned challenger, and was pawing the black from ears to rump, daylight showed a plenty between the kid and the saddle, but somehow he managed to stick on and stay right side up as he fanned and reefed. The gelding, surprised at the change of events finally kinda let up on his bucking, he was getting scared and had found a sudden hankering to start running.

After that it was easy for Billy, he rode him around the corral a couple of times and then, all smiles and proud as a peacock, he climbed off.

Billy had rode and fanned his first bronc.

I was unsaddling one of my ponies that evening when the foreman came into the corral.

"The kid's got an idea that the black will never be able to throw him again," says the foreman smiling. "I figger to wait till he rides him some more and see, but that's a good horse for Billy, bucks just hard enough for his first one."

He was quiet for a spell, and he smiled kinda proud when he spoke again.

"It sure done my heart good the way he went after that pony that third time. . . ."

Ballerina

BY BERNICE KENYON

Upon the point of a needle there might stand
A hundred angels, so the learned said—
(Step—pirouette—like this!)
Or a thousand with poised wing and beckoning hand,
Slim bright confusion of pale ecstasy,
Blazing of haloes round each lifted head!
(Turn so—and throw a kiss!)

Where's their imagination? Did the wise
Stay from the theatre? Had they once seen me,
Or Mina yonder, needing a four-inch place
To point her toe on—wanting the whole stage
For any whirl the orchestra suggests—
Taking the centre—and she's twice my age—
(The unholy sight might well have hurt their eyes!)
They would have known that the high joy of heaven,
And the celestial music that never rests,
Would scatter dancing angels to the seven
Circles of glory in the heights of Space!

Religion's too romantic, as dancers know.
Two make a stage as crowded as a hell;
(Leap—pirouette—like this!)
So for their jealousy all dancers go
To hell, no doubt, and to a crowded doom
With needle-points to dance on—who can tell?
In heaven, praise God, they give the angels room!
(Pause so—and throw a kiss!)

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Three Madmen of the Theatre

BY OTIS SKINNER
Author of "Footlights and Spotlights"

III—THE ELDER BOOTH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

IT was in a court of law that Junius Brutus Booth played his first dramatic rôle. Though he was but a lad of thirteen, clad in a schoolboy's jacket and trousers, he was already performing the character destined to become peculiarly his own in maturer years—the villain of the play. Against him stood the heroine, a neighbor's serving-maid, clamoring that justice should atone for her lost virtue. The senior Booth, a respectable attorney of Saint Pancras parish in London, pleaded in vain to the magistrates that such precocity on the part of his child was impossible—the law took its course and little Junius was judged guilty of illegal paternity.

In such beginnings did the tempestuous career of Booth find its start. Blown in turn by his erratic will to a choice of vocations as midshipman in the navy, as printer, lawyer, sculptor, it was inevitable that the stage should catch him up and make an actor of him.

This was with a company of strollers at the age of seventeen as Campillo, a minor character in "The Honeymoon." Through the winter he played nothing but "bits," showing no evidence of talent and meeting little but discouragement, and in the following May he sailed with Jonas and Penley's troupe for Amsterdam on board a Dutch lugger.

An early biographer describes young Booth in the hold of this vessel when he first beheld him—"A handsome youth with a look that betrayed no ordinary degree of intelligence, seated astride a barrel eating a meat pie and shouting: 'By Holy Paul, I will not dine until his head be brought before me!'"

His fortunes were not bettered by this Netherland experience, although he rose in rank among the itinerants until he was given the opportunity of appearing as Richard III. He arrived in England in April, 1815, practically penniless, accompanied by a pretty young wife, who had eloped with him from under the nose of her objecting mother, a French milliner in Brussels. Although a marriage ceremony had been performed at Ostend, the knot was tied tighter by a second wedding at Saint George's-Bloomsbury when the pair reached London. This marriage appears to have been the result of youthful impulse and did not last. Booth deserted his little Belgian bride, Mary Christine Adelaide Delannoy, and later took to wife Mary Ann Holmes.

Affairs now moved quickly. Booth had been seen and his acting noted by critical eyes. After some tentative summer engagements in the provinces, he was established as a member of the Covent Garden Theatre Company in London at a weekly salary of £2. During his second season at this house he was given his chance in his favorite part of Richard III. He appears to have been eminently successful and, as often happens in the theatre, his success went to his head.

He began to squabble with the management. He was underpaid. What had genius, capable of setting the town by the ears as Richard, to do with £2 per week? He would have none of it.

In the midst of the row, the great Edmund Kean swooped down upon him and bore him off in his carriage to the rival house in Drury Lane, where the committee at once signed him on at a salary more commensurate with his position. Scarcely was the ink of the agreement dry when plans were put forth for the joint ap-

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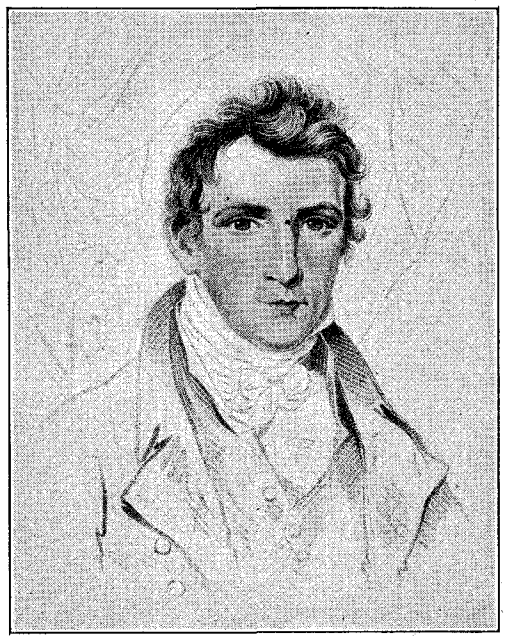
pearance of Kean and Booth at Drury Lane Theatre as Othello and Iago. The occasion was notable—the theatre was packed with an excited audience. Kean outdid himself in an evident effort to obscure his young rival by his own brilliancy as Othello, and Booth bore himself bravely as Iago. It must be remembered that the new aspirant to fame was but twenty years old and had had but a four seasons' knowledge of acting.

Against him was pitted the experience of a veteran and the worship of a host of fanatic adorers for their idol. In the reflection of the next day Booth came to his senses. He rubbed his eyes and examined his contract. To his consternation he discovered that he had agreed to play only the supporting parts to Kean—not one of his own favorite characters would be allowed to him. What a fool he had been! He had killed his opportunities of a great future at Covent Garden merely to be smothered by the jealousy of Edmund Kean at Drury Lane.



J. B. Booth.
From the "Memoirs of Junius Brutus Booth," published in London in 1817.

The enthusiastic praise of his friends and the favorable reviews of his Iago meant nothing now. Othello was announced for repetition the following evening, and all London was clamoring for the occasion. With his mind in a whirl he fled the city for Tottenham unable to face a second encounter with Kean.

Meanwhile the fatted calf was preparing at Covent Garden, and the prodigal returned, hurt and sore, to a forgiving and more liberal management. Handbills were put out at once announcing his appearance there as Richard.

On the night of February 25, 1817, pandemonium was let loose at Covent Garden Theatre, crowded to suffocation long before the hour for the curtain. When Booth appeared he was greeted by a tumult of hostility. From pit to gallery insulting speeches and cries of execration were hurled at him, and confusion grew confounded when his friends endeavored to combat the attack by their shouts of applause.

"Booth! Booth!" they cried. "Apology! Take him away!" roared the others. The performers went through their task in dumb show as far as the audience was concerned: not a word was heard above the shrieks, groans, and plaudits. It was rumored that the members of Kean's convivial "Wolves Club" were present in full force for the purpose of driving the newcomer from the stage. Cries of "Liar! Pretender! Cheat! Imitator of Kean!" came from every side. Booth attempted to frame an apology—he was howled down. Fawcett, the manager, appeared and endeavored to explain—he could not be heard.

Placards on poles were displayed which read:

"Grant Silence to Explain"
"Mr. Booth is Willing to Apologize"
"Can Englishmen Condemn Unheard?"

It was all unavailing—the riot continued throughout the performance. Disorder was redoubled on the following night.

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A placard reading,

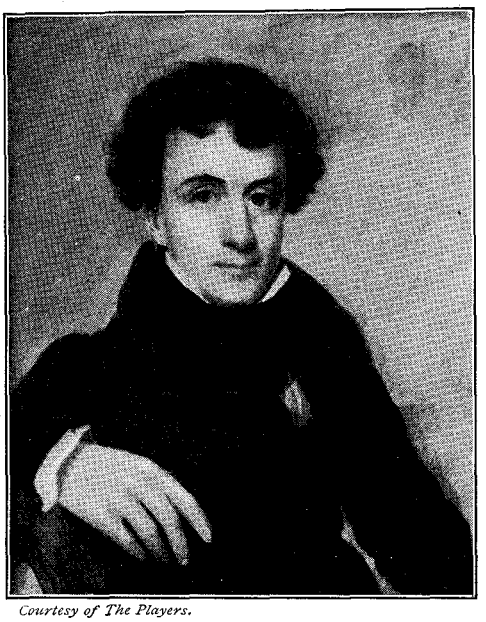
"He Has Been Punished Enough,"

was shown, and

"Let Us Forgive Him"

and received with jeers and yells.

The third attempt was also unsuccessful, although the play was given in entirety, the actors scarcely able to hear their own voices. And all this because an actor had broken a managerial contract!



Courtesy of The Players.

Junius Brutus Booth at the age of 25.

At succeeding appearances the opposition slowly subsided. Determination and the thick skin essential to those who pursued the actor's calling a century ago won through, and Booth stood more securely on his London pedestal.

At the end of three years that were significant in his triumphs and also for the beginning of his mental aberrations he sailed for America.

This truly was a land of liberty for him—here was no cabal—no precedent, no rival, and, above all, no punishment for whatever antic disposition he chose to put on—whatever wild debauchery.

Landing at Norfolk with his new wife and a piebald pony he had bought before sailing from England, he proceeded to Richmond, where he found a company playing, and at once effected an arrangement to appear with them. His reputation had come over the seas and on the 6th of July, 1821, the house was packed for the opening night of his favorite Richard.

During the earlier acts the audience showed a distinct disappointment in his acting and began to think it was an impostor who had assumed the name of Booth. He was going through his lines with the utmost indifference. The inertia engendered by a forty-four-day voyage in a schooner was a handicap he could not at once throw off. His land legs wouldn't behave, and he was evidently confused by his new environment. Suddenly in the fourth act of the play his old fire returned and the audience was electrified. Never before had a Richmond audience seen acting so overwhelming as was presented by this little man who had landed on our shores quite mysteriously and unheralded. The city seethed with a new sensation. After four nights he accepted an offer from Petersburg. Ludlow, a member of the company in that town, describes his astonishment at his first sight of the celebrity: "The play was called for rehearsal at ten o'clock, A. M. At the proper time they commenced, but Mr. Booth had not arrived. The manager said the rehearsal must go on. I think the fourth act had been reached when a small man whom I took to be a well-grown boy of about sixteen years came running up the stairs, wearing a roundabout jacket and a cheap straw hat, both covered with dust, and inquired for the stage-manager. Mr. Russell, on observing him, hurried toward us, and cordially grasping the hand of the strange man exclaimed: 'Ah! Mr. Booth, I am glad you have arrived. We were fearful something serious had happened to you?' No man was ever more astonished than I was just then at beholding this meeting. I began to think Russell was trying to put off some joke upon us. Is it possible this can be the great Mr. Booth that Russell says is undoubtedly the best actor living!

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He ran through the rehearsal very carelessly, tried the combat in the last act twice, and it was all over. Then he said that being late for the stage-coach from Richmond he had walked all the way—twenty-five miles."

By the 2nd of October we find him playing in New York and astounding the town by his acting, which fitfully veered from a languid indifference to blazes of force and passion. At times he seemed far away from his character, as if his mind were fixed on some thought utterly foreign to his playing, and suddenly, in a confused way, he would come back and hurl himself madly into the hot turbulence of the scenes of tragic action, swept along by an emotion that struck terror to the actors playing their scenes with him and electrifying his auditors.

At the Bel Air farm he withdrew himself from all thought of fame and public life. He became a simple country gentleman devoting himself to his crops and his cattle. In 1825 a desire to return to London seized him. He crossed the ocean in twenty-nine days and immediately opened at Drury Lane Theatre in "Brutus." For two seasons he was received in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Netherlands with great acclaim—but the voice of his adopted country was continually calling him, and in March, 1827, he was acting again in New York.

From this period strange moods of forgetfulness and frenzy began to seize hold upon him—he had spells of heavy drinking with all kinds of strange companions, and frequently, when advertised for an appearance, would disappear entirely for days. Then he would return to his playing with renewed vigor and feverish excitement, or, more often, with a gentleness and calmness of manner as if nothing untoward had occurred. Sometimes on these occasions he would be utterly unable to give any account of himself or his wanderings.

The tragedian James E. Murdock tells of his own sensations on playing for the first time with Booth as young Wilford in "The Iron Chest." Murdock at that time had had but little experience with the theatre and was ill prepared for the overwhelming personality of the star. Describing the scene where Sir Edward Mortimer discovers Wilford searching the mysterious chest, he says: "I had proceeded so far as to open the chest and trembling on my knee awaited the appointed cue for action. The time seemed an eternity but it came at last. The heavy hand fell on my shoulder. I turned and there with the pistol at my head stood Booth glaring like an infuriated demon. The fury of that passion-inflamed face and the magnetism of the rigid clutch upon my shoulder paralyzed my muscles, while the scintillating gleam of the terrible eyes, like the green-and-red flashes of an enraged serpent, fixed me spellbound to the spot. Bewildered with fright I fell heavily to the stage, tripping Mr. Booth, who still clutched my shoulder. I brought him down with me and for a moment we lay prostrate, but suddenly recovering himself he sprang to his feet, dragging me up as I clung to his arm in terror. He shook himself free of my grasp and I sank down again, stunned and helpless. Then I became aware that Mr. Booth was kneeling at my side whispering encouraging words in my ear. He helped me to my feet and managed, in spite of my total inability to speak, to continue the scene to its close."

The anecdotes of Booth's mad adventures are innumerable—some of them are the results of drinking-bouts, but more often they betray the aberrations of sheer insanity. Once on a voyage to fulfil an engagement in the South he was seized with a brooding melancholy and talked frequently to his companion, Thomas Flynn, of William Conway, a player who had committed suicide by jumping into the sea. As the vessel neared the spot where the unfortunate actor had perished, Booth came hurriedly on deck saying he had a message for Conway and leaped into the ocean. A boat was lowered and after vast difficulty he was rescued. While being hauled into the boat he called to Flynn: "Look out, Tom—be steady! You're a heavy man: if the boat upsets we'll all be drowned."

It was this same Tom Flynn, one of his closest friends, who after an evening's debauch in Charleston found himself attacked by Booth, who had crawled through an open window in Flynn's room and was raining blows on his head with an iron fire-dog. In the mêlée that ensued Flynn succeeded in getting the

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better of the madman by a return blow which broke Booth's nose, disfiguring him for the remainder of his life.

Both in and out of the theatre his American career was marked by erratic conduct. His wild adventures were frequently succeeded by fits of remorse and brooding that would send him into hiding or to weeks at his Maryland home busied among his animals, his farming tools, and his books. These lapses would then be succeeded by long periods of intensive industry in management and acting.

From a daguerreotype.

Junius B. Booth.

Engaged by Flynn for a short season in Annapolis, the company assembled in that town and waited day after day for Booth's appearance. His advertised performances were repeatedly cancelled. News came from the tragedian's wife that her husband had left Baltimore for Annapolis several days previously. Flynn was in despair when, a full week after the announced opening date, he was passing down the street and was accosted by a tattered urchin who asked if he was the manager.

"Why do you ask?" said Flynn.

"Because," replied the boy, "we've got one of your playing chaps aboard our sloop raising hell with the captain. You'd better come and take him away."

Following the lad, he reached a dirty little wood sloop, in which Booth, for reasons known only to himself, had made the journey. He found his friend holding a musket levelled at the captain, on his knees before him with a large bowl in his hands. Booth was exclaiming in tragic tones: "Drink, sir, drink: you're bilious and require physic. I know it by your eyes—by your skin. Drink or I'll send you to another and a better world." The

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captain howled with fear, declaring he had already drunk six bowls and this one would physic him to death.

Booth had discovered the medicine-chest and was dosing the captain with salts.

"O, 'tis my delight
Of a shiny night
In the season of the year."

Booth's sensitiveness to criticism, particularly from his audience, was extreme.

J. B. Booth.

J. B. Booth as Richard the Third (after the etching by S. A. Schoff, published by H. B. Bult. From the collection of Edwin Booth).

One Sunday morning shortly after this Annapolis engagement certain orderly and pious citizens of Philadelphia were wending their way to church when they were dumfounded by the sight of a strange figure, costumed as Hamlet and mounted on a spirited circus-horse, who addressed them thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I intend to perform 'Hamlet' to-night for the benefit of the poor, and a good play is worth forty sermons both for morals and reformation." Then, with a shout of "Join chorus, citizens!" he sang:

During a Boston performance of "Evadne" he exhibited a considerable uncertainty in the lines of Ludovico. Hisses and the sounds of disapproval rose over the footlights, at which Mr. Booth abruptly stopped in his performance and, stepping forward, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I understand you well. Wilson's the boy for you. You'd better get him to finish the part. I've other business to attend to, so I wish you all good night." The Wilson referred to was a rival tragedian—and a very bad one—attached to the opposition house.

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Having left "Evadne" high and dry on the rocks, he tore himself from restraining hands, saying, "I can't read; take me to a lunatic asylum," doffed his costume, and in great distress of mind walked the entire distance from Boston to Providence.

Another occasion when he snarled back at his audience for fancied disapprobation was in the tragedy of "Oroonoko" at Philadelphia. After *killing himself* in the last act he scrambled to his feet; stalking to the footlights he cried, "I'll serve you as General Jackson did—I'll *veto* you"; evidently having in mind President Jackson's frequent and distressing veto messages.

Evidences of his antic disposition were constantly appearing. At one time, in an attack of repugnance at the heart-breaks of an actor's life, he proposed seriously to abandon it, and applied for the position of lighthouse-keeper at Cape Hatteras.

It is difficult to tell whether all of his escapades were the result of a deranged mind. Some of them have the appearance of the elaborate practical joking of a schoolboy—that, for instance, of the experience of the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, then a young clergyman in a Western town—as related in *The Atlantic Monthly* of September, 1861. He received a note from the tragedian which read:

"Sir—I hope you will excuse the liberty of a stranger addressing you on a subject he feels great interest in. It is to require a place of interment for his friend(s) in the churchyard, and also the expense attendant on the purchase of such place of temporary repose. Your communication on this matter will greatly oblige. Sir, your respectful and obedient servant, J. B. Booth."

The clergyman responded to this request by a visit to the actor's hotel. He describes him as a "short man, but one of those who seem tall when they choose to do so. He had a clear blue eye and fair complexion. In repose there was nothing to attract attention to him, but when excited his expression was so animated, his eyes so brilliant, and his figure so full of life that he became another man."

After offering wine and cigars to his guest, Booth entertained him by reading aloud the whole of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." He quite swept his hearer away by the magnetic fire of his recital.

"He actually," Mr. Clarke says, "thought himself the mariner—so I am persuaded—while he was reading."

The actor then entered upon an elaborate discussion with his visitor of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, proceeded to argue his conceptions of Bible texts from a Bible which Booth ordered to be brought by the hotel waiter, and concluded his entertainment by a recitation of Byron's "Lines to a Newfoundland Dog." After this he rose and taking a candle asked: "Would you like to look at the remains?"

Says the narrator: "He led me into an adjoining chamber. I looked toward the bed in the corner of the room expecting to see a corpse. There was none there. But Booth went to another corner where, spread out upon a large sheet, I saw—*about a bushel of wild pigeons!*"

The clergyman declined to perform the obsequies, but he relates that Booth actually purchased a lot in the cemetery, had a coffin made, and went through a regular funeral service at the grave. "For several days he continued to visit the grave of his little friends and mourned over them with a grief which did not seem at all theatrical." This prank undoubtedly had a serious underlying motive. Booth had great sympathy for animals, birds, and wild life, and the great slaughter of pigeons at that particular season had aroused his resentment.

That Booth was but "mad north-northwest" was evident from his long periods of industry and conscientious behavior—periods when his acting aroused the deepest admiration from critics and excited his public to wild enthusiasm. But without warning the equilibrium of his brain would totter and he would become lost to his surroundings. His supporting actors were always a little afraid of him, and not without cause, for he had been known to refuse to die, as Richard, on Bosworth Field, and to attack his Richmond so savagely as to back him off the scene, out through the stage door, and to chase him, sword in hand, up the alley to the street.

One night at the Boston Theatre he had been announced for a performance of "King Lear." The house was crammed

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with eager and impatient people. The hour for the curtain had gone by but Booth had not arrived. Messengers were sent in every direction in an attempt to locate him, and were on the point of abandoning the search when he was discovered in one of his haunts surrounded by a ring of more or less inebriated listeners to whom he was pouring out verses of poetry, snatches of Shakespeare, and quotations from the Bible. He protested he would not leave and fought the men who were trying to drag him to the theatre. He presently grew peaceable and caught a glimmer of his responsibility.

While crossing the stage on his way to his dressing-room he became aware of the din on the other side of the curtain; the audience had grown frantic at the long delay and were growing riotous. Booth demanded to know the reason for the clamor. He refused to listen to the importunings of his friends who were leading him to his dressing-room that he get ready for his part; he broke from them savagely, and running to the curtain pulled it aside.

Thrusting out his head and shoulders, he shook his fist at the howling mob.

"Shut up! Shut up!" he yelled. The apparition of the drink-dyed face, the glaring eyes, and the threatening gesture checked the racket for a moment.

"Keep quiet!" he cried. "You just keep still and in ten minutes I'll give you the God-damndest King Lear you ever saw in your life."

And he did: his first scene had hardly more than begun before he held the lately infuriated spectators in the hollow of his hand.

But this strangely perturbed spirit was not always in a turmoil. There were times of sweet serenity at his farm where he found solace among his books and interest in the rearing of his farm animals. Tom Hamblin, the actor, on the occasion of a visit to Booth, was inclined to commiserate with him upon his loneliness. "You must be solitary here," he said.

"I am never without company," Booth replied; "I converse and hold counsel with the great and good of all ages. Look—there are Shelley and Byron and Wordsworth; here are rare Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare and Milton; with them time never wearies. These are my companions, and I am never *less* alone than when alone."

To the wife who survived him he was a tender husband and to the ten children she bore him a devoted father. His household was governed by rule. His daughter Asia, writing of her father, says: "His idea of home comprised a sacred circle wherein few were admitted save the immediate family." There was that in his nature which was deeply devotional. To all religions he gave the utmost respect—the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jewish. He knew the Koran and the Talmud as well as the Bible. He worshipped at many shrines, and never failed, in passing churches, to bare his head in reverence. Although much of his education had been of a desultory character, he was of studious habits and had accumulated a knowledge both wide and useful. He had mastered French, speaking it with ease and proficiency. While acting in New Orleans he was engaged to give a performance of Oreste in Racine's "Andromaque" at the Théâtre d'Orléans, and succeeded so well that he was wholly in key with the French actors who supported him.

Before all else Junius Brutus Booth was an actor and an enormously gifted one. He dramatized his emotions and placed them behind the footlights. To him the speech of Jaques,

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players,"

contained the philosophy of life. Thousands have attested to his power in the Shakespearian characters. As Lear and Richard he rose to remarkable heights, while in Pescara and Sir Giles Overreach his acting was memorable.

On November 30, 1852, the turbulent life of the elder Booth came to an end. The fierce fires had burned out the vitality of his iron constitution. He died on a Mississippi steamboat at the age of fifty-six.

His last words were: "Pray, pray, pray!"

I once asked his son Edwin if he could tell me how his own acting differed from that of his father.

"I think that mine is a little quieter," he said.

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Democratic Distinction

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Style," etc.

I

OUR DEMOCRACY

IT has been quite generally assumed—usually in aristocratic assumption—that democracy and distinction are terms so incongruous as to be practically antithetical. If they are, while it would be all the more logical to advocate the pursuit of distinction, thus in itself demonstrated to be all the more one of our own national needs, to maintain the utility of doing so would be altogether academic. We are certainly irretrievably committed to democracy and in consequence to its inevitable implications. And if to-day so too is the world in general, it is probably to that circumstance that the world in general is inclined to attribute, among other ills from which it is conscious of suffering, its own deterioration in the matter of distinction. It has always been prone to find *us* lacking in distinction, sometimes indeed not indisposed to specify that condition as distinguishing us most crisply from itself. Almost invariably it has ascribed it to our democracy, to which it has oftenest, perhaps, so characteristically assumed that we were wedded by untoward fate, ignoring our protestations of preference, compassionating the element among us that has, rather daintily than robustly, protested its own incompatibility, and extending an understanding sympathy to those of our grosser spirits who, convinced and determined, have fought the slowly losing fight of intrenched inertia against popular activity.

To-day, I should think, we are to European eyes less picturesquely diversified socially, though otherwise more miscellaneous, than ever, and in the features of our composite national physiognomy Europe no doubt distinguishes even less distinction than when we were more provincial. And for the future we shall certainly do well to rely on social development rather than on transformation of civil polity. There is little likelihood that we should gain in distinction if our democracy developed in the direction of any kind of popular despotism with social results probably more or less parallel, immigration always taken into account, to those incurred by the French Second Empire in its succession to the Second Republic and in respect of distinction much deplored by its critics.

Meantime much theorizing about terms has dropped an essential link in the logic of our situation. Whatever our difficulties, we possess one substantial distinction of which, together with its derivatives, it is materially impossible now that we should ever be deprived. We differ from the world in general in being a democracy that has never been anything else. The effect of this difference upon our native character and its associated manners is marked. We are, for instance, as little able as disposed to bewail with Jules Lemaitre "a mounting democracy, reputed inelegant, from which as it mounts delicate souls turn with correspondingly increasing adoration toward countries and centuries of irreproachable beauty and harmonious life." Even before the decline of the classics we should have found it hard from our own point of view to visualize any known countries and centuries in exactly that historic light, but certainly we should never have contemplated them in order to console us for a rising tide of democracy, since that was the tide we have always conceived ourselves as originally taking at the flood, and thereby being led on to fortune.

And we do still. Whitman, from whose gospel what he—rather than the French—

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calls "delicatesse" is pointedly excluded, is more popular or at least more promulgated than ever, supplying in the view of many of us our need of a national poet, like Goethe or Victor Hugo; or Homer, for that matter. Even those among us who lag behind the Whitman procession are apt to feel that it is prudent not to rely too exclusively upon *délicatesse*, since being only *délicat* it is difficult to be *délicat* enough to make up for the exclusions. Sentiment has solider foundations and builds statelier mansions. And sentiment aside, democracy has of late with us become in due form a watchword, not to say the countersign—a standard by which we measure everything. But what we mean by it is something that substantially we have always had and are not just now socially more or less getting, like Great Britain, or have but recently politically "consolidated," like France—a birthright, namely, and neither a conquest nor a gradual evolution. This, to be sure, Europe has oftenest, when it has taken the pains to philosophize about us, considered one of our disadvantages, even as a democracy. In the way of charming mankind we must admit failure, though our solid if inelegant success has certainly attracted a steadily increasing share of its attention, and, superficially at least, has muted its censure, though—temporarily, one hopes—incurring its acrimony. But to ascribe our failure in distinction to the fact that we have never had an aristocracy to revere is, really, through misinterpreting our kind of democracy, to miss our kind of distinction—a variety that in the concrete much modifies the apparent incongruity of the terms abstractly considered.

"Jeffersonian democracy," inevitably, as developed by "Old Hickory" had direct results, both political and social, that lovers of all kinds of distinction have no doubt legitimately deplored. Among these, however, not the least deplorable has been the counter-development of opposition, both theoretical and practical, to the ideality of the original philosophy. In political discussion it is a familiar contention that the Declaration of Independence is philosophically vitiated by a fundamental error in asserting as a principle the equality that palpably does not exist in fact, and in making just government depend on the consent of the governed instead of on justice. I remember President Seelye, to whom the world of abstractions was a very real one, asserting that in constraining the South it took us four years of civil war to correct the latter "error." The concrete difficulty, amply illustrated later by the war itself, of securing justice without "consent" he did not consider. Eventualities of this kind are difficult to forestall even if foreseen. But the fact that what the Declaration had in mind as to equality was not capacity, nor condition—which no one could credibly maintain, or so far as I know has ever asserted, yet which so many, for some reason, delight to deny—but title to consideration, universally thus recognized at the time, has, with our temperamental inequalitarians, dropped out of recognition.

Yet both social and political precisians should admit the principle of judicial interpretation which seeks the intention of the statute. And in this particular case the homeliest practical philosopher would reply to the most fastidious technical objector that in omitting to take account of slavery, obviously impossible in the circumstances, and to forestall hair-splitting abstract objections in framing their protest against institutional inequality, our political progenitors were far from being an assemblage of provincial tyros unsuccessful in producing an academic disquisition invulnerable to subsequent cavil. They were in truth a body of experienced publicists comparable with the first of their time, engaged in composing a document which has been found "self-evident" enough still to justify what it was intended to mean and which, "heard round the world," yet echoes in the distinctly American nature. We have, of course, our share of pedants. There are literalists in all lands. But they have not prevented the spirit of the Declaration from inspiring America, any more than that of the Sermon on the Mount—equally open to literalist cavil—from winning the world. In the words of an unimpeachably representative American, to cite Lincoln: "All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a

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single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

It can hardly be maintained that the philosophy of the Declaration has either obscured or perverted its central doctrine, the doctrine that replaces classes by individuals, that makes for universal self-respect and general development, that assigns to each an equal share of personal rights (with common duties) in all that leads to the pursuit of happiness, unfrustrated by his fellow man—so far as his opportunity of attaining it is not overruled by "act of God" or his own fault. There are probably few villages in the country, even in the backwoods, where something of this sort is not felt more or less definitely, and in our "industrial centres" and denser agglomerations of human kind more of it than in similar areas elsewhere, and often perhaps more by many of those who come here expressly in search of it than by descendants of original settlers—as touchingly attested and strikingly set forth in Mary Antin's "The Promised Land." At all events this mind and mood are general and potent enough to have saturated our society with the conception of "the people," which is of a definite and particular color and a degree more inclusive and uniform than any elsewhere entertained on anything like our scale. With us "the people" means people at large, people in general, everybody in fact. It designates neither the "masses" of Great Britain nor the *peuple* of the Continent; and it includes, without loss of equilibrium, such "remnants" as we have. Having from the first been free from the heritage of feudalism, we have automatically escaped the persistence of its classifications—often elsewhere socially surviving even when politically outworn.

It is true that democracy as a thoroughgoing social and political creed has from the first had its vicissitudes with us. In this sense and in some quarters it lacked ideality even in early days. To a considerable section of even its own partisans it was then more the framework in which individual independence could function than a formulation of public principle conceived as a force and directed as an instrument. In this sense also, during and after the Civil War, when large fortunes were accumulating and a proletariat was coagulating, it became decidedly enfeebled. But in the present epoch it has so generally developed precisely as a political and social philosophy as to make even its friends a little afraid of it. We have shared the evolution of the rest of the world, to expect isolation from which is economically unreasonable as well as in consequence impotent and inhumane, a world not yet made safe for or from democracy, for whose strain of despotic tendency our own legislation has of late so notoriously shown a new partiality.

The political logician might easily foresee in this the menace of the classic hybrid born of the familiar paradox of popular tyranny—crystallizing, as President Butler has significantly pointed out, in superfluous legislation mere opinion instead of ascertained truth; after the ancient process of doctrine becoming dogma. And some of this legislation could not be more concisely or completely—or more destructively—characterized than it has been by President Hadley, who calls it "a marked infringement of personal liberty, coming at a time when personal liberty is in danger and when the infringement of personal liberty is dangerous for democracy." But socially we remain very much a nation of individuals, and individuals who in the enormous majority respect if they do not belong to the "plain people," according to Lincoln beloved of the Lord who so numerously created them, and represented by Lincoln himself. Even struggling in the constricting tentacles of a demos turned fanatic and persecutor we should still preponderantly possess instinctively democratic sympathies and, whatever our different opinion and conduct, *feel* with our fellow men as social individuals and political units on a scale and in a degree quite our own.

II

OUR DISTINCTION

For this reason the undemocratic element of our society, though it has been

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conspicuous and convinced, has been comparatively uninfluential. Not merely has it been numerically negligible, taking the country in the large, but neither its philosophy nor its character has been calculated to convert an intelligent and articulate majority. It has been, perhaps, a little uneasily conscious of its "poor relations," public and private—the latter usually being, it is true, "just around the corner"—and too much inclined to generalize about them unchecked by a view of "the object as in itself it really is." And though itself manifestly marked by the kind of distinction involved in being undemocratic in a democratic society, it has, naturally, not popularized its distinction, as was necessary if it were to become representatively American, not being in itself popular in quality. Its order of distinction, easier to envy than laudable to emulate, has also been largely unattractive except to the envious, from whom its exclusiveness has more or less successfully protected it. In the sense that, according to Gladstone, England has had "the religion of inequality," its adepts have had the religion of "exclusiveness"—something which even our mammoth hotels have been found incapable of "providing for the masses."

Still, we have had in some degree the advantage of exemplary influences traceable to the instinctive aristocratic strain in some of our eminent individuals and families, developing socially though keeping in familiar relations with their own homelier fringe, and in original social elements of our several sections, from patroons and patricians to Puritans. That advantage cannot be claimed—or conceded!—as an exact equivalent to having been moulded through centuries by the pressure of a superior class common to the country as a whole, but the very considerable compensation to be found in never having been sat upon cannot be denied to us. In consequence of this circumstance we have developed socially without the aid of other than the lateral pressure in which there is real virtue, though virtue more easily experienced than explained to sociologists altogether accustomed to the leading-strings of example. There is high example for it, too, in the attitude assumed in the "Come now and let us reason together" ascribed by Isaiah to celestial mansuetude. One result has been that the sky above us has not been of brass, and that much, much less among us than in "reverential" societies do

> "Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy."

We have, perhaps, rather tended to "feature" the ideals of the growing boy, but, in general, ours have enjoyed an exceptional advantage in being freely eclectic, and their practical achievement has been forwarded by the spur of competition. The historical path we have traced, since its divergence from the main road of European evolution, has been comparatively short, but its divergence was voluntary, its direction explicit, and its course scrupulously charted. In the main it has been followed under the guidance of the spirit of fellowship, and its political misadventures have been due to the conflicts of majorities and minorities unaffected by considerations of classes and masses as such. Our philosophy in any case has been preponderantly fraternal and equalitarian, and our social problems so far as they have a political side have, up to the present epoch, been debated on the accepted basis of democracy.

At the present time no one would deny that the watering of our stock has affected our outlook. The new school economists have pronounced visionary the assimilation of our immigration. Moreover, this immigration has transported to, and perceptibly developed within, our borders what Professor Giddings calls "a sinister democracy which proclaims its intention to create equality of estate"—the snake in the grass discovered by literalist hypercriticism in the Declaration formula and, nurtured in the bosom of our more advanced humanitarianism, perhaps stirring sluggishly in that haven of present-day sentiment. More menace, however, is to be found in the nature of this hospitable retreat itself than in this particular one of its tenants. Communism has been at least scotched by its own recent demonstration that an indefinitely prolonged tyranny of the proletariat is a necessary preliminary to its own establishment—even nominal. In contrast with it, the re-

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wards of the overwhelmingly predominant business of American life—namely, "business" itself—seem increasingly open to the disposal of a taxing power itself exposed to infiltration by the philanthropic sentiment aforesaid. So that it is pleasant to be assured by Professor Giddings that "quixotic democracy is annoying to reason, but otherwise innocuous." But quixotic democracy is in many cases annoying to reason because of the prevalence of the superficial philosophizing it betrays and of what this argues as to our seriousness; and frivolity on any considerable scale is not innocuous. However, if any sciolism of the kind is comparable to the nettle harmless when grasped, it is surely that which is coexistent with and inevitably modified by our underlying Americanism consciously based on the general interest and mutual respect—reliances recognized as standard by the common sense of a nation of individuals, severally hostile to the spirit of class, and appealing with automatic finality to the public opinion which universally we call the rock of our foundation.

European inferences as to the national character thus conditioned and composed have been frequently invalidated by the inveterate crux of foreign observation, the difficulty (aside from that of detaching oneself from one's prepossessions) of judging without unconsciously referring the phenomena judged to one's own environment and estimating them, thus visualized, with reference to the result—what American traits would mean in England, the emphasis which for "foreigners" the Englishman abroad acquires. The connection between morals and manners is often missed, whereas it is fundamental to mark it. Similarly in matters intellectual. When Arnold calls Channing's works "the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity" he is very likely reflecting that an English divine of Channing's eminence would have a higher quality of talent, instead of remembering that in England a divine of Channing's talent might perhaps be forced for lack of popular demand to bury it in a napkin. In the way of "popular demand" for talent and its fruits, even as compared with Great Britain, there are statistics that forbid us to despair. Moreover, Arnold uses Channing's popularity as an indication that America is "a land where every one has some culture and superiorities are discountenanced." Discountenanced! No; what is conceived (often erroneously, no doubt) as superciliousness, perhaps, but not superiorities. Not our own at any rate! We should willingly, for example, set Channing and his popularity, and all its implications, beside Spurgeon and his. And, superiorities aside, if there is a land the tendency of whose geese to become swans is enthusiastically aided and abetted by general acclaim it is ours. If we were only as sure that with us every one had some culture as that superiorities are not discountenanced! But the culture that prevails, to whatever extent, and whatever its grade and degree, undoubtedly tends to promote good nature—the good nature accompanying the sense of fundamental fellowship. Good nature does not, alas! tend directly to promote distinction and we should realize that, though our lack of patrician distinction may, in involving a greater good for a greater number, be accounted to us for righteousness, it is not the road to paradise that is "paved with good intentions" nor paradise itself that is "full of good fellows."

Not that we would exchange our brand for any alien to it, and less from Touchstone's very natural reason than from not really believing it to be on the whole a poor thing. Distinction of the heart is not a poor thing. And that we have, and that—since we rather tend to "concentrate" upon it—certainly in as full measure as any other people. Nevertheless, distinction of the heart is, perhaps, the one trait likeliest to pass unnoticed by the foreign observer, to whom, as Stendhal says, "*la différence fait la haine*," and if a people's foes resemble a man's in being sometimes those of his own household, we ought not to be surprised at English criticism of us in the matter of distinction. Our business is to endeavor to deserve it less. We have indeed made progress in this respect since the days of Mrs. Trollope, whose treatise on our "domestic manners" the suave Sainte-Beuve refers to as marked by "shameless gossip"—*caquetage impudent*. Those were also the days when our compatriot Cooper's

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faithful friendly wounds were inflicted; and, approximately, of Dickens's "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," which later America made it such a point of good nature to forgive, as England later still did to condone "The Biglow Papers"—each so sensibly in its own so obvious interest. Also we have had the benefit of "a certain condescension" in other foreigners than English.

But not all our foreign critics have found us subject for censure exclusively. Even in the perhaps exceptionally undistinguished early fifties—so far as surface indications showed—Thackeray's sympathetic impressions are to be set against Dickens's. And of all recent comment on our national temper one may easily like best the latest—truly Thackerayan in spirit. In "What I Saw in America" Mr. Chesterton says: "I have always found Americans the politest people in the world." The French, who have made a fine art of compliment, have taught us not to take it literally. And we shall certainly not understand Mr. Chesterton here as intimating that even if polite we are polished—though, as if to make a family affair of the matter, Mr. Belloc, in his "Contrast," among other kindly observations, adds his confirming testimony to our "courtesy." But we must manage to find in this particular paradox of a writer whose paradoxes however playful and however polite are always significant, some real import consistent with a complimentary intention. It is the more likely because all of Mr. Chesterton's judgments betray heart as well as penetration. Sometimes, as in his recent "Saint Francis," he seems prepared to make sacrifices in order to be sure that organ is "in the right place"—wherein habitually it dwells. But on the whole, having shown the wisdom of Solomon in asking for "an understanding heart," like Solomon he has been given one. So that, if for once we have an angel to wrestle with, we must not let him go till he bless us after apparently speaking us so fair. And we may, without too much naïvete, perhaps, hope that the politeness Mr. Chesterton had in mind was that *politesse de cœur*, which, without overdoing the matter himself, Prince Bismarck found regrettably lacking in the French. "*Les Anglais sont justes mais pas aimables*" Arnold, in his "Falkland," quotes from a French observer who seems at least to value this kind of *politesse;* and if we seem more *aimables* than our ancestors, it must be because we are differently circumstanced—because of our different temperament, itself a development due to our different institutions. Perhaps we are not. Perhaps we are, but only superficially.

III

OUR BASIC TRAITS AND TEMPER

At any rate we believe that we should be, for our kind of democracy—enriching with equality and fraternity its English heritage of liberty—is an affair of temperament as well as of reason. We are democratically disposed as well as convinced. Our democracy has become all the more temperamental, it may be, for being originally not altogether congenital but largely acquired. As a conscious acquisition it in turn acquired, and, as it were, overnight, a traditional sanction in being so warmly embraced as to establish a tradition of its own—"by adoption," in Saint Paul's phrase—and has since become thus doubly inbred. But, nationally, as well as the amiable we clearly have the independent temperament which a nation of unclassified individuals is bound to have, and which is naturally a little indifferent to the kind of distinction inseparably connected with co-operation and concert. Of course we are not altogether all of a piece, though to the foreigner we may seem to be—as, with less reason, they sometimes do to us, for that matter. But developing in comparative isolation as well as in complete independence, civilized individuals develop much alike. Types radiate from the social instinct, contacts not always operating as contagion so much as being needed to create contrast.

The aristocratic temperament itself, accordingly, is with us democratically modified not only by reason but by circumstance. And because we lack the kind of national character whose external pressure might mould its nationals and condense their expansiveness, we are as a people probably composed of an exceptionally large proportion, a preponderance in fact, of persons of accented in-

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dividual character. Lacking social types we develop personal traits marked if not markedly various. Equality is more closely allied than even liberty to fraternity, and more than is elsewhere the case the American is anywhere at home in his own country. The transfer of this complacence to the European scene results in what parts of Europe least like in him. Familiarity born of fraternity infringes the liberty of the individual to be unmolested—liberty dear to the surly and greatly prized by the social pedant. However, no people can be asked to like any vulgarians but its own. Custom and use are the springs of sympathy when conventions are flouted. Probably the hoodlum and the hooligan fail to understand each other. A variety of aristocratic temper, rare in societies rigidly classified, and one accustomed to encounter the unexpected, is needed for doing real justice to individuals diversified individually only—especially the unrefined.

And democracy, considered as a matter of feeling, including more elements than are really much considered in its philosophy, includes among them an aristocratic element of its own order, one with values of character rather than of rank. The aristocratic temperament itself is not only subject to democratic modification by reason but, since nothing in human nature is simple and single, it often becomes congenitally modified by a marked democratic strain—wherever it exists—if given a chance by favorable environing institutions. The democratic aristocrat indeed has done great things in the world since the days of Pericles, who represented in his community the ideal it has since represented in the history of nations. With us in the fifties, I believe, this element existed as far north and east as Boston in combined social and political power, outranking the intellectuals, who finally got the better of it. Among aristocratic natures matured by the best influences of civilization are to be found with us rather more than elsewhere, probably, the fraternizing as well as the frigid, the gracious as well as the condescending—as among those still in the pioneer stage of social "humanization" native chivalry (also remarked by Mr. Chesterton) is not infrequent.

And to match these we especially have the aristocratic democrat, an extremely superior person in every essential way. He figures impressively, as nowhere else with the same distinction, in the fiction of Henry James—most definitely and brilliantly represented, perhaps, by the felicitously named Coquerel of "The Point of View." This gentleman (long before that naïve child of nature, his creator, according to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's wonderfully ingenious account of the matter, had so tragically lost his English illusions) learned in England that "an aristocracy is bad manners organized," and on his return from Europe found the smooth-running, simplified, invisible government in Washington more impressive than the biggest military review he had seen in Germany. Other portraits by the same ingenuous hand are positively chauvinistic in the eloquent contrast they afford with "la vieille Europe" between—precisely in the sphere of distinction—the sensitive and the shabby: the innately patrician little New England lady of "Four Meetings" so horribly victimized by the bogus Comtesse, the frank and fine American girl untouched by the corruption of "A London Life," Isabel Archer as contrasted with Madame Merle, Milly Teale with Kate Croy, and Christopher Newman in truly superb relief against his background of pride, place, and baseness in "the Faubourg" itself. The aristocratic democrat is certainly one of our best cards—character refined, reflected in manners, kindly even when crude.

Our distinction, accordingly, such as it is, is at least promising in being fundamental, a matter of the heart, and the heart in the scriptural sense of the word as used to designate the whole nature of man. Being thus based on character and temperament rather than on either code or custom, it is essentially universal and consequently general in scope as well as genuine in quality. National therefore rather than sectional in its traits, it enjoys a comparative immunity from some of the drawbacks of our excessive individualism. Substantially subconscious in its operation, though for this reason restricted in acquired refinement, it is measurably protected from artifice and affectation. And in being originally in-

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herent, and thus far developed under a system in harmony with these traits and conditions, instead of being the product of feudal traditions reluctantly modified by distasteful institutions, its further growth may conserve all its own sap and soundness without diversion by graft or waste in excrescence.

At the same time, fundamentally good-natured as we are, one innate trait of democracy, such as we see illustrated in shining distinction by equality-loving France, may very reasonably be expected to reach fuller expression among us than it now enjoys: namely, the social sentiment of deference. Our manners often exhibit it idiosyncratically, no doubt, but it is not alien to our character, however superficially dissembled in our activities. Deference is the quality with which ideal democracy replaces the "ideal commanding popular reverence" that Arnold deemed the "security for national dignity and greatness" supplied by "aristocratical institutions." As regards distinction, indeed, deference has decided advantages, of which, socially speaking, reverence is destitute. To begin with, it leaves reverence free to reserve its genuflexions for the ideal sphere rather than constrained to squander them in the actual—where its quality is so extremely liable to deterioration and its demonstrations to degeneracy. From the point of view of fastidiousness itself something is left to be desired by the obsequiousness of pre-Revolutionary Versailles and the contemptuousness regarding the rabble involved, and not very subtly either, in Gladstone's "religion of inequality," still doubtless held in honor, socially and philosophically, in spite of political changes, on the English side of the Channel. And when this religion is, through tradition and habit, second nature, it is naturally more difficult than it is with us for even the finest flower of fastidiousness, in dealing with the kneeling, to echo the apostolic command: "Stand up. I also am a man."

We may indeed say that, in sharp contrast, we ourselves have had the religion of equality, which, religion for religion, is surely more religious. The effect of personal piety on the development of our individualism ought not to be forgotten in any review of our evolution. If in our origins there was a lack of opportunity to revere an aristocracy, reverence itself was not lacking. We had the quality, and perhaps in less adulterated form, for consecrating it to the august instead of dissipating it among the superior. And, possibly in consequence, our American aspiration "genti for to be" is likely to be considerably more amenable to evangelization than to the so frequently prescribed "leadership" of our fellow men. If in all our activities of thought and life we are to have "leaders," it will be pleasanter all round for us to take a leaf from the Missouri manual and insist on being "shown" first. That, too, will be the only alternative probably to "leadership" of the kind claimed by the politician who, during the French Revolution, reproached with following a section of the mob, replied: "I *must* follow them, I am their leader."

To preach the single gospel of self-control in the sole sense of self-restraint to a democracy given over to self-activity should be found up-hill work. "The wise and prudent" would be justified in themselves "vetoing" such impulses in this direction as they may have, and instead studying empirically in the activities around them what it is that, originally "revealed to babes," still persists in communities whose ethics still are, as Mr. Belloc deems ours, "essentially Puritan." So doing, they would be impressed with the inutility of commending to an energetic people in an expansive age a purely inhibitive ideal. For Puritanism is essentially militant, and what the "new birth" of Christianity "revealed" to *our* ancestors (or at least to a preponderant part of them) was less the quietism of dying to the old than the activity implied in living for the new, heeding less the curb of self-restraint or spur of superior saintly or social example than conscious of the capacity of the individual soul to fulfil its destiny in complete independence of all but divine aid, once consecrated to the energetic performance of that duty. Secular expression of that spiritual conviction still characterizes our special brand of democracy and still intensifies the individualism inherent in its tradition.

To a people whose moral nature is thus

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personalized the wisdom of divesting themselves in any signal degree of an individual initiative unintermittently in action, however imitatively exercised, must seem fantastic. Quixotic conservatism can hardly avail itself of Professor Giddings's formula about the innocuousness of quixotic democracy. It is not only—like all quixotism—"annoying to reason," it is also trying to the temper. Even academically considered the case against an inhibitive philosophy is probably closed. Stoicism was superseded when Christianity, succeeding it, quickened its sound prose with its own affirmative poetry. The advantages of La Trappe could have appealed but imperfectly to Saint Francis. The age certainly has need of self-control, but self-control in the sense of self-discipline to the end of self-direction must to us wear a fairer face than the self-restraint which, though undoubtedly an incidental, is plainly not the driving force of self-development. One risks differing with Professor Babbitt even in the matter of stress only at the cost of a feeling of insecurity, but it is difficult to conceive the American people so enamoured of that excellent only if limited abstraction, the aristocratic principle, as willingly to undergo being, in familiar language, "all dressed up" without having somewhere "to go." Of course if it is destined to be led somewhere and the question is therefore exclusively one of leadership, it would be best suited with the most self-restrained leader it could get. To candidates for "leadership" self-control could hardly be preached too convincingly.

But the inference is plain. If what a quality has to fear is its associated defects, our solicitude should be alive to the intensity of our individualism. It already shows the insidiously demoralizing tendency I have cited from President Butler's reference to the "craze" for crystallizing our itching urge to self-expression into excessive legislation. And to achieve distinction through individualism demands a more highly developed order of individuals, and more highly organized concert among them, than in general we have or than our institutions encourage. "Individualism," says Mr. Chesterton shrewdly, if in our case a little "previously," "is the reverse of individuality." Obviously uniformity minimizes personal accent, and our personal accent is therefore apt to seem commonplace in proportion to its emphasis. What we have much in evidence "here and now" is individuals of a "Babbitt" order of complexity, and concert of Rotarian organization. They do not represent us comprehensively but they consciously represent a stage of civilization considerably removed from the culmination to which it nevertheless aspires —a stage indeed of which the motto is "Excelsior." Like our colleges, and in due proportion our churches, our Rotary clubs and so many analogous organizations are undoubtedly populous with the open-minded if also occasionally the empty-headed. Self-respect—which they have—would in any case lead these elements to regard themselves as potential factors of social progress as well as "advance agents of prosperity" in the purely material sense—the sense, by the way, so largely lying at the bottom of the other. And one of the best things that could happen to us would be to have our "remnant" so regard them also. Besides, there are other elements and agencies that these, holding themselves the centre of the stage, tend to camouflage. Why in our sociological comment do we so seldom hear the note that is struck by Mr. Strunsky in saying, "Babbitt and the moron are much more emphatically myths than the sturdy citizenship to whose sound intelligence the Chambers of Commerce make their appeal"? Must one originate in Russia to distinguish basic American vibrations from the shriller broadcasting of the day? "The average man," credibly continues Mr. Strunsky, "is much more like what the politicians tell him he is than he is like Babbitt."

Less uniformity, in the sense and degree suggesting monotony, such progress as we are now conscious of as a people (exceptional, doubtless, in the world as at present circumstanced—which should put us on our good behavior, not to say our mettle) is itself bound to bring about. Not all, enlisted on a broadening, will cling to a rising, level. The variety that distinction calls for asserts itself as the mind develops. It is not in mind but "in spirit" that "mankind is one," and "an instinct" that "bears along," as Lowell asseverates,

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our common feeling. It is immensely fortunate for us that, essentially and in the main, we do all feel alike, are at all events exceptionally free socially from divisions due to radical diversity of interest and of interests, and thus essentially and exceptionally constitute a nation. Our solidarity comes from this interior cohesiveness and owes little to condensation through foreign pressure. But it is self-evident that in its effect on distinction this homogeneousness may be overdone and only too evident that it has been overdone by the individualism which has robbed us of the benefits only conferred by forces of concert. Sound at heart and of solid growth—and still growing—the *flowering* of our national spirit has been unduly delayed and accordingly is in all the greater need of active fostering.

[Another article, "The Spirit of Society," by Mr. Brownell, will appear in an early number.]

Little Dombey

BY FRANK SHAY

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY PERRY BARLOW

WE stood facing each other across the walnut table in the private room of Caulfield's book-shop. Further argument was useless. Caulfield, at one point, Cheney at another, and I at the third: a scalene triangle.

"Well, I won't take it and that settles my point," I said to Caulfield.

"But, my dear Gregory" (damn his patronizing "my dear"), "you can't do without it. Why, it's the very copy Stevenson presented to W. E. Henley, the poet. It is positively unique——"

"So is your price, Caulfield," I interrupted. "I won't have it and that's that."

I turned to Cheney:

"As for your sneers, sir, I collect Stevensoniana because it suits my fancy. Do I have to give a valid reason before I am permitted to collect the works of a favored author? I don't know nor do I care to know why you collect Johnsoniana nor would I presume to question your motives. You may collect the works of Mrs. Hemans or the first editions of Petroleum V. Nasby for all I care."

I resumed my study of Caulfield's shelves. It was a good shop, a first-class one as book-shops go these days. I could conceive a more ideal shop where one would not be importuned to purchase items one did not want nor could afford. Not that I didn't want the book, a fine, clean copy of the first issue of "Travels with a Donkey" with its intimate inscription, nor that I hadn't the price. It was just that I resented Caulfield's presuming there was no other course for me to follow than the one he had in mind. Caulfield was that way. It wasn't entirely his fault. The blame lay with his rich customers who had neither the wit nor the wisdom to decide for themselves what they wanted. They accepted his word too easily. I liked to approach my purchases with prayer and meditation.

Cheney was none other than Spofford Cheney, the well-known collector of Johnsoniana. There was a permanent scowl on his gray face, a face sandwiched between gray sideburns. In no respect whatever did he fit in with my conception of one who would love Johnson the writer, or Johnson the man. A lover of Samuel Johnson, I argued to myself, should be stout and ruddy, a lover of animated conversation and a trencherman of parts. Above all he would be tolerant of the opinions of others. Cheney, as far as I knew, was none of these. Cheney was lean. Cheney was gray. Cheney was

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dour of face and person. Cheney looked like an emaciated and melancholy Thackeray. However, he was Cheney, the noted collector.

Cheney had all the intolerance for the passions of others that characterized old-time collectors. Impatient with any other collected writer save his favorite, he sneered at my choice. His objection to R. L. S. was that he was not yet sufficiently ripe for collecting. Once he had said:

"Stevenson may be worth collecting, sir, but I feel he should be allowed to age in the wood of book-shelves. There ought to be fifty years between a writer's death and his coming into vogue with collectors. Takes all of that time for the romance to ripen and for his books to attain sufficient scarcity to make the chase interesting. When such time has elapsed he is, like old wine, ready for the connoisseur."

Each visit to Caulfield's was a repetition of the foregoing. I always resented the bookseller's ability to secure the very items I was turning heaven and earth to find. I resented, too, Cheney's apparent dislike for Stevenson, though I knew it was not Stevenson at all, but my fervor. He was intolerant of any collector who was radical enough to believe any one born later than the eighteenth century was worth collecting. I really liked the old man. He was the last leaf of the tree under which I sought shelter. He seemed lonely and I, too, was lonely. It was nearing dinner hour and I would ask him to have dinner with me.

Caulfield was called to the front of the shop and Cheney and I agreed to bury the hatchet. He had settled himself in a comfortable chair and wanted to talk. I was in a mood to let him.

"Collecting books of a favored author is a fine art. Much as one collector has in common with his fellow collectors you will find a great amount of intoleration. Yet, let two collectors of similar tastes get together and you'll find envy and jealousy added. The elements that enter into the collection and acquisition of a library are well known. A man collects an author because of his love for the author as a writer and as a man. The collector is more the result of this love and admiration than is the case with the general run of Caulfield's customers. They rush in here to listen to the latest fashions in collecting and Caulfield with his fine Italian hand doles them their provender according to their purse. They haven't the necessary capacity to find in themselves love and admiration for any author. They haven't the time nor the inclination to study the life of an author whose work they admire and hunt down his books. Can you conceive their spending a lifetime, sir, a total of sixty-seven years searching for a single book? Only a man who felt very deeply the love for a man and his work could endure that long."

He did not give me a chance to confess that it was beyond me. Cheney continued:

"No indeed. They do not make real collectors these days. The mould has been broken or the potter's fingers have become palsied with age. Lowndes was a teething-ring to those old fellows and Brunet an elementary text-book. I remember one in particular, Kenyon was his name, Edwin Payson Kenyon, a bookseller when I first knew him and later a collector. You have probably heard of him as Little Dombey. He, sir, was a collector of the first water."

"Little Dombey," I exclaimed. "Wilberforce Matthews pointed him out to me one day. He was a little queer—at least, in the matter of dress," I hastened to add. "Did you know him well?"

"Not as well as Matthews, perhaps, though I did know him quite intimately. He was the collector who spent sixty-seven years in searching for one book." Cheney was looking over my shoulder and out into the shop.

"Time-clock bookmen," he muttered. "What do they know of books? It is doubtful if they'll ever read their purchases."

"Tell me of Little—Mr. Kenyon," I asked him.

"Not here, Gregory, for look you yonder. Look and see the storm-clouds forming on old Caulfield's face. How he wishes we would leave! Six o'clock, by gad! Time for book-collecting to end: it's not fashionable to worry about books after six in the evening. I'll wager he has an appointment with a—I almost said

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chicken, sir—damsel. No man can serve two mistresses and the love of books and the love of women lie in opposite directions. Come with me, you lowly collector of Stevensoniana, and I'll show you a haunt worth two of these."

As we passed through the shop to the street I called to Caulfield:

"I'll take that copy of the 'Travels' with me, Caulfield."

We took a taxicab to an address given by Cheney. The way led across Fifth Avenue and down-town toward Washington Square. Stopping before a building that seemed deserted we entered a dimly lit hallway. He led the way up stairs carpeted to an almost mythical softness. A pass-key opened a door into an apartment. In the darkness I was aware only of a sombre cheerlessness that penetrated my bones. Matches were struck and Cheney lighted the gas in an enormous crystal chandelier and touched an already laid fire. The light from above revealed a room dominated by a large and ungainly walnut writing-table and heavily upholstered chairs mathematically arranged. About the walls were ponderous-looking bookcases with steel-engraved portraits above them. The mantel above the fireplace was draped with a dark-red lambrequin and the windows were curtained in a heavily tasselled material of the same color. Above the mantel was an oil portrait of an elderly man dressed in the garments of the mid-Victoria period. The crackling fire warmed the scene and gave it the feeling of comfort and homeliness. Behind the writing-table was a chair whose high back seemed to be in direct communication with the crystal chandelier.

"Like it?" queried Cheney. Before I could answer he went on. "The desk and chair belonged to Charles Dickens, so did the writing-sloop and the quills."

We had rid ourselves of our outer clothing and were seated in the comfortable ugly chairs. I left my seat and went to one of the bookcases and peering through the glass doors read the titles. My host, noting my interest, told me to open the doors and take a good look. I did so and picking a book at random found it to be a beautifully encased set of the Pickwick Papers in the original parts as issued, save that this set had the additional interest of being the very copies Dickens had presented to his friend Daniel Maclise. Reverently I turned the pages and just as reverently replaced them in their case and returned the treasure to its place. Each volume in the case, I found, was an unique copy with association interest. Passing to another case I found Boswell's own copy of the first edition of his life of Johnson. It was the copy Boswell had corrected and sent to the printer for a second edition. The place was, indeed, a bibliomaniac's heaven.

"But what does it all mean?" I shouted. "Who boasts ownership of these wonderful collections? Wherever I put my hands I find volumes that any real collector would give his entire purse for! Whose is it?"

"Not so fast, my dear Gregory.

"You asked me, while we were still at Caulfield's, to tell you about Little Dombey." His voice had a reminiscent tone. "I'd rather tell you the story of these rooms and through their story let you learn the story of Little Dombey. Smoke, if you wish; it is a story that should be listened to with a pipe and a glass of wine.

"A glass of wine," he went on, "would break down the walls of reserve, rather it would act as a spark to the fires of conversation. But, persons who have no conception of the social value of wines have ordained that we must endure without them. Perhaps the dinner that will be served later will do what we expect of wine. A dinner, my dear young friend, such as Sam Johnson would lay before a guest."

I had lighted my pipe and was comfortably established in a chair whose ugliness belied its softness. Assured that I was ready he began his story.

"When first I knew Kenyon he was a bookseller. His shop was a small one and contained little else than valuable and curious books. He was an enemy of junk and no plugs could find room on his shelves. Early in life, when he was sixteen, his stepfather had apprenticed him to a local bookseller in whose employ he remained until he was twenty-five. Then he branched out for himself, taking the

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store below this apartment. His training had been complete, he knew his trade and prospered. In a few years the business had extended to the rooms back of the shop where he had lived and he was compelled to move into these rooms.

"Early in business he became known as an authority on the works of Dickens and Dickensians flocked to the shop and made it their headquarters. In those days collectors of Dickens were the radicals of the bibliographic world and were looked upon with scorn. First editions of his works did not command the high prices that are to-day their first characteristic and, while they were not expensive, were difficult to obtain in this country. Kenyon had made adequate connections in England and was able to care for the slight demand. As the business grew, his sphere extended so that it embraced all the esteemed writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was in this manner that I got to know him and love him. In some way, known only to himself, he had secured Boswell's own copy of the first edition of his life of Johnson; the copy Boswell had used for corrections for the second edition. It was my first big step in Johnsoniana and, by gad, I've spent my life in being grateful to Kenyon for having convinced me that my collection would never be important without it."

Cheney noticed that when he had mentioned the Boswell my eyes had glanced toward the case on the right.

"Yes, that was the copy you saw when you first came in.

"But to resume where I left off. Kenyon never married and as his business prospered and expanded he desired and sought the company of book-lovers, the companionships of men whose tastes were like his own. In those days there were no clubs of book-lovers and he was forced to use these rooms as a gathering place where they would not be interrupted by others. It began by his inviting us one by one to dine with him."

A chuckle escaped his lips.

"He had an idea that Dickens was all-encompassing in life. The realism of Dickens, the lovable old fool would argue, was great enough for a man to guide his life by. I might admit such a thing about Johnson, sir, but Dickens? Never! However, he would invite us to a dinner conceived by Dickens and executed by himself. Wine always, a roast of beef and pie. Believe me, sir, when I say that there was no difference at all in those meals and the meals you would be served with at a second-rate dining-room to-day. Take Johnson now, he loved boiled leg of lamb and veal pie. Who to-day ever eats boiled leg of lamb?

"The only difference was in the matter of service. Kenyon would don on such occasions the clothes of the period of 1848 and in his stiff, Victorian manner, order the service. It was not so much his foolish meal but his amiable conversation. He knew as much of Johnson as I did but he was too fine a host to let me think he did.

"There was Matthews, the collector of Thackeray," he said this in a way that expressed supreme contempt. "How can a man collect any one so dull and uninteresting as Thackeray? Well, Matthews, one day, came in great glee to tell me of a Dickensian dinner he had had at Kenyon's. He insisted a man might be able to get a good dinner out of the works of Thackeray—but I snorted and left him to rave by himself. You couldn't find a decent meal in all the collected and fugitive writings of that fellow. Another day came Greene, who told me of his experiences at Kenyon's table. Greene collected Browning. A man with an imagination might, with great diligence, scrape together sustenance from Thackeray or almost any other writer, but Browning must have thrived on air. Never a bit of real eating is mentioned. Or, am I wrong? I confess I've never read a word of his but I never heard of a palatable dish mentioned by Browning."

I smiled at the intolerance of this old collector but I took care he did not see it. I was slightly startled by a voice that came from the rear asking if dinner should be served.

"Right now, Francis," ordered my host. "By gad, sir, you shall see a meal from the works of Samuel Johnson. We'll have it on Dickens's desk solely because the Great Cham's table still rests in London. I'll have it yet to eat a Johnsonian meal from.

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"Kenyon's idea started a fad. Matthews gave it impetus and the first thing we knew it became a regular Thursday feature. A collector would assemble the best dinner he could from the writings of his favorite author, or, one that the author had preferred to all others, and invite his friends to it. It is a remarkable fact, though, that only customers of Kenyon's shop were invited to these dinners. Curious, wasn't it, but we knew it was due to the bookseller's personality. He had welded us together into a solidly knit unit with similar yet diverse tastes.

"Kenyon's name became a synonym for success. His honesty and integrity made his shop the goal of all book-lovers. Old Christie, then of Crother's Auction Rooms, you know him, he had his own shop until his recent death, was a leading spirit, and so was old Jaye Johnstone, who loved Charles Lamb with a love that approached idolatry. There were others, names I have forgotten and which would mean nothing to a youngster like yourself. It was around Kenyon's shop and personality they gathered and many of them owed their collections to his zeal. Indeed, he had more collectors to his credit than a minister had converts.

"'Why first editions?' he would exclaim. 'Why any books at all? Why bread and butter? Why life? Not that I mean first editions and association copies are as important as these things. Man is not content with bread and butter alone, nor just with life. He wants other foods and other lives than the every-day ones. Just as he seeks different dishes for his table, different clothes for his family and person, so does he seek his favorite author in a dress that is uncommon. If you truly love an author's works you want them as he wrote them and not as ill-advised friends suggested. Laugh, if you will, but these are things for the soul and are quite as important as a new dress for the woman you love.'

"Time and again I have heard him argue with a reluctant book-lover. He never spoke to the same man twice on that subject. Either they left feeling him to be a fool or they came back to look over some rare editions of their author."

"A great man to be able to do that," I agreed. "I wish he were alive to convince my family that I am not totally insane."

"Not Kenyon. He would make his appeal to you whom he knew and let you settle with your family.

"His business in rarities gradually crowded out the remnants of his other lines and his shop was frequented only by collectors with definite needs and a fair knowledge of what they wanted.

"Kenyon's life was bounded by the four walls of his shop and these rooms: his companions were the collectors who were welcome for as long as they cared to remain. The outside world saw little of him save on Sundays when he would don his best and walk to Fifth Avenue and up to the park returning later by the old horse-drawn buses. The mob must have considered him ridiculous in his tight-fitting trousers with the straps under the insteps, the cutaway coat, the lacy stock and the modified beaver. To us, who saw him only in his shop or in these rooms, he was not queer. His apple-red cheeks and his snow-white hair with the pink skin showing through belied the years he had spent between book-shelves. There was something in his life that had kept him young, something we did not know about."

"Cherchez la femme," I suggested.

"No such thing. We will come to that later. When he was about sixty-five a group of business men, deciding America was on the verge of a great book-buying epoch, came to him with an offer for his shop and good-will. Modern business methods, you understand. It is no longer the rule to begin at the bottom and work up. Nowadays you form a corporation to take over the business of some one at the top of the ladder. Very often you find that at the top there is no way but down. Kenyon considered the problem for some time before he made up his mind. The offer was a good one: it meant a large sum of cash and a fairish amount of stock in the new organization. They told him quite frankly that all they wanted was his name and his good-will, but that for their own protection they would buy the stock also. He must, on his part, agree not to re-enter the book business."

I suddenly became conscious that some

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one was behind me. Cheney, at that moment, broke in with:

"Right here, Parker."

A colored servant spread a white cloth over Dickens's table and laid the silver.

"In the few minutes it took the auctioneer to make these remarks I saw a man aged to the fullest of his years."—Page 71.

"This," said my host, "is dish for dish the same that Samuel Johnson served to his friend Boswell on the occasion of their first dining at Johnson's Court. It, too, was served by a Francis Parker. May we hope that the spirit of the Great Cham is with us during its progress."

The last words were said almost in the voice of a minister of the gospel asking grace. The eating of the dinner did not interrupt his narrative.

"Thursday was our night to dine at his place. On the Thursday of which I am speaking there was nothing untoward in the proceedings: the conversation of Kenyon was just as animated as ever. Wine preceded the dinner while we were still grouped about the fireplace. Then we sat down to one of those Dickensian dinners we had learned to love so well. When the last lips had been wiped by the last napkin Kenyon held up his hand. The servant refilled the glasses and he an-

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nounced that to-day was the fortieth anniversary of his shop and asked us to drink to its continued success. We arose and after drinking gave him three rousing cheers. Not a man there really believed that forty years had passed since he began business. Of all present Matthews had known him the longest, and later he told us he could remember first entering the shop some thirty-seven years before. The man at the head of the table seemed too young for such a long experience, too hale and hearty for all the sixty-five years he boasted. Our chattering was silenced by another raising of his hand. He then announced the sale of his business.

"Can you recall, in your very young life, the emotion on learning that some great and beloved belief was wrecked? The effect on the little group that sat about his table was greater than if the sentence of death had been passed on each one. For a few tense moments we sat without moving.

"It was Matthews who jumped up and said that if it were a matter of money—No, it wasn't money.

"Then bedlam broke loose. We protested. It was unheard of. Kenyon's with Kenyon in command to pass out of our lives? It might have given some of our womenfolks great pleasure but there was no joy in that little group. We protested and argued. Alternate plans that would keep him in the shop were suggested. All Kenyon would say was he was sorry but he had had the matter under consideration for over a year and he wanted his freedom. The shop would pass to the new owners within the month but the rooms would remain his property and these dinners could continue.

"Kenyon lifted his wine to his lips. Rising to his feet he replied in his graceful fashion telling us how much the demonstration had meant to him. Early in the evening he had hoped that the simple announcement of his retirement would be sufficient. Then he went on to give us his reason. I can't give it to you in his words nor can I ape his style.

"His father had been the respected agent of an English woollen manufacturing house with offices in New York. It was his custom to make yearly trips to the London office and when little Edwin Kenyon was eight years old he accompanied his father on one of these trips. Business that usually consumed the better part of a month was completed in a fortnight and father and son spent the days sightseeing. One day while walking in the Strand they were hailed by a young man with rather long hair and dressed in velvet outer garments. The young man had cried excitedly, 'See, Maclise, it is little Paul Dombey come to life. We must have them to lunch.' The young man presented his card to the astonished father and then introduced his friend. They were Charles Dickens and Daniel Maclise, the artist. All this was beyond the ken of little Kenyon, and his father explained to him that Mr. Dickens was a great man and it was quite an honor to be invited to his home.

"Once within the walls of Dickens's house the great writer's enthusiasm knew no bounds. He rushed for a copy of his latest work, 'Dombey and Son,' and reading from descriptive passages asked his friend to witness the fact that Little Edwin was the incarnation of his character of little Paul Dombey. The description, Maclise agreed, fitted the lad perfectly and the overjoyed Dickens wanted to take the lad around to meet Forster, who thought the picture overdrawn. Giving the lad a copy of the book he asked him to read a passage so that he might determine if the voices were the same. Alas, the poor lad was so flustered he was unable to read. Dickens misunderstood the boy's shyness as an inability to read the more difficult words and asked the senior Kenyon would he not bring the boy back the next day.

"The second day was much more than a repetition of the first. About the table were gathered Macready, Forster, Sergeant Talfourd, the inevitable Maclise, and others. The luncheon wound up by Dickens presenting to Edwin Kenyon a copy of 'Dombey and Son' in which all the words too difficult for young heads were made simple. So great were the changes that every page showed numerous interlineations in the author's holograph. On the title-page was inscribed 'Little Dombey's own copy from his friend' and here followed in graceful flourish 'Charles Dickens.' The two

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amazed Americans left promising they would return the following year.

"There was no next trip. Business, due to the financial conditions in 1849, was so bad that Kenyon senior had to forego his trip. In 1850 the firm failed and Kenyon's father, deeply involved and broken in health, never recovered. After his death his widow remarried and at sixteen Edwin Kenyon was apprenticed to a New York bookseller. During the events leading up to his apprenticeship his copy of 'Dombey and Son' had been lost. During his fifty years in the book business he had searched high and low for the book but had not found it. Every book, he maintained, returned again and again to the stalls and, even then, it must lie in some shop unknown to the proprietor. He had ascertained that it was in none of the great collections, public or private. Being free of the shop would give him more opportunities to seek in those fields that remained unexplored: the dirty little shops that infested the side streets of New York.

"Book-collectors are selfish. Even after this confession many were loath to let him go on with his announced intentions. There were many little gaps in their own collections which needed filling and only Kenyon could fill them. Old Christie, who, next to Kenyon, was the greatest man I ever knew, and still is, for that matter, made an appropriate speech. He made several suggestions one of which was that we resolve ourselves into a searching party and help Kenyon locate his book. Then, to keep on with the good work already begun, he proposed that we continue to meet here every Thursday evening and enjoy the company of the greatest bookseller who ever lived. Then he called for a toast to the everlasting success of 'Little Dombey, a name, gentlemen, that is more appropriate than the one God gave him and the one by which, it is my earnest hope, Mr. Kenyon will henceforth be known to the members of this group and to this group alone. Let it be our password.'

"Old Christie's wish became our law and the name of Little Dombey has outlasted that of Edwin Payson Kenyon.

"To get back to Kenyon. From that time we saw little of him. True he was present at our weekly dinners but it was a different Kenyon, in fact, it wasn't Kenyon at all. Kenyon was a bookseller, our bookseller. Kenyon's was a book-shop and still was a book-shop. It had been moved over to the more fashionable Union Square and the books that had been shelved in our shop were now known as an old and rare department. For us Kenyon and Kenyon's had passed. We had lost our bookseller but had gained a greater collector than any of us.

"Kenyon had changed in more ways than merely his cognomen. He daily dressed in his best: I think it was Old Christie who insisted that he read Dickens to his tailor and then insisted upon being dressed after the fashion of Dombey senior. Save for the weekly meeting he had lost touch with us and his former interest in our collections had given way to an acceptance of his position as a fellow collector. Where before he had been the guiding spirit he became but one of ourselves. Old Christie, still a comparatively young man, that is, he was younger than myself and much younger than Little Dombey, became the active leader. Little Dombey sat at the head of the table and officiated but Old Christie, considering his connection with Crother's, had the conversational edge due to his knowledge of our most recent acquisitions. Little Dombey each year took on more and more the appearance of a venerated and superannuated patriarch.

"He would be found at times grubbing through piles of dusty books in the rear of some filthy book-shop, poring over the top shelves from the highest step of a ladder, or begging a cheap, ready-money bookseller's permission to explore his cellar. That the book was still in existence he was certain. It was to be found only through perseverance. Were he a modern collector he would have called his agents provocateurs and sent them hither and thither: he would have said 'Find,' and they would have found and brought to him the thing of his desire. But he was a collector of the old school who did his own collecting and got real joy in doing it. He knew, better than any one else, that the collector is at heart an idealist who is searching for some great object and that his strength comes from

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the hunt. Possession was the reward of the hunt, the brush, so to speak. To have a much-desired item presented to him by an agent would, he felt, have been robbing him of the chase.

"His search carried him everywhere. From time to time he would bring us little trophies he had found in his hunt: little items that helped make our own collections richer. When we offered to pay him liberally he would laugh and tell us he had picked it from a stand for a dime. He may have been aging, but his eyes were still sharper than ours.

"Little Dombey's days began with a perusal of his mail. It must have been prodigious. He was in active touch with all the booksellers of the world: their catalogues came to him as issued. Old Christie, after he had relinquished control of Crother's, had opened a shop wherein he held auction sales—little cheap, 'take it for cash' sales that were not at all in accord with the class of business he conducted. Auction fever must be a terrible thing: I cannot tell, for I never could endure them.

"One morning toward the end of the season a catalogue came to him from Old Christie's with the legend 'marked copy' stamped on its label. When he opened it he found written on the cover 'See page 16, item number 182.' Turning to the page indicated he found a brief description of his long-lost book.

"If you should come to me and poke under my nose a very rare and desirable piece of Johnsoniana and give me five minutes to decide whether I would purchase it or not I might inquire the price and if it were within reach of my purse take it, but that is the way of the housewife with her green-grocer. After I had purchased the item you had forced upon me I would probably find I did not want it at any price, or that I had overestimated my purse. Such is the way of auctions. One gets their catalogues a week in advance of the sale; there is no indication of the prices the books will bring. There are the price guides and market values of many of the better-known rarities, but if two rich fools come to arms over the same item the true collector may as well pick up his hat and leave; there is nothing in the law to prevent two such men from raising the price to an unheard-of level. God only is their judge: we book-lovers must be the witnesses of their folly.

"The morning that Little Dombey got his catalogue there was no notable change in his procedure. He dressed as carefully as ever and grasping his stick he tapped the top of his beaver and was off to Old Christie's, the mid-Victorian gallant to the end. He was just as chipper when he entered the auction rooms as he was the day he was twenty-one. Whatever his emotions were I cannot tell. I had this part of the story from Old Christie himself. He may have been younger but he never was happier.

"He found the books to be sold at auction neatly arranged in the rolling bookcases. Number 182 was missing. Summoning an attendant he inquired its location. Yes, Number 182 was in the rooms but was in the safe. Too valuable to place in an unguarded case. Far too valuable, thought Little Dombey, but not for his hands, the hands in which the book had been placed some seventy years previous by the God-blessed writer himself. The book was brought to him and placed again in his hands while the attendant stood watchfully by.

"Yes, it was his book, the selfsame copy, with the inscription and all the emendations. Old Christie came up from behind and whispered:

"'Your copy, I believe, sir. Little Dombey's own copy I read on the title-page.'

"'My copy it is,' echoed Little Dombey.

"'I tried to purchase it to your account outside the rooms. An estate, you see, and the executors realizing the worth of the book insisted on a public sale so that it might bring the highest price.'

"Yes, it was his book. A little the worse for wear but like an old friend capable of standing a lot more wear. He took a chair near-by and began reading. Old Christie motioned the attendant away and let it be understood that Mr. Kenyon was not to be disturbed. There he sat the best part of the day lost in the pages of his book; reading the words he thought had been seared in his mind. Their freshness amazed him as did the

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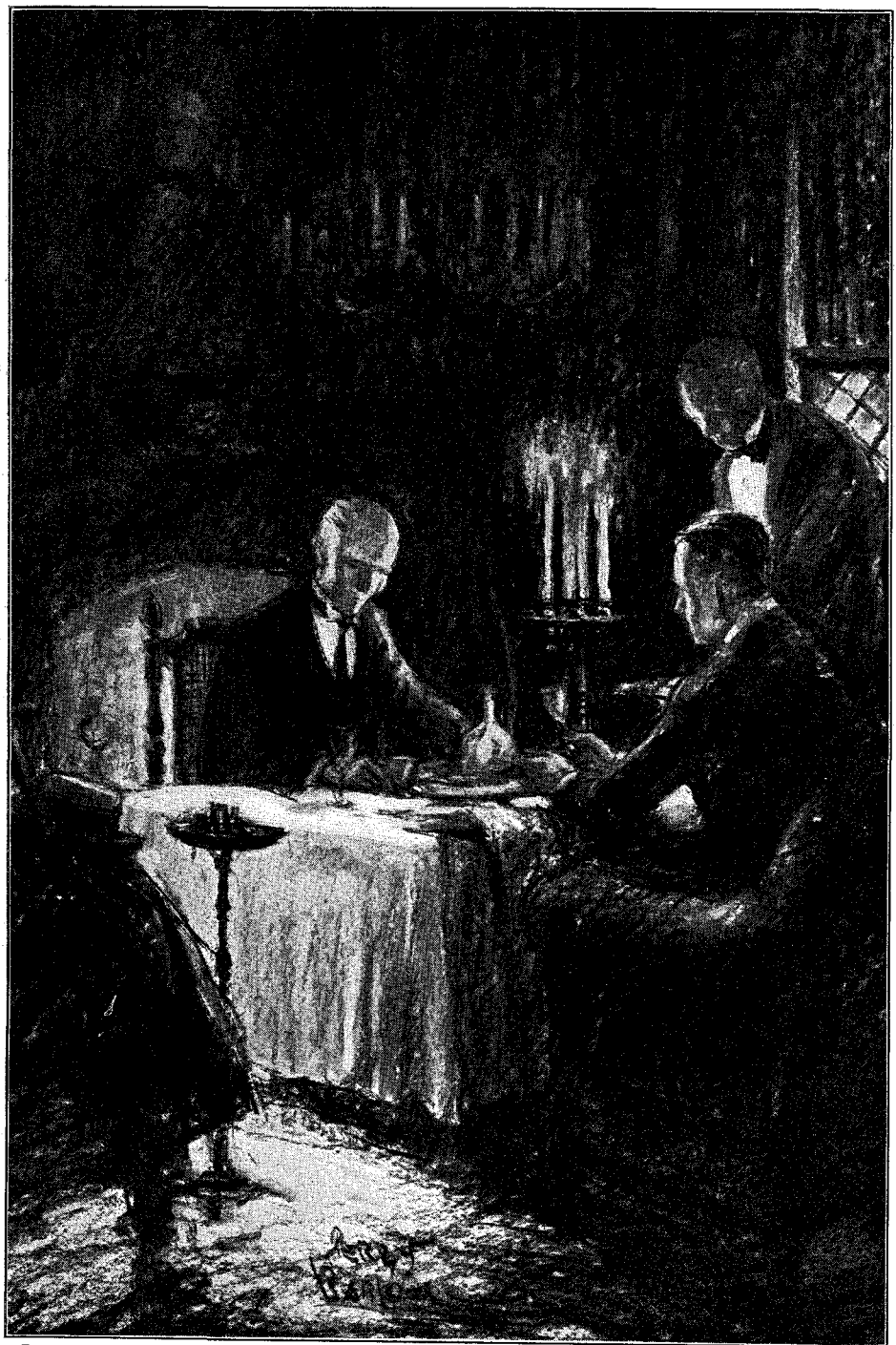

From a drawing by Perry Barlow.

"By the way, do you think you could get a decent meal out of Stevenson's works?"—Page 72.

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art with which the author had simplified the words for his young mind.

"Closing time found him still deep in his book. The working force of Christie's silently tiptoed out as if they were leaving the sacred presence. At last only Little Dombey remained, Little Dombey and Old Christie. Old Christie was a bookman of the old school. He recognized the great thrill of a real collector and respected it. He had experienced the same thrill and knew in his heart of hearts he was witnessing a phenomenon that was fast disappearing before the approach of modern business . . . disappearing because modern business demanded action and speed and profit. Sentiment was ruinous. Mass production: big sales and small profits. Organized selling. No place for sentiment. Sentiment was for women and they were fast ridding themselves of the curse. Every modern element was at work to destroy the emotions that Little Dombey was experiencing.

"There was no suggestion that closing time had passed such as happened at Caulfield's this evening. Old Christie would have sat the night out had it been necessary rather than disturb Little Dombey. It was not necessary: Little Dombey came to with a start and looking at his watch discovered it was late and recalled that he had been without food since breakfast. He asked Old Christie had he any idea the price the book would bring.

"'Hard telling, my dear friend. When you lost it it was worth say ten dollars at the most. To-day, well, there is no other piece of Dickensiana to compare it with save a manuscript. It is worth all it will bring, which I estimate will be about a thousand dollars.'

"Your bookseller of the old school could not tell his friend he had an unlimited bid from an out-of-town customer. That would have been unethical. It was not unethical, however, for Old Christie to write a letter to the bidder and tell him that should another such bid come in the price he would have to pay would be left to the discretion of the auctioneer who might take such an opportunity to boost his own stock by making the bidder pay an unheard-of price.

"Little Dombey returned home as one in a dream. A thousand dollars was well within his limit; he would pay ten times that sum to regain possession of the book that belonged to him.

"His search ended, as he thought, he returned to his rooms and began making preparations for the return of the book. There would be a dinner such as the club had never known. Wine, from a cellar that had existed long before we were born, was brought out. The time until Thursday, the day of the sale, was spent in preparing for the event, which I can assure you, Gregory, was to be a gala one. Little Dombey had to this end secured, during his years of search, items of intimate importance to all of us. Beside each plate was to be placed a gift for each member. You can judge, my dear Gregory, what it meant to us when I tell you that that night I ate from the very plate, sir, that Sam Johnson had eaten from when he dined at Mrs. Thrale's. For Matthews there was an original sketch by Thackeray and in front of Old Christie's plate was a copy of the catalogue of the auction sale of the library of Joseph Addison, together with an old hand-bill advertising the date and place of the sale. The gifts for the other members were of equal importance and interest.

"Sam Johnson said, 'panting time toileth after him in vain.' Thursday, the day of the sale must have travelled with laggard feet for Little Dombey. Just as Judgment Day is promised and will eventually arrive so did the day of the sale.

"The usual clan was gathered about the rostrum of the auctioneer. The sale was already under way when I entered. Before I could find a seat Old Christie called me to one side and told me that the unlimited bid had been withdrawn and replaced with one of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then he went on to outline a plan to which I agreed.

"To me auctions are stupid affairs. The auctioneer droned on with his interminable bids of any amount from twenty-five cents to five dollars. A flick of a catalogue, the lifting of a finger, the winking of an eye might mean a dollar or it might mean a hundred dollars. The freemasonry of the salesroom is beyond my ken.

"Number 182 came to the block at

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last. There was a visible tightening of nerves among the members of the club who were present. Little Dombey alone was calm. Only a person who was seated in front of him could have seen the sparkle in his eyes, the flicker of a smile that played about the corners of his mouth.

"'The next item,' announced the auctioneer, 'is a choice one. It is an association copy which I consider of great value. If you will look at your catalogue you will see that it is a presentation copy of the first edition of "Dombey and Son" with a very intimate inscription in the holograph of Charles Dickens. Many have heard of the existence of this book but regarded it as a fable. In addition the book shows numerous corrections in the author's handwriting. I expect it to bring a very high price. Gentlemen, Number 182 is on the block. What is your pleasure? May I start the bidding at one thousand dollars? Five hundred? No offers? May I ask for a bid of one hundred dollars? Can't I get an offer of one hundred dollars for this unique piece of Dickensiana?'

"Little Dombey must have suspected a deep-laid plot for no one to register any bids that it might be knocked down to him at a very low cost. The thought was insulting. But the auctioneer was not a party to such a plot.

"'May I begin it with a bid of one dollar?' he asked contemptuously. 'Thank you, Mr. Granger. Gentlemen, I have a bid of one dollar for this priceless item. One dollar—thank you, Mr. Adams. I have one hundred dollars! Fifty! Two hundred! Fifty! Three hundred! Fifty! Four hundred! Five hundred. Five hundred! The bid is against you, Mr. Adams. Thank you, six hundred! Seven hundred! Eight! Nine! Nine! Ten! We are progressing. The bid is again against you, Mr. Adams. You are finished. I have an offer of eleven hundred dollars, can I get twelve?'

"At this point Little Dombey entered the lists. 'Twelve hundred, twelve—Thirteen hundred! Fourteen hundred! Fifteen hundred!'

"Then an unheard-of thing happened. The auctioneer ceased his soliciting of bids and looking at Little Dombey said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Kenyon, but I feel that I must inform you that I have an unlimited bid on the books and any amount you offer will be topped. The item on sale is worth a thousand dollars: I see no reason why our client whose name I cannot divulge should be forced to pay more than fifteen hundred. I will sell Number 182 for fifteen hundred dollars to a customer who wishes to remain unknown.'

"In the few minutes it took the auctioneer to make these remarks I saw a man aged to the fullest of his years. The rosy cheeks went white, the little tufts of white hair lost their crispness. He rose from his chair and stumbled out of the room a defeated and beaten man.

"I don't know where he went. Later in the evening we gathered around the table expecting to find him here. The usual hour passed without any sign of him. We became worried when we found too that Old Christie was among the missing. The table was ready and we should have gone on with the dinner, yet there we stood about the fireplace.

"About nine-thirty Old Christie came in leading a very old man. He was led to the head of the table and silently took his seat. As he glanced at his plate he saw there the book he had devoted his life to searching for. The club had been the unknown bidder. What we thought was a magnificent gesture turned out to be a pitiful trick on an old man.

"He regained a lot of his customary cheerfulness as the dinner progressed. The wine spurred him on to tell of the unusual things that had happened to him during his years of search. It was not Kenyon, the bookseller, nor Little Dombey, the collector, who was talking. It was a man who bore their likeness, who knew their ways about the world, but it was another man. To this day I do not know whether it was the book or the club that was to blame.

"After that great day he went into a decline. His life-work was finished, his collection completed. A marvellous man in life he was no less remarkable in death. After the funeral when his will was read it was found that he had left these rooms and his collection to the group. He suggested that the rooms be used to house the collections of all the members and eventually a way would be found to make

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them available to every collector. The only other condition was that the property should not be sold for profit.

"We held a meeting and agreed that Little Dombey's proposal was a good one. The collections were moved in and placed in separate cases as you see them to-night. It was further agreed that each member leave his collection to the group and the last surviving member should decide on the ultimate disposal."

Cheney's chin dropped to his breast.

"I am the last surviving member."

"What do you intend doing with the collections?" I asked. "Who will you leave them to?"

"Until to-night I was undecided. To place them in a public place would be to place them before unappreciative eyes. To found a special library would only mean burying them in a mausoleum with a fossoyeur in charge. To-night, while we were at Caulfield's, I came to the conclusion the problem was too great a one for me to solve, and to let some one else decide. There must be enough real collectors left to appreciate and care for such a collection and, if they are willing to conform to Little Dombey's bequest, there is no reason why they should not continue along the established lines and continue the Thursday evening dinners."

My heart fell. His dislike for R. L. S. would keep me out of the new group. In my mind I began seeking a means of entrance. Before I could formulate a plan of attack that would admit Stevenson and myself:

"By the way," his voice had the old cheerful ring to it, "do you think you could get a decent meal out of Stevenson's works?"

Captured by Chinese Bandits

BY THOMAS JEFFRIES BETTS
Captain, U. S. A.; Attached to the American Legation in China

IT was May, with all the morning chill of the eight-thousand-foot level. The one paved street of Lai T'ou P'o was steeped in dusk, though low above us the scattering nimbus clouds were feathered by the sun. We got under way with the amiable anarchy that characterizes a coolie caravan. We were quite an imposing body: Yen, the boy-cook and pedestrian extraordinary, a four-bearer sedan-chair for me (very like a bride's), and four carriers for baggage, these were my personal train. Related in the second degree were four porters with loads for mission stations, who were under my explicit protection. Next came another group of seven coolies, with supplies for the mission hospital at Chao T'ung, who had attached themselves to us from the start, six days before. Finally, by sheer virtue of association, there were included two travellers, one a smiling-faced merchant named Yuan, and the other, P'ang, a voluble ex-soldier, on his way to join the militia, or perhaps the bandits, of his home district.

We had made our departure with the usual formalities: the three-o'clock waking of sleepy and groaning coolies, followed by an hour and a half around the opium-lamps, a thirty seconds' toilet, a few minutes for food, and a few more for complaint as to the weight of loads and the coming hardships of the day. Finally, bundles were slung on the carrying-poles, the street re-echoed with shouts of "March! March!" and the caravan, less the hospital convoy, who were late risers, straggled out of the village with thirty hard miles between it and the next night's halt. As was proper, I stayed behind to see that the breakfast dishes were definitively washed and packed. This done, the next task was to locate and count the escort, that smiling band of Chinese militia that conveys the traveller from town to town, receiving therefor a cash reward of

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five cents a head. Catching up with the middle of the caravan, I inquired about the military, and was told that they had not appeared. This in itself was not alarming, as the soldiers usually keep to their barracks until they hear the tumult of departure, then with a great rattling of equipment and expressions of zeal, run to overtake their convoy. Though the district had been reported peaceful, the proper thing to do was to hurry to the head of the column, stop the caravan at the first convenient place, and wait until the escort, or official word of their cancellation, should arrive.

Now the road from Lai T'ou P'o heads north in continuation of the slope on which the town is built, tops a low ridge some five hundred feet high, and goes down into a mammoth sandstone sinkhole, some four miles long, red with the rock and splotched green with scattered pinegroves. The floor of this hole is almost flat, but is intersected by numerous erosion ravines from ten to twenty feet deep. This plain, about a mile from town by road, and only six hundred yards distant in an air-line, is the first practicable halting-place. As we topped the ridge, everything was calm, numerous travellers were crossing the plain, and the head of the convoy was halted in the open. Greatly pleased with their apparent foresight, I slowly followed the tail of our party down.

At the plain level, however, one of the men came up and said our party had stopped because they had seen armed men over a little rise ahead. Their attitude indicated that they were bandits. It was hopeless to attempt to withdraw the caravan with its goods across the plain and up the hill, and I did not want to start a precedent of *sauve qui peut's*, so I told the men to stand fast, and went ahead to see what was to be seen. At about fifty yards from the rise, two men armed with spears came out and circled around me warily. They were undoubtedly bandits, and our only hope now was that we had met with a small band, and that I could dissuade them from harming a foreigner or could parley with them until the escort came up. By way of conversation, I asked the spearmen if they were our escort, to which they replied shortly that they were not.

Another man armed with a gun, now came over the rise. As I advanced toward him, he pointed his rifle at me, and at the same time, with a chorus of whoops and yells of "Ma Ni Pi!" and of "Sha! Sha!" ("Slay! Slay!"), some thirty more men jumped over the crest and rushed on the caravan. I saw we were in for a major banditting, and stopped. About seven brigands centred around me, brandishing spears and pointing guns. They made motions demanding surrender, so I withdrew my hands from my pockets with proper caution, and showed the bandits they were empty. Two of them promptly seized me, one on each arm, and held me firmly, while they and their companions went through my pockets. There was nothing to be done about it, except to stand still and watch the *t'u fei* come over the ridge in ever-increasing numbers.

I estimated them at about two hundred. They were rather a pleasing lot, mostly young and dissipated, with none of the gnarled appearance of the average work-broken coolie. Only a few of them had the hardened expression that is generally associated with professional criminals. The distinctive marks of banditdom seemed to be a felt rain-cape and an enormous piece-goods turban; though there was in evidence one old round-buttocked coolie, fresh from the fields, who still wore skull-cap and faded blue clothes, and whose only weapon was a reaping-hook. He probably still had his name and fortune to make. Some two-thirds of the bandits had guns, the rest making great play with lances and knives. As they came over the ridge they looked rather like an early film version of "Bedouins on the March."

Meanwhile, my searching had gone forward busily but unsystematically. The men holding my arms had precedence apparently, and as soon as one of them found something to his taste, he bawled loudly for relief, so as to go and loot elsewhere. This implied a constant change of guards and a perpetual hopeful going-over of empty pockets. The breast pockets of my shirt, which was covered by a sweater, escaped attention for some time, but were eventually found out. A tobacco-pouch was taken once, returned as useless, and then removed permanently. My pipe was exhumed repeatedly, but always returned,

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until a disgusted brigand threw it on the ground.

During this process, one keen mind conceived the idea of tying me up, thus relieving one of the arm-holders. A cord was fastened, not uncomfortably tight, around my elbows and behind my back, and I was turned over to a succession of guards. While this personal looting was in progress, there were always two or three young fellows dancing around in front, waving edged weapons and shouting: "Sha! Sha!" I felt decidedly uncomfortable, as, while it was obviously part of their propaganda, and none of them had a killing look in his eye, it was difficult to impress these mental concepts on one's spinal ganglia.

At the tail of the procession of robbers came three men mounted on ponies. They were obviously the leaders. Just as they appeared, I was turned around and started in the general direction of Lai T'ou P'o. Progress was slow, as at every few steps some bandit would rush up, halt us, and paw me over for valuables. There was very little to see of the actual looting of the caravan, for the *t'u fei* were too thick about the packages; but I do remember P'ang, the little ex-soldier, on his knees in an ecstasy of terror or submission, and the old head coolie standing impassively while his parcels were gutted. Apparently the porter of the uplands partakes in large degree of the personal immunities of the old-time stage-driver.

As we went up the slope, I encountered the only wanton bit of physical violence of the day. I was standing still, waiting for directions from my driver, when a big bandit came up, armed with a spear. Cursing violently, he let drive at my chest with the butt. I saw it coming and inflated my chest, but even then got a nasty jolt. I tried to look him in the eye impersonally, and after some more curses, he moved off.

My driver suddenly exclaimed, "The commander is coming," and I turned around to see the brigand chief. He was a man in his late thirties, and of fair height for a Yunnanese. He had a cold, chiselled face, with an aquiline nose and wide-set eyes. His bearing was distinctly military, and he was quite clean. He was simply dressed, his most striking accoutrements being a felt rain-cape, a small white turban, and a Mauser automatic pistol dangling on a lanyard, although he wore a holster. Altogether he looked very much like the Old Man of the Mountains in his youth. He was always attended by a gun-bearer, mafoo, and two or three orderlies.

We walked up the slope together, and his first step was to take my right hand and work gently at the signet-ring. His touch was very light. I took off the ring and handed it to him. He then said: "You are not afraid. That is good. You have nothing to fear." He turned from me to give orders, and I continued to walk up the slope in his vicinity, first because he would probably secure me from gratuitous insult, and secondly because I had never seen a bandit chief in action before.

As we went up the hill, the brigands held up two merchants who had come out of Lai T'ou P'o behind us, and began to squabble fiercely over the plunder. Two of them, tugging at opposite ends of a bolt of piece-goods, suddenly lost their footing and went rolling down the slope. Finally we all halted in a little depression behind the true hillcrest, looking down on Lai T'ou P'o. The commander at once sent a few men up to the crest as an outpost. After a few minutes the hospital convoy came into view, and the bandits held it up with the customary whoopings and shouts of "Sha!"

While this was in progress the commander summoned Yen, who together with Mr. Yuan and the ex-soldier, had been taken prisoner, and told him to write a letter to the Lai T'ou P'o authorities, threatening me with death if any hostilities were started. This, of course, is the orthodox procedure where foreigners are involved. When the letter was finished it was sent off by a captured coolie.

It is doubtful if he succeeded in catching up with the military authorities, however, for as soon as the last convoy had been looted, most of the bandits climbed to the ridge crest overlooking Lai T'ou P'o. On their way up they looked exactly like a war scene in the old "Kalem" films —a little thin and with no "realistic" unanimity of action. When they had crowned the ridge, they burst into their whooping and "Ma ni pi"-ing, and fired three or four shots. Then they called to

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the chief, who hastily ran up the ridge, shook his fist, and vociferated "Ma ni pi" lustily. ("Ma ni pi" is readily translatable, but quite unfit for print.) He came back to me and cried, "They've beat it!" and going off to the flank, called for his rifle, and fired a single shot, apparently of defiance and contempt. As he came back, I asked him: "Have the soldiers run away?" He replied: "No! Everybody's run away." I thought it a good time to acquire some rights, and said: "Well, don't you think it's rather silly to keep me tied up? Lai T'ou P'o is the only place I could escape to, and it's empty." He fell in with the idea, and ordered me released.

We now started down toward Lai T'ou P'o, two very intelligent-looking bandits staying close to me. They were quite polite, and one gave me a cigarette. We were toward the rear of the procession, which entered the village amid much yelling and bursting open of all doors that were closed. All the men, boys, and young women had fled, but there were a number of older women standing around apathetically. So far as I could see, no violence was offered them. The bandits embarked on a half-hearted search for loot, as if they did not expect to find anything.

The commander established his headquarters at an inn, and the first business on hand was the examination of my trunk, which I now perceived had been brought in intact. The general supposition was, of course, that it was full of money. The commander ordered me to open it, but I told him that the key was gone. He called loudly for the rendition of the key, but no one came forward. I then told him that the thing to do was to force the lock with one of their big knives. He misunderstood, and evidently thought I was referring to a specific sort of knife, so he had my sporting-knife brought forward. I told him it was of no use, but one enterprising brigand refused to believe me, and spent about five minutes in trying to unlock the trunk with the corkscrew.

Eventually the commander's patience gave out, and he ordered the top to be cut off, which was done by means of a chopping-knife, axe, and hoe. I was astounded at the resistance that the old army locker put up. By main strength they got through it, and there was a wild search for money. For some time thereafter I was continually pestered by bandits who wanted to know just how much money I had carried. The commander ordered the contents of the trunk to be taken into his private quarters, and I devoted myself to walking around the inn circumspectly, accustoming the bandits to seeing me without immediate guards, and teaching them not to become alarmed at my going about as I pleased. I walked out into the inn court to see what the chances were for an immediate bolt; but the terrain was bare, I did not know where the friendly forces, if any, were, and while I was not worried about the shooting abilities of the brigands, I knew they could outrun me.

Accordingly, I strolled back into the inn, and went to see what the commander was doing. I found him very cocky and pleased, dressed in (1), my blue worsted suit; (2), my evening clothes (superimposed); (3), a white mess-jacket; and (4), a very conservative black straw bonnet, evidently destined for a mission lady at Chao T'ung. He was looking at some golf-stockings, so I told him I needed them, and he turned them over. He then pointed to a bundle he had made of my summer clothes, and said: "See, we are keeping all your possessions for your future use. I want you to be comfortable." I said "Thank you," as dryly as possible. One of the two young fellows who had accompanied me down the mountain now told me to go into another room. Inside were about six well set up young men lying around, smoking opium. Their appearance, dress, and weapons were above the average of the bandits, and they said they were the junior officers of the band. They were very polite and offered me their opium-pipes. As I sat with them, bandits kept coming in with looted medicines to ask Yen (who was also present) and myself if they were good to eat. Yen shone at this, and I let him acquire "face" by explaining a typewriter-ribbon as motion-picture film, but had to halt him when he was dwelling on the food values of nux vomica. After a while tins of food began to trickle in, apparently on orders from the commander, and I was assured that these supplies were reserved for my

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benefit. I eventually acquired in this manner:

2 bottles of ipecac.
1 bottle nux vomica.
6 bottles quinine.
2 tins biscuit.
1 tin salmon.
1 tin sardines.
1 tin sausages.
1 box almond flour.
1 pair dancing-pumps.
1 pair low shoes.
1 tennis racquet.

Meanwhile, one of the officers began to manifest an interest in the recently retrieved golf-stockings, and tried to pull them out of my pocket. I decided the time had come to bid for more prestige, and seized him roughly by the wrist. I announced that I had been officially looted, that these stockings had been given me by the commander, and that we were going to the chief immediately and have it out. The plan worked. The officer was about twenty, very weak and rather cruel-looking; and he was very sportily got up in a leather waistcoat with silver buttons, an immense silk turban, and a miscellaneous assortment of weapons. In spite of his equipment, he was evidently terrified, and said nothing, but hung back with all his might. The other officers hastened to intervene, exactly as they would have done in a quarrel between two Chinese, at the same time whispering to me that my victim was the "major." Eventually I let myself be persuaded that he only wanted to examine the socks, so I showed them to him, thus saving the situation all around, and establishing myself as a privileged and important person.

Shortly after this, breakfast was served, consisting of rice, bean curd and ham, the latter captured from us. Yen and I ate at the commander's table, and were treated with the etiquette prescribed for guests. After breakfast all hands had another smoke, and at about eleven in the morning the commander ordered the band to move on. We got under way almost immediately, one of the officers—a big, burly chap with a low brow, trying to set fire to the village watch-tower with two tins of lysol that he evidently mistook for kerosene. He had no luck.

We moved out at a leisurely gait, apparently happy-go-lucky, although we had a rear-guard on the alert. We started almost due west, paralleling several ranges of low, bare hills. As we left town, we could see a few people climbing down the distant slopes, evidently the Lai-T'ou P'ouvians coming back to mourn their losses. Our own progress was so slow that, insensibly, I began to forge ahead, until the valuable Yen cautioned me against it. In addition to Yen, my personal train now included one of our bearers, who had been impressed to carry the supplies. After marching about an hour, we reached a shallow valley, where the command halted. We prisoners were ordered to sit at one side, and practically all the band lined up in two files, facing each other at a distance of about twenty feet. They then set about dividing such bulky portions of the loot as had not been individualized. I could not see what system they employed, but it was obvious that the higher officers got first choice of the spoils.

I occupied myself, while sitting in the valley, with talking to the guard about the band. He said they were organized as a battalion of two companies. He was a platoon leader. Their higher officers consisted of the commander, chief of staff, executive, and major. The three first named were obviously the brains of the gang, with the executive representing brute force, and the chief of staff—intelligence. The commander was generally feared and respected, and implicitly obeyed. He delegated controversial matters, such as loot, however, to the executive—he of the lysol—who generally made decisions in a spirit of bluff good humor. The commander, on the other hand, was always incisive and positive in his orders. I afterward learned that he had been a colonel in the Yunnan army.

After the division of the spoils—my share was a khaki shirt that a bandit found too big—we moved off lazily, still westward. While we had halted I had decided to try to escape that night, if possible: the country was easy to follow and concealment was good. Accordingly, I tried to delay progress, walking slowly and having a great deal of trouble with my puttees. After a while I began to complain of fatigue, and to ask why my chair

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had not been brought. I was an official, and was not used to walking more than ten *li* (three miles) a day. My guards sympathized, and said they wanted a smoke, so when we reached the tiny village of Chia Chi Wan, five miles from Lai T'ou P'o, we all sought a convenient house for a rest. The tail of the column bogged down behind us, and the commander came back from the van to find out the trouble, and then acquiesced to a general halt.

In the entire farmhouse with us were numerous flies, some live stock, and an old woman who seemed on good terms with the bandits. No attempt was made at looting, and we spent an hour in opium and in general conversation. At about three the major came in to say that he wanted Yen to write a letter to the magistrate at Tung Ch'uan. It was to be clearly stated that under no circumstances were the government forces to open fire on the bandits. If they did so, I should be killed immediately. The major, in talking of my decease, was most tactful. His manner was exactly that of a famous surgeon, whose specialty was very expensive operations, telling his colleagues that under certain circumstances, he feared—er—that he would have to operate.

Yen was setting about his clerkly business, when a man came running in to say that the *T'uan* (the local militia) were coming to attack. The major hastily left, but came back in a minute to confirm the news and to turn out his officers. They rose unwillingly, for they were in the midst of their opium, but just then a gun was fired, followed by another, and a high velocity bullet crooned over the house. With that, and much cursing on the part of the major, they went about their affairs. Yen and I were left alone in the house, together with a boy bandit, armed with a bayonet.

There was a silence of two or three minutes, then the bandits set up their yelling, and shots began to pop off sporadically. It was very theatrical and black-powderish. Every now and then would sound the crack of a real rifle, and twice there was a ripple of fire, as the commander let off his automatic. This sort of thing went on, I suppose, for five minutes; then the commander and the major rushed into the house, waving pistols, the former apparently in a white rage. After a little gesturing, the commander demanded: "*Nimen k'o-sha, pu k'o-sha,*" which was his way of asking: "Do you know of any just cause or impediment to being killed?" I remember thinking at the time of the incongruity of dragging in this old judicial formula, for in China no criminal can be properly executed without his confession and consent. This matter of flourishes and of threats was, of course, the right action for a properly brought up bandit to take under the circumstances. Neither he nor I really expected that he would proceed to extreme measures. Yen also did the suitable thing, and affecting intimidation, rose, holding up his hands.

Yen having submitted, the commander ordered him to run through the firing-lines and tell the other people that my life depended on an immediate cessation of fire. The boy left us, trotting with a most unenthusiastic shuffle. The chief at once put off his air of fury, and in a businesslike way ordered a bandit to follow me, and shoot if I offered to escape. This brigand, who was a country bumpkin, obviously slow of thought and movement, immediately loaded a caliber .60 converted muzzle-loader, and took post behind me. For the second or third time that day I was badly frightened, and uncontrollably so, because I had some rational basis for fear. I was sure that the guard would misconstrue some movement of mine, or, what was much more likely, stumble out of sheer awkwardness and loose off his piece. At close range the huge slug he fired could hardly have missed, and would have been most effective. However, at the commander's next order I took heart of grace, for I saw we were in for a withdrawal, and this was probably the chance for escape that I had wished.

Things turned out as I had hoped. The chief directed us all to follow him across a ploughed field and up a hill to the west. We started off on a broad front, trotting briskly, with occasional orders coming from my guard to hurry up. I put more action into my gait, but tried to run as long as possible in the same place. As we reached the base of the hill we concentrated like so many sheep into single file on the footpath that ran up its slope.

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Suddenly I was pleased to see that, in his enthusiasm, my bumpkin had got ahead of me. I glanced behind, and found I was only followed by a boy of sixteen, who had dropped all airs of banditry or murder, and changed instantaneously into a street-gamin running from the police. As he was obviously keen on retreating and seemed unwilling to assume responsibilities in my direction, I stepped aside, and he jumped ahead of me gratefully, whereupon I turned around and ran the other way.

Back in the ploughed field, and breathing the thin air of the eight thousand five hundred foot level, running was a slow and unsatisfactory business. After going twenty-five yards, which, with the progress made by the bandits, put me out of effective range, I turned and looked back, but they had not even missed me, and were still trotting up the hill. To the east lay a scanty fringe of woods, with some opportunities for concealment and dodging; but half-way there I was sighted by two bandits and ordered to halt. Turning more to the south, I kept on running, at which they fired, but their bullets did not come near. Just as a corner of the woods separated us I came on three more armed men, who also shot at me. Affairs looked gloomy for just a second, and then I realized they were too disreputable-looking and toil-worn for bandits, and held up my hands; at which they laughed and waved me through their line.

Once on the right side of the firing-line, I worked around to the east end of the village, hoping to get in touch with:

(1) Yen.

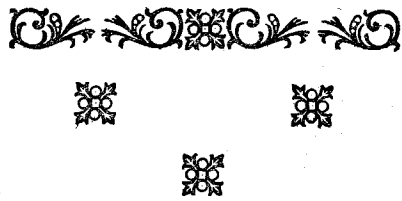
(2) The commander of the government forces.

(3) My provisions and blanket,

but there was still fighting going on in the lanes, and when two bullets buzzed by, I left and put a house between me and the war. While standing behind this house and trying to size up the situation, I heard the whoop of a Mauser bullet, and looking up, saw that I was in view from the ridge where I had left the brigands. On its crest were the commander and three or four others, silhouetted against the sky. He was undoubtedly using his Mauser to express disdain at my unorthodox conduct, especially after he had played the game with me. The only courteous and discreet action was to step out of view and head for the rear.

Before going far I encountered two middle-aged *T'uanmen*, whose duties were clearly over. They evidently felt toward further battle just as their American counterparts would feel toward eighteen more holes of golf after playing two complete rounds. They seized on me gleefully and led me back five hundred yards to a village, where they shouted loudly for hospitality and an audience.

The story does not end here. No story in China, once that it is begun, ever ends anywhere. But here is where I like to think of it ending, here in this hamlet, amid the flies and children, with all of us partaking of tea and potatoes, my rescuers telling of their exploits, and eight hundred yards to the westward the battle popping and sputtering to its close.



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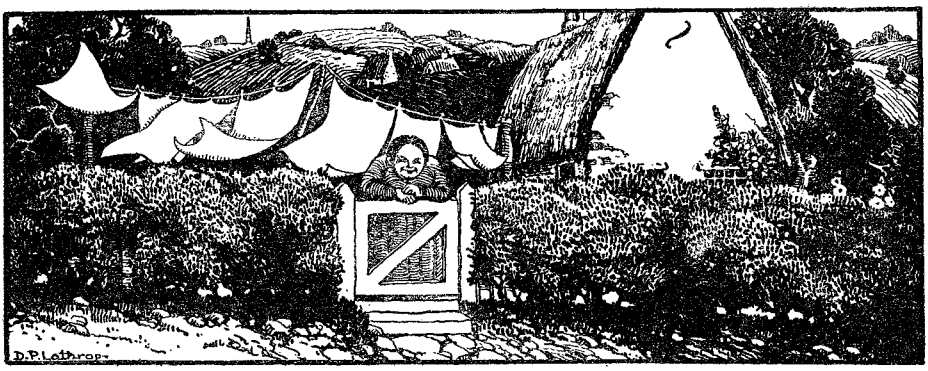

Americans on an English Hillside

BY PAULA VAN DYKE CHAPIN

DECORATION BY DOROTHY P. LATHROP

I

MY husband wanted to go to a certain English university for a year to study and write. So we picked up our baby girl and went. But because the town is in a hollow, and is distinctly damp, we found a little real cottage on the flank of an outlying hill four miles away, and settled down, or up, there to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness on a very small income. These are field-notes of our experience, of the life as we found it there, and of the acquaintance we made with plain English countryfolk—the people that Americans have got to rediscover if they want to know what England really is.

THE COTTAGE AND THE NEIGHBORS

What! No furnace! No bathroom! Well, what of it? When we first found our cottage it was embowered in roses, almost camouflaged by bloom at the end of the long garden walk. The walk was banked on either side with golden-glow and heavy-scented phlox and our own American goldenrod (carefully cultivated), perhaps as a compensation for the straight and narrow course of the path through the autumnal temptations or springtime fragrance of a thriving young orchard. No space was wasted. Under the trees grew cabbages and brockles. And the tiny estate lay near the bottom of a warm southern slope.

The entrance to this little Eden was a big white gate, and like most gates thereabout it was set in the thick hedge of a country lane. It was the last gate but one, after which the lane ended abruptly in a stile and open fields. Since the war the hedging has not been so assiduous as it used to be, and the pussy-willows and hawthorns have flourished as only the English climate can make them; but the lane (really a sunken, rocky brook-bed) that tumbles down between those green walls served us well for a year, and one of the pleasantest thoughts I have is that it will no doubt continue to serve its neighbors just as humbly and faithfully to the end of time. Down this lane, rough-and-tumble, came the grocer and the butcher and the little lame fisherman. Down this lane did *not* come the income-tax collector! As to going up the lane, that was a different matter, but a little patience with the rolling stones and perseverance with your own wind would in the end bring you past two or three garden gates, past the dean, where a little mouse-colored ass was spending his last days, and eventually

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to "The Pillar-Box" at the top. The pillar-box is a red iron letter-box around which are grouped several little brick cottages. It was the point of embarkation for all vehicular travel, the alpha and the omega. To expeditious friends one said: "Turn off the highway by the narrow road that leads to the old village, and when you come to the pillar-box, *ask*."

As for our neighbors, they were jolly people, fond of laughing and talking and singing, quite unlike English townfolk.

"I care not for my goose-feather bed,
The sheet turned down so bravely, oh!
I'll sleep to-night on the cold, hard ground,
For I'm off with the Raggle Taggle Gypsies, oh!"

It was one of many mornings when the old words on the old air floated richly over the hedge to me. Of course Mrs. Gammon was hanging out the clothes. She had been up since five, giving breakfast to her two Wills—"hers" and "theirs"—scrubbing, and getting the five other children off to school. Now she was out in the cottage yard, as happy, to use her own expression, "as all the birds in the air." Among the snowy, billowing sheets her three hundred pounds are, indeed, almost volatile, but I doubt if her plans are really so wild as the song would suggest. One lot of clothes on the line, she puts in the prop, and up they swing, high and free.

"Ah-rold! . . . Ahrold and Milly, you come royght out of they cabbages. Come on now or your dad'll 'ave summat to say to you w'en 'e comes 'ome. There's my ducks!"

No one who has not heard Mrs. Gammon hanging up the wash can know what it does to the day. You may have had to use two packages of fire-lighters and only filled the cottage with sickening smoke. You may, with wrath far hotter than the sullen coals, have stepped out into the garden to find the weather gray and damp and dead, reminiscent only of sheets that were also clammy. And then that full, clear, deep-bosomed voice floats over the hedge to you, and suddenly the world is turned into a warm and golden place, and lively too, for Mrs. Gammon is brisk and stands for no nonsense.

"Ahrry Sahllust, Oy sez to 'im, Oy sez, Ahrry Sahllust, next time you 'ave summat to say to my children, Oy sez, you can come straight 'ere and say it to me. My Will's away at the war doin' 'is bit, but Oy'm as good as Will any day! Oy sez." (Will only weighs two hundred pounds, or fifteen stone, as they say in their solid British way.) "And what's more, you can foynd sommun else what'll chase around . . . for you troyin' to pick up a little tobacco w'ere they can foynd it Saturday noyghts w'en they goes." The Berkshire dialect has a slow richness that sinks words deep into one's memory.

"But what about the practical side of cottage life?" I hear you ask. It is extremely practical. It has to be, or one could never get the work done. A mere turn of the hand does not produce a magical stream of water at exactly the desired temperature. What fantastic nonsense! No. Water is a precious necessity, and Will Gammon brings us two bucketfuls every evening. I can hear him now, about sunset-time, swinging down the lane with the creaking wooden yoke over his shoulders, buckets slopping, and little blue-eyed Milly like a flaxen-haired fairy dancing at his heels. Over and above that portable supply you catch what comes from the roof into wash-tubs, barrels, or covered tanks, according to your finances and feelings in the matter.

For a bath one must wait till evening when the kitchen is free. Then build an immense fire, set on all the kettles and pots in the house, draw the curtains, shut the doors, and in an hour or so you will have a bathing apartment fit for the Queen of Sheba herself. What if a cold little trickle of air will slide in under the outside door and tickle your back-bone as you stand submerged to the ankles, vainly trying to bathe the entire expanse of your body? Rosy lights and sportive shadows chase each other around the familiar walls, the kitten peeks at you from under the table, and the fire is warm, deliciously warm.

Milk is poked through the hedge to us by our farmer-neighbor. It is as though the fairies had set it there. In summer we fetch it twice a day, for warm weather turns milk very quickly, even when it has been scalded. Ice? Why, of course, a few of the large city hotels sometimes have it. As for the farmer himself, as Mrs. Gammon says: "'E's a queer cup o' tea!" But

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he has a black hen who is neighborly. One day I discovered eleven eggs under our water-tank! Such are the joys of country life!

But I have left Mrs. Gammon on the other side of the hedge this long while! As a matter of habit and manners, in the first stages of our acquaintance we usually kept the hedge between us, and found it, according to ancient village custom, an invitation rather than an impediment. After half a year's acquaintance, however, she began to break this rule. Spring was coming, spring that makes England a stage set of itself, and the Gammons were getting small, tender, new cabbages from their garden. Every morning while we were at our kitchen breakfast a knock would come on the door and we would open only in time to see three cabbages set in a row on the door-step and hear footsteps echoing out of ear-shot. At last we caught her. She took her three hundred pounds everywhere on the gallop, and was just unbelievably slipping through a hole in the hedge used by dogs and the smaller children.

"Well, you see 'ow it is, m'm: Oy never loykes nobody to know what Oy does, Oy just does it and there's an end of it."

Like her singing, Mrs. Gammon's personality pervaded the hillside. Everybody knew her, and many, of whom "Ahrry Sahllust" was one, extended that knowledge to a wholesome fear. At mysterious passages in the conversation the sharp blue eyes would narrow beneath black brows. Certain dark things would be hinted at. And then the rosy, rising-moon face would grow even rounder in a smile and Mrs. Gammon would resume her usual gaiety. One day when I gave her the laundry-list she tucked it down the neck of her blouse.

"Oy 'aven't got no pockets, ye see, m'm, so Oy just puts it in my chest." Much laughter. "Bless you, moy dear, at noyght when Oy comes to undress, Oy sometimes foynds a *majority* of things there!"

I suppose these little things she puts in her "chest" are much like the infinitesimal babies that are always ducking and peeping around between the folds of her ample skirts. One can never tell how many of them there are. There might be almost any number.

"The second maid up to 'Athaway's sez to me: 'Moy mother's just 'ad 'er fourteenth child.' 'Well,' Oy sez, 'don't you want to go 'ome and see it?' 'Not Oy,' she sez; 'Oy seen the thirteenth and that's enough for me.' 'You little 'ussy, you!' Oy sez. 'What are you talking so much about your young feller an' gettin' married an' all fer, if you don't expect to 'ave children yourself? I 'opes you 'ave *fifteen*,' Oy sez. If people don't want children, they'd ought to stay single. No, Oy don't believe in this not wantin' children. Oy'll tell you 'ow it is, moy dear: think what they'll be to you when they're rared! Oy'm perfectly 'appy." (Mrs. Gammon has "six livin'.") "Really, moy dear, Oy'm 'appy all the time. Oy brings up the kiddies to the best of moy ability, and so long as Oy don't owe nobody nothin', it's all royght. . . . Oy'd get up in the middle of the noyght if it was to 'elp any one, you know that, m'm. It isn't 'ow people treats me as bothers me, it's 'ow Oy treats them."

This reminds me of a rhyme written by a neighboring cottager, Robert Graves, which he calls "A Village Conflict."

"The cottage damson, laden as could be,
Scowls at the manor-house magnolia-tree,
That year by year within its thoughtless powers
Yields flowers and leaves and flowers and leaves
and flowers;
While the magnolia shudders as in fear,
'Figurez-vous! Two sackfuls every year!'"

Hemmed in as we were by fields and hedgerows, intimate details and ancient custom, travel and adventure, however, were not unknown. First of all there was the ever-possible trip to town. We lived in a corner unknown or forgotten by all but its actual inhabitants, but three minutes' walk from the pillar-box brought us to "The Tree," which was the starting and finishing point of the Hill bus, and fifteen minutes on the bus, into the midst of the most ancient and modern of English cities. It is a large and shiny bus. It used to be a dark and rattly one, but times change.

So put on your best hat and coat, with me—not too bright a one, for the women are the conservative sex in England. (Only one lady that I know of drives to

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town in her brougham, dressed all in black with scarlet heels, and "the likes of her don't grow on every bush.") And in a spirit of high adventure let us board the bus. You may sit beside a scholar or a farmer, an actress or a gypsy, the poet laureate of England or Mrs. Angel Beam, the village witch. Oh, yes! We have our witch and idiot like every other well-appointed village. "Angel"—she wears a wonderful tartan-plaid dress over her sixteen petticoats and eighty-three years, and the villagers call her the Old Girl, not without a certain awe—usually sits out in front of her little yellow cottage hard by the road, where she hails all passers-by with loud, explosive "Dirty weather!" or "Pretty weather!" as the case may be. On the rare occasions of her mysterious trips to town she has to be hoisted on to the bus by two strong men, and the driver should charge her for two seats, but doesn't dare.

But better than gliding smoothly and elegantly down the circling road to the distractions and dissipations of town is the return to the Hill, happy and exhausted at night. The faithful bus is waiting at the appointed hour and place, and Tom, the driver, with the dexterity of long experience, can always manage to wedge in another weary home-goer and his armful of bundles before. With a groan from the machine, we pull slowly out. There is a certain exhilaration in this last sight of lighted streets viewed from the height of the bus. All of us have our market-baskets and some such intractable article, (as, for instance, a roll of blotting-paper or a potted plant), while lashed on somehow are a trunk and bean-poles for somebody, or perhaps a perambulator. We are the Pilgrims setting sail, except that our port is known and assured. Soon the city lights give place to the black country, and soon after that the engine gives a cough and settles down to solid work. Every one sighs. We have started up the Hill. Living on a hill is a wonderful bond. Somehow it is very much like belonging to the same harbor on a seacoast. It is hard to come by, you know every inch of it, and nobody else cares much about going there.

One by one we drop the various passengers and their impedimenta, each disappearing down some black lane or hedgerow. Then some one says, in a surprised voice: "Is this 'The Tree'?" And surely enough, the old bus has reached the top of the Hill and its last stop. Stepping stiffly down to earth we find the air is cooler and clearer, hill air, pleasant to drink.

"Good night, Tom."

"Good night, sir."

"Good noyght," a rich, gruff one from somewhere.

Then down the Hill again, by shank's mare, past the fearsome little yellow cottage—the Old Girl is still about, for there is a dim light in the window—past Mrs. Trinder's brilliant lamp, past the Gammons' lighted doorway, where the "six livin'" continually run in and out, and in at last by the white gate to our own hearth and lamp.

If one has not the "one and six" necessary for such an orgy of excitement, however, there are other means of locomotion and variety. Mrs. Gammon was telling me one day of the former tenant of our cottage:

"She was that restless kind, ye know, mum, always movin' about from one place to another and never 'appy now'ere. (She used to complain somethin' awful about the washin'!) One day she sez to me, she sez: 'Mrs. Gammon, I can't rest easy now'ere.' 'Well,' Oy sez to 'er, 'if Oy 'ad your money,' I sez, 'Oy'd see a bit of the world moyself!'"

It never occurred to her that all one needed to see the world was a pair of good walking-shoes. She never stirred far enough from her wash-tub and the garden gate over which she continually hung to the edification and instruction of all who passed. But there is no more subtle inducement to be off than a stile set in a hedge with the grassy track of footsteps beyond and then another stile and perhaps just a glimpse of still another, all on the way to see the world. From stile to stile people have passed for so many hundreds of years that the path has become a right of way and no mere farmer or landowner may deny us. He is not even allowed to keep a bull in the field as a sort of disenchantment to otherwise venturesome tramps. The way is always open and inviting except perhaps in the spring,

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when climbing the rails you see, not a field, but a sea of sky-reflecting water. Then one must leap from one mushy, toppling hummock to another, to the high amusement of contemplative cows and roguish old farm horses out to pasture. Puffy white clouds brighten an already bright sky, the countryside is a most cheerful, emerald green, and there is the cup of tea or beer at some favorite "Pub" to lure you on. When it is beer of a certain "double X" variety, as to coming home, you simply float over the stiles, so I am told.

> "Jog on, jog on the footpath way
> And merrily hent the stile-a—
> A cheerful heart goes all the way,
> A sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The stiles led many ways: across the fields to Lovell-Minster, whose chimes we heard, so faint and sweet, of a Sunday morning; across the fields to town by Wychwood, where the nightingales sing; across the fields to town by Hen Wood, where the bluebells burn in fields of violet flame under the coppery oaks. Many ways and all weather there was somewhere to go, and rarely could you reach your destination without a greeting from a friend, potential or tried. There was old George Boffin. He was often afoot and would tell you a gruff "good noyght" any hour after noon. To the everlasting satisfaction of my youthful daughter, he was usually accompanied by a large billy-goat on a chain, and the nose could tell of their coming long before the eye. Even when old George was alone, there was a faint reminiscence of Billy about him. The same roof housed them both. Only one time do I remember our coming suddenly upon old George unwarned, and then we could scarcely recognize him. He wore a collar and tie adorned with a gold stick-pin, a large-brimmed, brown fedora and spotless brown frock coat, and instead of Billy's chain he carried a cane. Thus attired he honored us with quite a little conversation as befitted a gentleman of leisure. He was on his way to Lady K——'s garden-party for the Hill people. When he left us and walked on—no, Billy was not quite forgotten!

Then there was Flower. He was usually to be found on the roads, walking, stiff and immaculate, with measured tread. He was certainly the flower of the land or his family or something. Those shoulders under the speckless blue uniform! That chest swelling beneath the brass buttons! That rigid, red neck supporting the helmet! Those white cotton gloves! Flower was the law, and he patrolled our Hill night and day, highroad and lane, emblem of the most law-abiding nation in the world. Moreover, he has the distinction of having had a poem dedicated to him, written on an instance of his only variety of arrest—cyclists riding after dark without a light.

> "'A VEHICLE, TO WIT, A BICYCLE'
>
> "'My front lamp, constable? Why, man, the moon!
> My rear lamp? Shining there ten yards behind me,
> Warm palour lamplight of the Dish and Spoon!'
> But for all my fancy talk, they would have fined me,
> Had I not set a rather sly half-crown
> Winking under the rays of my front lamp:
> Good-will towards men disturbed the official frown
> My rear light beckoned through the evening's damp."

Our shrewd sinner carried a wicked front lamp, for who, indeed, can be rational by English moonlight? It is suffused everywhere, soft and penetrating and impenetrable, a process of witchcraft you know not whether good or evil, the vapors of some eerie brewing. Owls cry all night long like little sick babies, thinly and without hope, and the moon herself is uncomfortably near, always peering over some bush or hedge at just you in particular. Even the fearless and valiant Mrs. Gammon, three-hundred-pound mother of six, declared she'd go anywhere in the dark, but by moonlight, set foot outside her cottage she would not! The very shadows the lintel-vines cast on the path frightened her. Those nights her cottage was brightly lit and she and Mrs. Bertie would be folding sheets—"it goes so quick with two to do it, ye know, m'm"—the rest of the room full of neatly pressed clothes hung up to air, "their Willy" frying potatoes over the grate, and the two women lopping down now and then to speed their work with a glance at the evening's court and society news. To the English country-

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woman who spends her whole day scrubbing and sweeping and getting the family meals—for the magician, electricity, has not penetrated her way and she still has to go to the community well for her water—Princess Mary grants a boon every time she wears a new frock. As for the time she had her first baby—well, wasn't it wonderful? After all, royalty was just a woman like the rest of them.

Only one thing could draw Mrs. Gammon out into the moonlight, or rather through it, and that was an entertainment at the village recreation-room. Of all the entertainments, Mr. M——'s productions of Shakespeare with an all-star cast of villagers were perhaps the most keenly enjoyed. The hall is a ten-minute walk across the fields for the Hill folk, as the village lies in the valley, and on play nights, like a magnet, it draws old and young, from all directions, through the moonlight, wet or dark. Within, the small room is crowded and close with a heavy, expectant audience, the high window-seats lined with rows of small, leg-dangling boys, the swinging oil-lamps burning brightly overhead. Then certain important-looking persons stand on their chairs and turn the lamps as far down as possible without extinguishing them. There is always some greenhorn at it who puts his out. A cow-bell rings and the thin, gray curtains part jerkily upon Never-never-land. At once the audience is in a heavy-breathing fervor of excitement. There are their brothers and sisters and children, clad in London's most dazzling hired finery, walking about for all the world like the people they are supposed to be! The language, especially in the comic parts, is their own. Suddenly a little boy breaks out in thin, shrill pipings, unmindful of the silence and everything else.

"'Ere 'e comes. That's moy brother! 'E says: *'Oy 'ear 'orses'*—'EAR 'IM?"

"Oy was with Mrs. Knightly's daughter w'en she was in labor before the nurse come." Mrs. Gammon was at her usual post, hanging over the garden gate. "'Er mother was that upset she couldn't do nothin' for 'er. She wasn't married, y' know, mum! But then Oy always say, the pains wasn't any the less for that. What's done's done, and if the poor girl went and got 'erself in trouble she'd better make the best of it. Once: you can understand; but twice: they'd ought to know better!"

Another time our wise and good-natured information bureau was talking of another neighbor.

"W'en the baby come they telegraphed 'er folks and carried on no end. 'It's all foolishness,' Oy sez, 'all this 'ere useless expense and fanciness.' 'Oh, but it's only the once. Oy'll never 'ave another,' she sez. 'Huh!' Oy tells 'er. 'As Mr. *Asquith* sez—wait and see!' "

All the way up the lane we had real friends. For much of this I realize I am largely indebted to a plump, apple-cheeked daughter of twelve months and a devastating social instinct. Whether gliding smoothly along the highroad in her little two-wheeled cart or bumping higgledy-piggledy down the lane she gathered salutes with art and assurance. But at the head of the lane where the road runs through a spooky, green tunnel of solemn, ivy-clad tree trunks arching dimly overhead, a spot unnatural at noon and as black as soot at night, at the end of this tunnel is Mona Cottage, the little yellow cottage of Mrs. Angel Beam. Here we did not linger. There were many tales out about the Old Girl, and she sat there, wedged between the wall of her cottage and the road, with such a small, hard, bright eye in her head I feared she might eat little rosy babies. The worst of it was she knew I was hurrying by. There were only the cats about, her fifteen cats, and once she called out to me when two of them came toward us:

"Ah! It's good luck when the cat's come to ye!"

So it might have gone on indefinitely if one day a friend of mine and the Old Girl's had not taken me with her on a visit to Mona Cottage, and since then, whenever we come to Angel's door, she peers sharply out of the gloom within and cries out, the very heart of cordiality:

"Come *in*, my dears!"

Almost the next word, especially if the baby be along, is:

"And now, what'll I gi'e ye?"

When Mary and I first went to see Angel I was on my very best behavior. We found her reading the Bible aloud to herself. She usually puts in the first half of the evening this way, and later on a

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chance passer-by may hear her praying aloud at the open window, particularly on a moonlight night. She lives all alone with her fifteen cats and eighty-odd years. Young Beam, many years ago, met and courted her in the Isle of Man—Manx men and women are renowned for second sight—and brought her home with him to live in Mona Cottage. They had not been happily living together for more than three months when one day she produced the full-grown child of a former and unmentioned amour in the Isle of Man and signified her intention of installing little Johnny as a permanent fixture in Mona Cottage. Not long after she went back to the Isle of Man on a visit, where she heard that in her absence Beam was not unsuccessfully consoling himself. At once she wrote him:

"If you're not out of Mona Cottage when I come back, you'll never go out."

Beam laughed. But the uncanny part of it was that when she came home and the door of the little yellow cottage closed on the reunited couple, Beam was seen for the last time; a fact sworn to by people who put themselves in a position to know. Some say she buried him under the stairs. They are narrow stairs, running up steeply opposite the front door, and there is always a heavy, china umbrella-stand full of umbrellas on the first step.

But ancient history does not trouble Angel. She has her potatoes and her hens and her bees. By the swarming of the latter she reckons whether the weather will be warm or not. When she makes her biennial trip to town she never bothers to lock up. Her way is more efficient. She simply clears the central table of books, lamp, and cloth, lays a large carving-knife on its bare surface where it will be first to greet an inquiring eye, and departs in peace. Moreover, she is a woman of affairs and owns the larger number of the cottages in the village, never repairing them, but never failing to collect a profitable rent. From time to time her legitimate son comes back from sea, where he is master of a fair-sized vessel. But these brief occasions are not as happy as they might be, for mother and son are both too sharp in business to be on amicable terms, and in the village bets run high as to which will do away with the other first. Money brings trouble. But Angel has many formulas for getting it, nevertheless. As we were walking out at dusk in her little side-hill garden on our way to visit the hens, she suddenly caught sight of a crisp, crescent moon in the West, and leaning heavily on a defenseless young fruit-tree she began muttering in a monotone:

"God bless the New Moon,
God bless the New Moon,
God bless the New Moon

—and then you turns your money in your pocket, my dears. *That's* what you must do." I believe her to this day.

Before we left that night she took us into her little, cold, dark, stone scullery and gave us each "a fresh-laid egg, for your breakfast, my dears."

Since our return to America I have thought many times of the difference between our cottage in Berkshire, England, and one, say, in the Massachusetts Berkshires. There are the low, grassy, English hills, shadowed here and there with patches of well-cared-for woodland, and our shaggy mountains looming rocky and heavily forested in a pleasant but lonely land of deserted back roads and widely spaced, white farmhouses. The English villages push up out of the ground in little moss-grown clusters, and several may be passed in an afternoon's walking. Here a well-kept New England village quickly develops a moving-picture emporium and a neo-Greek temple gas-filling station, glaring beyond the heights of idealism —not to mention the picnic booths and frankfurter pavilions which enliven, to the fleet-gliding motorist, the weary miles between. The English open drains are less obvious and probably more dangerous, although this is a matter for theorists in search of a subject. But perhaps the greatest difference I found between the old country and the new was the cordiality and unsuspicious warmth of neighbors. Of course, we had not arrived in "one o' these 'ere *portentous* cars," again to quote my descriptive friend, Mrs. Gammon; but there was something more than that in it. My ears still ring although they have not really heard it since last Mrs. Angel Beam cried out of the gloom of her tiny parlor or scullery or wherever she happened to be, that

"Come *in*, my dears!"

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A Criminal Looks at Crime and Punishment

BY PRISONER NO. 4000X

THE following facts concerning myself are rehearsed only that the reader may understand what might be called my preparation for a discussion of crime and punishment.

As this is written I am completing a second term as an inmate of a penal institution; I have twice been convicted of felonies. In each instance I was guilty as charged; there were, I am now convinced, no extenuating circumstances. In the first prison to which I was committed I worked in shops for a few months and was then transferred to the offices, where I remained until released. In the prison where I am now confined I am assigned to the department dealing with newly received prisoners, one of my duties being to assist in the classification of prisoners after their mental, moral, and physical status has been determined. These details are pertinent because they serve to explain why I have come to look at crime and punishment as the law-enforcement forces look at them; my duties have given me the view-point of the official, while I remain, from the disciplinary standpoint, a prisoner.

It is likewise relevant to this discussion to add that during this present imprisonment I have "reformed," if I may be permitted to make use of that much-abused and misleading word. Of that, more later.

There is a wide gap between the opinions of those who advocate going after the criminal with the cat-o'-nine-tails and hell-fire, and the blubbers of those who would see him bedded in a hospital, psychoanalyzed, and coaxed back to the paths of rectitude, from which it is assumed he has been drawn by powers beyond his control. There seems to be scant reason to trust either of these extremes of opinion, and it becomes increasingly difficult to find judgments that may not be included with one or the other. Those who urge a return to the days of solitary confinement and the dungeon are uninformed; even more so are the too sympathetic ones.

The beginning of any criminal history is in the criminal's apprehension. A consideration of the methods by which he is searched out and apprehended has no place in this article; it is enough to say that the police are by no means as alert as they profess to be, nor are they at all as corrupt and as stupid as criminals like to describe them. When they fail to apprehend a criminal it is not that they have been outwitted by a master mind; they have gone down to defeat before the law of numbers. There are so very many more crooks than there are police officers; it is a pitifully unequal fight society demands be waged by its protectors.

To those who have knowledge of such matters I leave the consideration of how crime is to be prevented, and how the criminal is to be apprehended, brought to a speedy and completely fair trial, and placed under restraint. My interest is in the clumsy and wholly haphazard means by which his punishment is undertaken.

The aim of all modern penology is reformation. The State seeks for methods by which it shall regenerate the criminal so that when his last day shall have been served he can return to society as a reborn man. It is a noble aim; a high purpose; it is lamentable that it has so monstrously failed!

That it *has* failed is best attested by the lawlessness existing in these States to-day; the crimes that shock and terrify the law-abiding citizen are almost without exception crimes committed by graduates of our prisons, our jails, our parole systems. Of these, Chapman and Whittemore are notable examples; they are

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typical of a class whose technic has been developed and perfected in such institutions.

As a criminal, tucked away in prison, I am delighted to read the declarations of men like Warden Lawes, Warden Hulburt, and Thomas Mott Osborne, who wish to relieve the monotony of my confinement with additional moving-picture shows, with more ball games, with all the alleviatives that can be arranged to deaden the realization that I am in prison. I do very much admire the sincerity of those men, and I respect the intensity of their desire to experiment with means that they hope may aid in bringing about the reformation of their wards. I disagree with their methods only because through those methods they seek to *bestow* reformation, whereas I am wholly and absolutely convinced that reformation may only be *achieved;* that it may *never* be bestowed.

The prison inmate must be carefully and thoughtfully dealt with; he is the meat of our "crime problem" to-day. Unless we are for all time to remove him from society we must devise a method by which he may, at the expiration of his term, be returned to society so equipped as to minimize the possibility of his committing further crimes. If you need proof that he is not now so equipped, you need only talk with your local police officials; they can tell you what a great percentage of all crimes reported to them have been committed by ex-convicts. All the pretty theories of parole and pardon boards, all the sophistries contrived by sentimental reformers must give way before the smashing evidence of a thousand police blotters. That evidence is all in support of my contention that campaigns of crime are conceived and planned in prisons and are executed shortly after the parole boards have lopped off a goodly portion of the prisoner's original sentence, thus enabling him to proceed with the practical details of his profession.

Statistics such as are brought forward by every parole body to prove that seventy per cent of all prisoners released on parole fulfil the terms of their parole and earn a final discharge mean exactly nothing. "Doing a parole," as the seasoned criminal refers to the process, is one of the functions he has learned to fulfil; he completes the term of his parole by use of the same negative sort of obedience to rules that made of him a "model prisoner," and thus hastened the day of his release on parole. Parole officials, in their anxiety to create justification for their release of the criminal, fix a not uncomfortably extended parole period and do not examine too closely into the daily doings of the paroled man. Parole supervision, as a matter of fact, becomes a routine matter; if the paroled man's monthly reports are received promptly with all the blank lines filled in, no individual inquiry is set up. Here, as with the police, exists the handicap of insufficient workers; in some States two hundred prisoners are assigned to one parole officer!

During the years of my own confinement I have talked with hundreds of prisoners drawn from every stratum of the criminal world. I have listened to exchanges of information on "jobs" of every imaginable kind. I have listened, fascinated, to tales of enormous exploits in which the relator was invariably rewarded for his cleverness with a "swag" of at least "ten grand." I have listened to proudly told stories of confidence built up, betrayed, destroyed. I have observed all the manifestations of that honor popularly believed to exist among thieves. I have, on a thousand nights, given ear to conferences dealing with the criminal's attitude toward the reformers who work for his betterment, his attitude toward the parole system, his philosophy of life. I can offer no more eloquent opinion of my associates than to say that my own state of mind, which I have already described with the word "reformed," is the slowly built-up product of my experiences with these men undergoing "reformation."

I do not like generalities, yet I can think of no better manner of describing the composite criminal mind than to say that its only precept is: "Thou shalt not get caught at it." This is the rule the criminal applies to his "professional" duties; it is the standard by which he regulates his prison conduct; it is the still, small voice that causes him to be wary while on parole. Its presence in his mind breeds a warped series of mental processes that prevent his gaining the state of mind

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wherein he might begin to work for the achievement that is the only reform.

Has he been caught and placed in prison? Ah, well, for every one of him so caught and placed there are a thousand uncaught and active; ergo he is *not* a subject for reform, but an unfortunate lad betrayed by evil chance into capture. Better luck next time.

Has he an excellent record for regular attendance at the prison chapel services? Listen to *his* reason: "They tell me that this chaplain can git a guy a 'break' and he won't give you a tumble if you don't show up regular for church."

Is he penitent, aware of the seriousness of his crime, anxious to remould his character against the day of his return to society? I give you one example repeated to me within the past week, and it is rather more conservative than the average. "I got the gun, see, when the cops come in the room, and I throws it out into the hall. When they frisks me I ain't got nothing on me, then one of the bulls picks up the 'rod' in the hall and claims it's mine. That's the way they framed me, the blankety blank blanks. Why did I plead guilty? Because I could get a short bit by 'copping a plea' and you can't get by this parole board if you don't admit you're guilty."

I submit that the chances of that man's achievement of "reform" are lamentably few. He is not an exaggerated type, nor an exceptional one; in this institution with its population of nearly two thousand men I doubt if there are *one hundred* who do not, when expressing their innermost thoughts, display exactly the same mental attitude toward their present plight, the events leading up to it, and their plans for their careers after release. With all our elaborate welfare plans, with all our psychiatrists, with all our enthusiastic pleaders for a better understanding of endocrine disfunction with relation to crime, no one seems to be particularly concerned with the chore of bringing home to the individual criminal his true status, the extent of his wrong-doing, the impossibility of his ever remaining out of conflict with the law until he has started to bring about within himself a realization of his inability to survive unless he is a co-operating member of the community.

The newly received inmate of a penal institution is supplied with printed instructions telling him how to conduct himself in the prison so as to avoid infractions of its rules of discipline; he is told that his release will in large measure depend upon his obedience to those rules. He is cheered by predictions of moving pictures, baseball games, shows, reading-matter, and what-not to come. He is taken in hand by undergraduates who have preceded him into the institution and "tipped off" on the right way to "get by." A perfunctory official asks him which religious service he will attend; he is assigned to work. The rough edges of the shock of prison commitment are tenderly softened. I have listened on many an occasion to the opening remarks of the official who received new prisoners at the first institution in which I was a prisoner and he invariably stated: "Boys, there are men much worse than you running around free because they haven't yet been caught; since you *have* been caught, make the best of it, and keep your self-respect!" A well-meaning man he was, too, and deeply sincere in his desire to see men keep out of trouble. He did not know, he *could* not know, I suppose, that just about the most important thing a newly convicted criminal can do is to *lose* the "self-respect" which is the main factor contributing to the state of mind from which he sympathizes with himself as an unfortunate victim of circumstances.

Don't return, in your prisons, to the brutality of earlier years. Give prisoners clean surroundings, facilities to build up and maintain health in their too often abused bodies (self-abused); give them work in keeping with their capabilities to performance; give them the opportunity to study, to read carefully selected material; pay them, even, for their labor so that they may contribute to the support of their dependents. Such reforms are humane, intelligent, beneficial.

But stop the mental coddling, the tender back-pats, the sympathetic condolences that create self-pity; stick hat-pins into their minds, and drive home the fact that *no* man can carry with him into prison any degree of true self-respect; his very presence there cries aloud the

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lack of anything to respect in himself. To think, to work, for the creation of a new self-respect, by all means, yes. To give him every facility *to* create that self-respect, yes. To place within his reach the boon of true reform, and to give him the opportunity to *achieve* that reform, yes.

These are not things impossible of accomplishment; they do not require new appropriations to finance; they are within the power of any prison administration to provide. If to provide them requires chopping off some official heads, let them fall. If well-meaning, but misguided, prison officials must give way to others equally well-meaning, but more intelligent in their application of reformative measures, let them go.

When you have cleaned house in your prisons, your jails, the problem of how and when to parole prisoners will have solved itself. The police blotters of a thousand towns and cities will shortly record the reform that has been achieved by our correctional agencies.

If I Ever Have Time for Things That Matter

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

If I ever have time for things that matter,
If ever I have the smallest chance,
I'm going to live in
Little Broom Gardens,
Moat-by-the-Castle,
Nettlecombe, Hants.

I'll take my ease and never, never hurry,
And sit for hours on the top of a stile,
With a friend from
Wookey, Cress-on-the-Water,
Spennithorne-Baggot,
Bury Saint Gile.

Anything can happen, anything at all,
With faith and a moat and a castle wall.

With good Friar Tuck I'll roam through the heather,
Or shiver for a while by Windrush Rill,
With a headless knight from
Hangman's Hollow,
Or a jolly old ghost from
Traitor's Hill.

Then home at dusk through cowslip meadows,
And a seat on the settle when day is done,
A dish of tea and a
Pennyworth of cockles,
A muffin and a crumpet and a
Big Bath bun.

Why go to Liverpool, why go to Leeds,
Where nothing *could* happen that any one needs?

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More Singing Soldiers

BY JOHN J. NILES

First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.;
author of "Singing Soldiers," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1926.

AS far as possible the colored soldiers in the World War introduced a little music into everything they did—be it marching, digging, cooking, travelling, longing for home, recovering from wounds or sickness, unloading ships, or any of the thousand and one jobs enlisted men always have to do. I have here recorded some of the incidental music of the negro soldiers.

Among the white boys of our army it was unusual to find singers. Now and then one would encounter a man who had studied singing—whose profession was song. These men were as rare in the army as they are in civilian life. Then there were the whiskey tenors—and beyond them were the baritones and basses, who could grumble out a few notes of the music-hall ditties. With the exception of certain musical numbers, composed for the army shows, white boys invented very little music. On the other hand, the colored boys not only invented new words (philosophizing on local situations) to fit old tunes, but even invented tunes that, by comparison, have more value than much contemporary writing.

The soldiering negro not only had the mellow, resonant vocal qualities so necessary in singing, but he had abandon and an emotional nature which, with his ability to dramatize trivial situations, sometimes produced the most affecting performances. Many times the singers were uneducated fellows—take the "Chicken Butcher," for example, who had gained his name from a pre-war profession. Here was a colored boy who had used his razor with too lavish a hand, and thereupon had been caused to do time in Black Jack's Jail House at Gièvres. (General John J. Pershing was known to some of the colored soldiers as "Black Jack.") Life in Black Jack's Jail House had chastened the Chicken Butcher—chastened him more than one would expect. He had even (without knowing it) taken to practising a very efficient modern spiritual belief. He was curing his waywardness by continually affirming his desire to be good. The Chicken Butcher possessed the childish simplicity and naïveté so seldom found in the present cycle of the black man's development. He had set his affirmation of righteousness to music—or perhaps it had set itself to music—if music it may be called.

The tune covered what is known to musicians as a "fifth."

Oh, jail house key, don't you ever lock me in.
Oh, jail house key, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, chickenfoot grass, you points three ways to heaven,
Oh, chickenfoot grass, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, turkey wing brush, you brushes up dem ashes,
Oh, turkey wing brush, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, dark ob de moon, don't you ever blight my life,
Oh, dark ob de moon, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, garbage can, you smells to high heaven,
Oh, garbage can, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, razor hone, you sharpens up my slasher,
Oh, razor hone, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, chitlin' supper, oh, chitlin' supper wid beer,
Oh, chitlin' supper, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, lightnin' bug, don't you burn your pants,
Oh, lightnin' bug, won't never be bad no more.

Oh, jail house blues, how blue you can be,
Oh, jail house blues, won't never be bad no more.

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GOD'S CHILLUN

It's all very well for "all o' God's chillun" to have wings, shoes, robes, crowns, etc., and to dance all over God's heaven thus attired, but there was a negro soldier-boy named William (from North Carolina) who sang a song about *being* "one o' God's chillun"—a song that had more fundamental religious philosophy in it per line than many preachments have in them per thousand words. He called it "The Gimme Song."

Gimme Song

I know I'se one ob God's Chillun,
An' he's goin' to gimme what I needs—
I know I'se one ob de select elect—
One ob de chillun God always feeds.

Chorus:

Oh, why do you stand in de snow and de rain—
Oh, why do you suffer from sickness and pain?
'Cause all ob you belongs to God,
An' he's goin' to gib you what you need.

Notice how, in the chorus, the singer deliberately declared the therapeutic value of belonging to God. Although he ran out of big ideas after the first verse and chorus, the other two verses are interesting in the pictures they present.

Oh, Moses hit dat desert rock,
De Good Book up and tells us so,
While all de brethren stood hard by,
Wonderin' if de water would really flow.
(*Chorus.*)

Parson says I'll baptise you,
So's all your sins'll pass away.
He ducked me down mid shouts and prayers,
'Fo' God, dat wuz a happy day.
(*Chorus.*)

Among the boys of William's outfit, a song had sprung into existence which illustrated the effect of army discipline on the slow, easy-going Southern negro. Fighting a war demands movement, speed, and action—but most of all it demands something few of the Southern negroes of William's type understood—instantaneous action. The line "Scratch your lousy back" had no reference to brushing off a stray louse or two. What it really means is: "Pull yourself together," "Snap into it," "Both feet on the deck and do it NOW."

Scratch Your Lousy Back

Scratch your lousy back, scratch your lousy back,
Pick up your gun and swing your pack,
'Cause Kaiser William's on your track,
Scratch your lousy back.

Scratch your lousy back, scratch your lousy back,
Keep your head down in dis trench,
Or you're never goin' to see dat little high brown wench,
Scratch your lousy back.

Scratch your lousy back, scratch your lousy back,
Whenever you hear the rattlin' of bully beef tins,
Better grab for your gas mask and be sorry for your sins.
Scratch your lousy back.

(In cases where no other noise-making device was handy, the gas-alarm was sounded by banging cans together.)

WEEPIN' DAYS FOR JESUS

In the kitchen of an American Red Cross Hospital in France, a collection of cooks, kitchen police, walking cases, and orderlies used to sing this song, each boy offering a verse in turn—the entire ensemble harmonizing the chorus.

When you feels dat you must go—weepin' days for Jesus,
Leave your burden here below—weepin' days for Jesus.

Chorus:

For he's a burden bearer, a burden bearer, a burden bearer,
For he's a burden bearer, a burden bearer, a burden bearer.

I done helt my head too high—weepin' days for Jesus,
Goin' to let my pride go by, weepin' days for Jesus.
(*Chorus.*)

When he climbed up Calvary—weepin' days for Jesus,
Totin' his cross for you and me—weepin' days for Jesus.
(*Chorus.*)

Soldier stuck 'im in de side, weepin' days for Jesus,
Dat's de time our Saviour died,—weepin' days for Jesus.
(*Chorus.*)

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White folks laid 'im in dat tomb—weepin' days for Jesus,
Hoped he'd stay twill de clap of doom—weepin' days for Jesus.

(*Chorus.*)

Three days passed and he war out—weepin' days for Jesus,
Warn't no reason den for doubt—weepin' days for Jesus.

(*Chorus.*)

This song was opened by one singing of the chorus. Oftentimes between verses, the chorus was sung twice.

THE SAD STORY OF MINNIE MAY

According to certain faded notes in the original manuscript of "Singing Soldiers," Minnie May was a scarlet woman. Her scarletry was best known in the fair, sunny city of Natchez, Miss. She was one of those long, tall, brown-skinned gals, who make preachers lay their Bibles down. Her meteoric career was brief. Abner cut her down—right to size. All that remained to make the job complete was the recountal by an American negro stevedore on the docks at St. Nazaire. The singer accompanied himself, playing a banjo-uke (supplied by one of the more philanthropic Welfare Organizations). He was a rather sawed-off, blubber-lipped, sooty-black boy from Natchez, Miss. His performance was an imitation of a Natchez street-singer, who practised mendicancy and religion for whatever living he gained. The song was sung to the tune of "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust."

Oh, I know a tale about a young high brown,
Who vamped every man in her home town.
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait—
Oh do I have it now or does I have to hesitate?

Now dis brown skin's name wuz Minnie May,
She wore a purple kimona most every day.
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait,
Oh do I have it now or does I have to hesitate?

She had money in 'er stockin's and earrings in 'er ears . . .
But 'bout de day of judgment she had some fears. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate? . . .

Now Minnie May cut a swath that wuz wide and deep . . .
But a sergeant major named Abner he put 'er to sleep. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate? . . .

De brethren and de sisters stood round and prayed. . . .
But de debil's price it had to be paid. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate? . . .

Now all you gals wid fire in your blood . . .
Better be sure my story's understood. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate? . . .

When Gabriel blows his bugle call . . .
You're goin' to have to confess your sins an' all. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate? . . .

Now drop your change right in de plate . . .
An' be sorry for your sins before it's too late. . . .
Oh baby, how long does I have to wait . . .
Oh do I get it now or does I have to hesitate?

INKY DINKY, PARLEZ-VOUS

When all the saw-toothed bayonets and German helmets have rusted into iron oxide, we will still have Mademoiselle from Armentiers as one of the imperishable souvenirs of this man's war. The negro boys were, as a rule, "off" Mademoiselle from Armentiers. It seemed that as they had little to do with its manufacture they would not advertise it by singing it more than occasionally. In white outfits, however, one was sure to find a cook, a barrack's orderly, or a company jester, who would, with little or no encouragement, sing 391 verses of this epic. The verses varied with the experiences and duty detail of the singer. Usually there were but a few good verses and several hundred where the rhymes were forced and the references were made to local unimportant persons. The five verses offered here were supplied by a member of the 367th Infantry Regiment.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous.
I'se glad I is a Buffalo—
'Cause we is always on de go—
Inky Dinky, parlez-vous.

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Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
I'd like to git myself a sip
O' what you got restin' on your hip . . .
Inky Dinky, parlez-vous. . . .

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
I wouldn't give my high-brown belle
For every Mademoiselle dis side o' Hell—
Inky Dinky, parlez-vous.

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parlez-vous,
I can't read nur I can't write,
But boy, when I has to, I can fight,
Inky Dinky, parlez-vous. . . .

I don't know dis Mademoiselle from Armentiers,
I don't know dis Mademoiselle from Armentiers,
I don't know and I don't care
Ef she was really ever there,
Inky Dinky, parlez-vous. . . .

JACKASS

Dog Star, so named from having been born during dog-days, was a singer and a mule-driver. He drove a span of very much scarred-up animals. He had named one of them "Fool" and the other "Dummy." His conversations with these erstwhile machine-gun jackasses were poetic. Some time before, one of his teams had been blown to bits by the explosion of a box of grenades. One of the mules in the team was named "Henry." Dog Star had, with the help of a friend of his, invented a song about "Ole Henry"—a chant-like song limited to the span of only six notes.

Jackass what wuz named ole Henry—
Jackass workin' for a soldier man.

Jackass what wuz named ole Henry
Don't you go near dat powder can.

Jackass what wuz named ole Henry—
Jackass what wuz always late.
Jackass what wuz named ole Henry—
Jackass, you bes' haul yo' freight.

Jackass what wuz named ole Henry—
Jackass, see de mess you made.
Jackass what wuz named ole Henry—
Sot down on a hand-grenade.

Jackass when dis war is over—
Jackass, don't you never mind.
You'll be fertilizin' clover,
When dis treaty's done been signed.

Goo-bye, Jackass.

DEEP SEA BLUES

Elmer, an orderly at the La Carneau rest camp, was a "blues" singer. He had sung the average run of "dinge" songs, involving disappointment in love, etc., from his early youth. On the way to France, Elmer had suffered from a new kind of blues—the deep-sea variety. They had been set to music. And what blues! The tale of his trip to Hoboken and later to Bordeaux was an epic. He admitted that he did not understand what the draft was all about at the time of enlistment. Nor did many of his fellows. They were sent North shortly after being outfitted—sent to Hoboken, where they worked on the docks. Elmer said he rather thought that he'd been caught in some practical joke or other when one day what seemed to be the warehouse floated away. The "Deep Sea Blues" tells this phase of the tale very accurately.

Everybody in Hoboken town—everybody an' me,
Hopped upon a warehouse that was swinging around
An' went to sea.
Oh, all day long I'se lookin' for trees—
Lookin' for sand, lookin' for land,
'Cause I've got dose awful, weepin', sleepin',
Got dose awful sailin', wailin',
Got dose awful deep sea blues.

His lyrics were not consistent—they varied with the particular kind of misery he had come down with, but the blues were always of the deep sea—and the deep sea was something he intended to avoid in the future——

Ef God prospers me and gives me life, AMEN.

The unfortunate death and burial of some colored soldiers at sea had made a profound impression on him. This fact had crept into the blues.

Soldiers down below layin' cold and dead—
Everybody 'cept me.
Drop 'em over side loaded down wid lead—
While we's at sea.
Oh, all day long I'se a lookin' for trees,
Lookin' for sand, I'se a lookin' for land,
'Cause I'se got dose awful weepin', sleepin',
Got dose awful sailin', wailin',
Got dose awful deep sea blues.

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He had one verse about "de devil ridin' 'bout in a submarine," and one involving President Wilson, but they were not recorded. The importance of the negro in the winning of the war made up the other verse.

All dese colored soldiers comin' over to France,
All dese soldiers and me—
Goin' to help de whites make de Kaiser dance,
All dese soldiers an' me.

Oh, all day long I'se a lookin' for trees,
Lookin' for sand, I'se a lookin' for land,
'Cause I'se got dose awful weepin', sleepin',
Got dose awful sailin', wailin',
Got dose awful deep sea blues.

This last verse was no doubt invented after the arrival of Elmer's outfit in France—after they had had an opportunity really to find out what the war was about, and to become conversant about such persons as the Kaiser.

CRAP-SHOOTIN' CHARLEY

With all the crap-shooting the soldiers did, it would be surprising to find that this great indoor sport had been overlooked as a song motive. Some members of a labor battalion engaged in repairing the Fontainebleau road used a crap-shooting scene and a crap-shooting song to great advantage in a little home-talent show they "put on for folks." The song was about a fellow named "Crap-Shootin' Charley," and was sung in a manner that featured a black boy named Mooney Dukes—at least, that's what they called him. If they happened to have a piano handy, one of the boys would pound out an accompaniment—a plaintive repetition of fifths, that made an admirable background for the voices. How they did roll their eyes and shake their supple bodies to the rhythm of that tune!

All I needs is twenty francs,
Come on, bones, and treat me nice,
Papa's lookin' for a natural—
Roll 'em, soldier, roll dose dice.

And they sang the chorus about Charley.

Chorus:

O, Crap-shootin' Charley, where did you git your name,
Why from takin' all de centimes in de ole crap game.
Oh, Crap-shootin' Charley, where did you git your name,
Why from takin' all de centimes in de ole crap game.

This song was undoubtedly invented after their arrival in France, as it referred to smaller divisions of French money, never used in the States.

Service record's gone sure nuff,
Come on, bones, and treat me nice,
Phœbe, Phœbe, do your stuff,
Roll 'em, soldier, roll dose dice.
(*Chorus.*)

Lost my hind leg in a poker game,
Come on, bones, and treat me nice.
Pasteboard gamblin's too damn tame,
Roll 'em, soldier, roll dose dice.
(*Chorus.*)

Have to make dat awful box-car point,
Come on, bones, and treat me nice,
If de freights don't soon ride, I'll clean out dis joint,
Roll 'em, soldier, roll dose dice.
(*Chorus.*)

DIGGIN'

When this gang of road-menders worked they sang a "diggin'" song. It may have been that the working-song was dragged out for visitors only, but even so it deserves a place beside the best of the negro war songs. They sang the chorus to six measures of music.

Chorus:

Diggin', diggin', diggin' in Kentucky,
Diggin' in Tennessee, diggin' in North Carolina,
Diggin' in France.

There were many verses—only three were recorded.

Slumgullion in de oven, coffee in de pot,
Snap yourself up into line and git it while it's hot.
(*Chorus.*)

Sharpen up my shovel and shine up my pick,
'Cause I can't scratch dis hard cold ground wid a crooked stick.
(*Chorus.*)

Motor-trucks and caissons cut a mighty trench,
Have to pile de metal on fur dese poor damn French.
(*Chorus.*)

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THE COOTIE MOTIF

Brest was like a circus with countless side-shows—a harbor full of transports—the grog-shops—the war brides' camp—the hospitals—the jail-houses—the prize-fights and battle royals—the delousing, fumigating, laundering, and bathing establishments. It is safe to say that no one ever found out all about Brest. One of the most unique negro songs recorded in this collection was sung by a soldier employed in a laundry operated in connection with one of the army bath-houses. Here, from a little window, he handed out de-loused, laundered and chemically clean-smelling clothing. As he did so, he sang:

Clean clothes for clean boys,
Not a bug, not an itch,
Not a louse nor any sich.
Clean clothes for clean boys,
Step up, gents, and git 'em.

Here was a boy who had invented his own working-song—not that he did so much singing—it seemed to be more like the buzz of a summer-tired locust.

Clean clothes for clean boys,
Cooties gone, fleas dead,
Everything clean instead.
Clean clothes for clean boys,
Step up, gents, and git 'em.

GEORGIA

Some stevedores, working on the docks at Brest, provided a very interesting surprise when they sang (in a moment of rest) their going-home song—one they had surely repeated many times. They sang it in a dreamy, unconfident manner—perhaps it had been too long coming true.

Six million soldiers, standin' side by side,
Better have a mighty ship, cause I'm sure goin' to ride,
Back home to Georgia, Georgia,
Back to my beau lover gal in Georgia.

The fact that there were little over 2,000,000 Americans at the most engaged in the war didn't seem to matter to this rhymester.

Never goin' to eat no more army food,
Goin' to git myself up like a regular dark-town dude,
Back home in Georgia, Georgia,
Back to my beau lover gal in Georgia.

Hope we're never goin' to have another goddam gare,
Cause if we duz, de drafters sho' will never find me there,
Back home in Georgia, Georgia,
Back to my beau lover gal in Georgia.

(In other words, if war is ever declared again, he'll be so far away it will take "twenty-five cents to send him a post-card.")

White folks says a slacker's done married off my skirt,
If this be so I sho' Lord will do somebody dirt,
Back home in Georgia, Georgia,
Back to my beau lover gal in Georgia.

After all, the singing of our colored soldiers who made war in France, wasn't exactly singing—it was more like crooning. It was the legend of a suppressed race of black men, whispered to an obbligato of unbelievably fervent music—music that made one hold one's breath, lest the very smallest part should be lost—music the black man had adopted from the whites near at hand and energized with the yearnings of his soul. Whatever may be said for the negro as a soldier, no one may gainsay him as a "singing soldier," nor discount the fact that his music had some part in the success gained by our arms in the past war.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX has been, is, and will be notable because of its crop of novels. A larger number of important new novels have appeared during this twelvemonth than during any other year of the twentieth century. Nearly all the leading English and American writers of fiction have been active. In Great Britain, John Galsworthy has produced "The Silver Spoon"; Kipling, "Debits and Credits"; Hugh Walpole, "Harmer John"; H. G. Wells, "The World of William Clissold"; Arnold Bennett, "Lord Raingo"; May Sinclair, "Far End"; C. E. Montague, "Rough Justice"; Frank Swinnerton, "Summer Storm"; Compton Mackenzie, "Fairy Gold"; Rose Macaulay, "Crewe Train"; Sheila Kaye-Smith, "Joanna Godden Married, and Other Stories"; Archibald Marshall, "The Allbrights"; W. J. Locke, "Perella"; Robert Hichens, "The Unearthly"; Warwick Deeping, "Sorrell and Son"—and in America, Dorothy Canfield has given us "Her Son's Wife"; Willa Cather, "My Mortal Enemy"; Edna Ferber, "Show Boat"; Joseph Hergesheimer, "Tampico"; Margaret Widdemer, "Gallant Lady"; Margaret Deland, "The Kays"; Ellen Glasgow, "The Romantic Comedians"; John Erskine, "Galahad"; Sinclair Lewis, "Mantrap"; Edith Wharton, "Here and Beyond"; Zona Gale, "Preface to a Life"; Elinor Wylie, "The Orphan Angel"; Kathleen Norris, "Hildegarde"; Joseph C. Lincoln, "The Big Mogul"; Charles G. Norris, "Pig Iron"; Hamlin Garland, "Trail Makers of the Middle Border"; Mary Roberts Rinehart, "Tish Plays the Game."

In the above list I have included only authors of established reputation. There have been many excellent novels by young men and women in addition to those from recognized experts.

"The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells, is its author's most pretentious book. It was apparently intended to be a masterpiece; in reality it is a masterpiece *manqué*—a kind of literary bobtailed flush. It is written with cock-sure dash and spirit, and bristles with bumptious ideas. It is interesting from two points of view: first, as an illustration of the predominance of the novel-form, for this is really a huge tract for the times, not in the strictest sense a novel at all; second, as an attack on what is generally meant by Religion and Morals; not merely are Catholic and Protestant creeds assailed, but everything resembling Theism; the Twenty-Third Psalm is ridiculed. In the field of morals, Monogamy is rudely brushed aside, to make way for animal instinct.

Governments fare no better than religion. Mr. Wells believes that we should render nothing either to God or to Cæsar. Here he is consistent, and ridicules both Jehovah and King George V. Other things to be scrapped are Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Harvard, classical education, and love of country.

He is not a political radical. Socialism, Communism, and the Labor Party are all futilities; in the end, we may find him a high Tory.

The world is to be saved by Big Business. Great organizers, who have proved their capacity in huge mergers, are to "take over" the management of the world, and with electricity, chemistry, and machines, behold, our salvation is nearer than we had believed. The Great God Efficiency will be universally worshipped.

Everybody will be practical, productive, capable; all those who are constitutionally lazy will be eliminated, that is, all gracious and charming men and women will vanish, and the Colossal Bore will come into his own. Golly, what a world!

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H. G. Wells's plans and specifications for Paradise will make millions regret the abolishment of Hell.

Immediately after reading "The World of William Clissold" one should read, for the sake of contrast, Hugh Walpole's "Harmer John." This is a novel in Mr. Walpole's best vein, worthy to rank with "The Green Mirror," "The Cathedral," "The Old Ladies." It is, as every novel should be, a good story well told, with an interesting fable and living characters. But the chief reason it should be read immediately after the Wells book is because it restores to life the true values. The driving idea of the novel appears in the remarks addressed to Harmer John by Wistons, who is, although a clergyman, a deeply spiritual man. Let me add that Harmer John is not Jesus Christ, nor is he a Symbol; he is a Scandinavian, healthy, good-natured, enthusiastic, idealistic.

"I know how loose words are," Wistons went on quietly after a little while. "What have I said that means anything or that can't mean anything you like to make it? But what I know is that there is more in life than anything that men can do or say, that there is an immortal spirit whose history, whose struggles, whose victories and defeats give the whole meaning to this life which is only one short paragraph in the book of that greater life. These are our fleshly conditions and we must obey them, but through them, always, we must be waiting, listening, forever at attention to catch the movement of that other life. Your honor, your courage, your self-sacrifice, your gentleness, kindliness, if you lose these things you had as well be a sheep's carcass hanging in any butcher's. That I *know* to be true."

Among the aristocrats in book-production during 1926, of interest mainly to those who combine a love of beautiful books with the ability to gratify it, are the complete edition of Joseph Conrad, with a special introduction to each novel, written by a man of letters; a complete edition of the works of Stephen Crane, similarly treated; and an entirely new, limited edition of the complete works in verse and prose of Shelley, with a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material. Two volumes of the set have already appeared, containing Letters; they are good to have and to hold.

Mr. W. S. Lewis has performed a service to many readers, and also to Horace Walpole, in going over the vast number of letters by that epistolary artist, and editing a "Selection" in two beautifully printed volumes, embellished with numerous and interesting illustrations. These twin tomes are works of art, their one fault being excessive weight—they are unpardonably heavy.

One of the most important new books of the year is a biography of Turgenev, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. It is written in English, but the author went to the libraries in Moscow and Leningrad for his original Russian sources, inaccessible to the majority of Turgenev's foreign readers. This is a strictly objective work, made neither in reverence nor in malice. It is more important as a portrait of the man than as a critical estimate of his work. Everything about Turgenev interests me, from trivial personal gossip to subtle interpretation. He is my favorite novelist.

Those who admire the art of Turgenev will enjoy reading George Moore's "Avowals," a trade edition of which has recently been published. Not only is it filled with illuminating conversation on a variety of themes, its prolonged discussion of Turgenev is admirable literary criticism. Mr. Moore believes that Turgenev is the greatest artist since the Greeks. Surely the novel as an art form reached its climax in "A House of Gentlefolk" and "Fathers and Children." Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the amazing diversity of the uses to which the novel is put in our times, than to compare the pure art—as beautiful as sculpture—of "A House of Gentlefolk" with the gigantic tirade on everything in general called "The World of William Clissold."

In the latter book, by the way, there is an indictment of the American habit of substituting dialect for the English language. The universality of slang in the United States is so noticeable a feature of our social life, and is stressed so heavily by our popular realistic novelists that I suppose there are many Englishmen who believe that no one in America either speaks or writes English. There is considerable truth in Mr. Wells's explanation of America's failure in leadership.

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At present such types are still ineffective in America, because, among other difficulties, they have to struggle towards understanding through thickets of mind-destroying slang and swamps of verbose cant. . . . America has partly lost the ancient gift of rational speech. American thought is more hampered than we realize by the necessity of expressing itself in a language that is habitually depraved.

This has more truth than some patriotic Americans will allow; but it is not wholly true. Even in America there are some men and women who use the English language, just as there are some business men who are honorable and cultivated. Satire is a useful weapon, but when taken by foreigners as undiluted history, creates a myth. Babbitts are common enough; but it is no more accurate to say that all American business men are Babbitts than to say that all English business men are Pecksniffs.

In addition to Carl Sandburg's masterly biography, a recent portrait of Abraham Lincoln is supplied by another of his biographers, N. W. Stephenson. Mr. Stephenson had the happy thought of letting Lincoln speak for himself. He has collected his letters, speeches, and public documents, selected what is most important, arranged all the material day by day in chronological order, interposed practically no comment, merely a note now and then by way of explanation, and the result is a book of consuming interest and fascination. It is impossible to idealize Abraham Lincoln, because he is so much more noble and splendid than any fancy portrait. There is in his gnarled personality a grandeur beyond the reach of marble.

"Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun . . .
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart."

An extremely diverting novel is "The Bad Samaritan," by Justin Sturm, a young American in the middle twenties.

When Robert Hyde of New York wrote me that he could not find anywhere in America a "Club Breakfast" containing both fruit and cereal, he stirred up a hornet's nest. I have received 36,797 letters (more or less) enclosing club-breakfast cards from every corner of the world, where one may obtain both fruit and cereal.

The latest breakfast in fiction that I have enjoyed is on the first page of Archibald Marshall's new novel, "The Allbrights," in which, with his accustomed skill, he makes ordinary people and ordinary conversation interesting. His art is so fine that to undiscriminating readers it is not art at all. Well, breakfast is ready.

An English family at breakfast is an affair of national significance. No other people attack this meal in the spirit that we do. Cross the Channel and you will not find it at all, except in those places where we are in a position to demand it. You have to cross the Atlantic before you find anything like it. In the matter of cereals, hot breadstuffs, fruit, abundance of cream, and, it may be added, in the excellence of their coffee, the Americans have us beat, and cannot be complained of if they prefer their breakfasts to ours. But they also drink cold water with this meal, which is alien to our tastes and habits, and in spite of greater variety their breakfasts are not so fortifying. It is true that we used to drink strong ale and eat cold beef with ours, which was possibly more fortifying still, but that was a long time ago. In the course of years we have made the meal a comfortable one, and an English family gathered round the breakfast table, especially if their avocations do not necessitate their hurrying away from it, may be contemplated with legitimate pride. There are those who say that England is gradually losing the various superiorities of which we have had reason to be proud, but we can always take pride in being peculiarly ourselves, which is no more than a form of self-respect, if it is not pushed so far as to demand that everybody else shall be like us.

I suppose it is true that most Americans drink ice-water with breakfast; but I have not drunk any water with breakfast for twenty years.

That my attack on toothpicks was sorely needed, and that it is not successful is proved by a clipping I received from Doctor Horace Hart, which shows that Thirty Billion Toothpicks are manufactured every year in the United States, and are sent all over the world.

Miss Lucasta Boynton of Bradford, Mass., writes:

Would you not like to add to your cat-

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tists the name of Scarlatti? "Scarlatti's pet *Cat* (sic) ran along the keyboard striking:

which suggested to the Master the theme of the 'Cat Fugue.'"

The above note is to be found accompanying a fugue of this title and subject in a collection of piano works by D. Scarlatti (1685–1757), the Schirmer's Library series, volume 73, page 74. I believe I have seen no musicians in your list so far. Do you not think Scarlatti should be added?

Nominations for the Ignoble Prize

The word "relict" by Mrs. A. Campbell, of Mt. Kisco. "If any one ever puts that on my tombstone I will 'riz' right up and 'hant' 'em."

Pronunciation of "economic" as "ecconomic," by a famous surgeon. "To say 'ec' is in absolute violation of its derivation." The old spelling "œconomy" shows the right way.

The expressions "in terms of," "reaction," "objectives," by Miss Edith Phelps Farnsworth, of Springfield, Mass.

The expression "I'm sorry" instead of "Beg pardon," by Mrs. Harry C. Beers, of Lanesboro, Mass. "Perhaps it is not as common in Connecticut as in Massachusetts." It is, though.

"Around" for "about"—"around 8 o'clock," by K. Dewey, of Yonkers. "But nothing ever obliterates the rage that consumes me in hearing 'aren't I?' It is so utterly indefensible, and its use is almost always accompanied by a smug satisfaction in the speaker, and I have heard it used by a professor of English in a first-class college."

"Tot" for "child" in newspaper headings, by Miss Annie Kirk Laurie, of Harrisburg, Pa.

The expression "present writer" for "I," by Henry Wilson Goodrich, of Philadelphia.

Isn't it obvious to every reader that the writer is present where he is writing and the time when he is writing is the present, relatively speaking according to Einstein?

The study of mathematics, by Edward Longstreth, of Philadelphia. "Down with Math, let the aftermath be what it may."

Arthur E. Bostwick, the famous librarian of St. Louis, writes:

I enjoy the enviable distinction of being the only citizen of the United States who has nominated no candidate for your Ignoble Prize. And now I am about to abdicate this proud position by offering for your consideration the abbreviation *'til*. Are those who use it aware that there is a perfectly good unabbreviated word that means the same thing—namely, *till?* And if they write *'til*, as short of *until*, why don't they also write *'to* as an abbreviation of *unto?*

Old titles for new novels, by William A. Sim, of Florence, Italy.

Conrad's posthumous romance is called "Suspense," but a fascinating Victorian story-teller, H. S. Merriman, also christened an early three-decker "Suspense." Miss Braddon wrote her "Rough Justice" long before Mr. Montague published his masterly narrative. Mrs. Henry Dudeney, an accomplished craftswoman, has just assembled her short tales under the rubric "Fly Leaves," which C. S. Calverley made his own. Finally, Mr. John Galsworthy leads from a "Caravan" and straightway Mr. Witter Bynner does likewise.

John S. Newberry, of Cleveland:

. . . The use of *anticipate* when *expect* is meant. Otherwise careful writers will say "No immediate change is anticipated." What's the matter with *expected?* True, Webster (1925) in his sixth definition of anticipate gives foresee as a synonym, but the verb so clearly indicates action; to *do* beforehand or forestall, that its use in an altogether different sense jars like a discord.

The misplacement of *only*. "I only saw him once," meaning literally that "I didn't *hear* him, *touch* him, *smell* him, or *taste* him; I only *saw* him" whereas the speaker obviously wished to convey the impression that he saw him only *once*. Why then not *say* so? Modern novelists appear to be strangely careless in this respect. And yet—am I wrong? It is so natural for the child to protest "I only took one cookie," the emphasis being concentrated on the exculpating limitation, that "I took only one cookie" would be unthinkably pedantic—why?

Closely on this follows the use of *yet* where

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still is indicated. You were guilty of this in "As I Like It," early this year, but you have the best of company. What I mean is crassly illustrated by "Ikey, is your wife living yet?" "No, not yet."

How can we train ourselves to avoid irritation at these so common slips? Once noted they stand out like a sore thumb, detracting from the pleasure we should be taking in the author's often excellent work.

The veteran novelist, William Henry Bishop, of Brooklyn, Conn., contributes the following:

The incorrect use of the word "reaction," which has become very common. I first saw it in an article on Ireland in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago and now it is a sort of rage. They continually use "reaction" as if it meant the "effect" or "influence" of somebody or something on the outside person or thing. For instance "James told John something startling and then waited to observe the *reaction* on him, John." But what is meant is the "effect" or "result" on John; the reaction, if any, is on James. The *re* in this word shows it is a kind of boomerang. It means that the action comes back to the doer, comes back to whence it was sent.

I received the following comment on the word "angle" by a Bostonian:

I detest it, not because it is new, but because it is so popular. Angle, angle, angle, like "avid," "meticulous," and the whole brood of mock elegances. Last evening I took up "Sabine" and I read: "Vous avez besoin . . . d'envisager à distance les choses sur leur angle véritable." I've not yet found it in Russian.

A professional man in my own town writes:

At length, to my relief, I come upon a legitimate use of "angle" (Stevenson, "Travels with a Donkey":) "The furrow down which he was journeying lay at an angle to the road."

The following letter from the famous play-producer, John Golden, proves that sometimes the advertising of filth is financially rewarding:

I made an experiment with the advertising of this new play that seems rather interesting. I had been announcing it, as I always do, as one of my humorous, clean American productions and our business was not much. One of my press representatives conceived the idea of putting in a sort of ad, in which we told about the young ladies who undressed in the play and mention of a bed or two, all of which is true enough, but, of course, as you would know, the play itself is perfectly decent. As a result of these ads the business increased considerably, but so many of my friends made objection to it that I had these ads immediately withdrawn.

The amusing thing is in the fact that audiences did come to the theatre on that kind of advertising.

It gives us here something to think about.

Into the Fano Club come William C. Parke, Yale '23; John E. Ellsworth, Robert E. Darling, and John B. Clow, all Yale '26.

Doctor Henry A. Perkins, Professor of Physics in Trinity College, Hartford, shocks me by proposing to found an entirely new Fano Club. He writes me from FANO in *Denmark:*

I am thinking of starting a rival "Fano Club"! This is the place I wrote to you about some years ago—but, as you will observe, there is a slight difference, for the line through the *o* makes it *ö* (like the German umlaut) and the *a* is pronounced like *a* in English *fan* or *man*. As to the island I doubt if a greater contrast to your Fano could be imagined. This one is wild and desolate, the home of countless sea-gulls, wild duck, and wild fishermen. The older women dress in a very quaint costume that blossoms out of a Sunday, and their little one-story homes are as picturesque as their costumes.

This is my first visit here, although we saw it in the distance five years ago when we sailed from Esbjerg to Harwick, and we are spending two nights, with the North Sea thundering in under a westerly blow over a magnificent beach just under our windows. There are rolling dunes all around us covered with a kind of sea-grass but almost treeless. I wish I could have found a picture of it to give you an idea of its curious desolate charm. The one I enclose shows the bathing-beach and some astonishing sand forts that actually resist the rising tide to some extent. The sand is very fine and packs hard, so one can actually carve in it. The beach is wide and near the water almost as hard as a board, so they race automobiles on it as we do in Florida.

We have just visited Ribe, the oldest-looking, quaintest town in Denmark, with a fine 12th-century cathedral—the oldest Danish

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church after Schleswig cathedral, which isn't in Denmark anyway. Ribe is full of traditions from the time of the Valdamars. Queen Dagmar died there. In fact it carries one back to Denmark of the middle ages more than any place I have seen here.

The Faerie Queene Club is entered by George W. Parsons of Springfield, Mass., who writes that he has visited 174 cities on the North American continent, and that he now finds people everywhere eager to qualify for this club; also by Ignota, of Burkehaven, N. H., who read the poem at the age of fourteen, and "Sir Charles Grandison" in French at sixteen; by Mrs. Charlotte Newell, of Baltimore.

George W. Johnston, of New York, writes:

I have been much interested in your Faerie Queene Club. Would you mind if I proposed a dozen candidates in a bunch? It is hard enough to persuade one person to read the whole poem, but to persuade a dozen at a time is so out of the ordinary that perhaps you would care to hear the story as to how it came about.

I prepared for college at a private school in Frankfort, Ky., conducted by Mr. James W. Dodd, afterward professor of Latin in Vanderbilt University. He was a marvellous and entrancing teacher, entirely original, bound by no rules and given to the telling of long stories which fascinated and inspired his pupils. He laughed at ordinary standards of accomplishment. For example, I have had him give our class a whole book of Virgil for a lesson, and the next day the class made good. He organized a literary society called the Polymnian, which was hard to get into and harder to stay in. Not only did we have weekly meetings, but once or twice a year we had to report and be examined upon a special line of reading composed generally half of history and half of poetry. We thought nothing of writing 500 lines of a Shakespearean play from memory on examinations. These degrees grew harder and harder, and for the third degree, I think it was, we had to report on the whole of the Faerie Queene and write numberless quotations, and so it happened that in the course of time there were at least a dozen of us boys and girls who read every word of the following:

Faerie Queene
Paradise Lost
Paradise Regained, and all the other English poems of Milton, together with some of the Latin ones.

Dean Raymond Walters, of Swarthmore, writes:

It happens that Mr. Galsworthy has himself answered the question you ask in the October SCRIBNER'S. He has gone on record as favoring the doctrines of "Foggartism" put forward by Michael Mont in "The Silver Spoon."

In the London *Sunday Times* of September 27, 1925, Mr. Galsworthy took up a discussion by Sir Philip Gibbs as to "the parlous state of England" and gave what he conceived to be "two underlying measures of remedy":

"The first, of course, is the expansion of emigration to the Dominions, but with a frank recognition of the fact that the Dominions will not accept spoiled material." (Three full paragraphs were devoted to developing this.)

"The other fundamental measure of remedy that I have to whisper is not new either. I have seen it somewhere propounded, and I suppose it lodged in my inconvenient imagination. It is simply that the Government should control wheat; . . . recovery in agriculture—a going back to the land—is an absolute necessity for England, now."

It is characteristic, I think, of the detachment of Mr. Galsworthy's art as a novelist that the most careful reading of "The Silver Spoon" yields no inference as to his personal advocacy of these economic doctrines.

I was informed by a famous surgeon that the *facts* in "Microbe Hunters" were facts, though I deplored the manner in which they were presented. Two scientific men now write me in protest.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* for October 16:

The history of scientific medicine is as romantic a tale as ever attracted the notice of novelist or poet. Numerous writers have already told the stories in many forms, and the public begins to appreciate more and more what medicine has accomplished. The records of achievement are to be found first, of course, in the scientific language of original investigators published in the technical periodicals devoted to medical progress. From these first-hand accounts medical historians, public-health educators, leaders in medicine, novelists, and writers on medicine for the press have derived the information which they retell in more understandable if not more fascinating form to an interested public. When "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif, recently appeared, the book was

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welcomed as a most readable account of the work done by great investigators in the fields of bacteriology and insect-transmission of disease. A few critics—notably reviewers in *The Journal* and in *Hygeia*—were inclined to doubt the desirability of the flippant journalese in which most of the book was phrased, and to question the reproduction of imaginary conversations in slang and dialect alleged to have taken place in the laboratories and jungles where microbe hunters sought their prey. The gospel of microbe hunters is facts, and it is on facts that de Kruif repeatedly places his emphasis in eulogizing Koch and Roux and Grassi and others. "The facts of science," he would have Grassi say, "are greater than the little men who find those facts." And now, in a letter published in this issue of *The Journal*, Ross, Nabarro, Low, Castellani, and Christy urge that the de Kruif account of their work is "apocryphal" and drawn "almost only from his own imagination." The history of medicine is as romantic a story as the novelists might tell—but if it purports to be history it should not be too romantic.

Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fe, sends me a valuable note on eighteenth-century slang, especially as used in the works of Fielding:

How do slang phrases originate? Does any one ever consciously and intentionally create such things? We incline to the opinion that they are accidentally evolved. If we cannot originate, however, perhaps we can revive an old one.

In 1734 there was a farce "acted at the Theatre-Royal, by his majesty's servants," entitled "An old man taught wisdom; or, The Virgin unmasked," which was writ by one Fielding, and deals with a father's attempted arrangements to marry off his daughter with a large marriage portion, several suitors appearing, and it is plain that "pure" and "purely" were used in that day in colloquial slang-like manner, something as "fierce" and "dandy," which latter is abominable, have been in recent years, as the following examples will show.

The girl, responding to her father's talk about a husband, expresses more of a desire for a coach and six, and says: "I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and me thought it was the purest thing."

Again, conversing with the first suitor who appears, whom she especially dislikes, she is told by him that after marriage, she may have any one else, to which she says: "may I? Then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by Goles! Why this is pure! la! they told me other stories."

The suitor, a little after, tells her he will be the same after marriage as before "unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head"; to which she says "Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make."

Another aspirant comes, a dancing master, whose appearance and talk are very pleasing, and, in the course of the interview, she says "Lard, sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things. He's a pure man! (aside)."

A little after she says, in an aside, "It is a pure thing to give one's self airs."

After he leaves the stage, she soliloquizes about him, and, referring to the "fiddle" which early teachers of dancing used, says: "He shall play and I'll dance; that will be pure."

It seems clear that "pure" did lend itself to a great variety of meanings, quite as different and inconsistent as those attached to some words in our own time.

In one of the novels of Jeffrey Farnol, the time of which must be not far from Fielding's day, at least once a similar use is made of "pure."

An interesting letter from a famous English novelist, who will not let me print her name with it:

I know you were a great admirer of dear Henry James, that best known and perhaps least read genius.

. . . Well, Henry James is a Classic; who reads Classics now-a-days, or cares tuppence about them? I fear I am growing cynical? I felt this a few days ago when I went to the Memorial Service to A. B. Walkley, *The Times* dramatic critic, the head of his profession, generally brilliant but often uncertain in his views. Every week besides his dramatic criticism he had a column in *The Times*. I expected to see a crowd at the Memorial Service, of actors and actresses, and dramatists; there were hardly any of these, only many Journalists and Representatives of Literary Societies and the Garrick Club. But the others, those he appraised and blamed, and at least carefully considered, were conspicuous by their absence. . . . By the way, it may interest you to know that he is succeeded on *The Times* by Charles Morgan, who has been his understudy for some time. He is considered by far the most brilliant of the younger Dramatic Critics. It is a big appointment to be dramatic critic on *The Times*, and cuts him off from con-

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tributing signed work to any other English newspaper. . . . I hear, by the way, that his sole signed contribution to dramatic criticism will be a weekly article in the New York *Times*.

The *Revue Angle-Américaine* continues to be filled with interesting and valuable articles. Its book reviews are done by experts. In a criticism of the French translation of Waldo Frank's "City Block" (by A. Digeon) the philosophical excesses and the immense potential power of our young American writer are fairly set forth:

On y retrouve souvent sinon l'influence, au moins l'inspiration de Zola, de son réalisme copieux, de son brutal symbolisme, qui s'obstine à trouver un sens à la vie quotidienne. Tout cela est poussé au paroxysme, obscurci de tirades d'une poésie véhémente, boursouflé d'une philosophie confuse. Heureusement ce visionnaire sait se discipliner lorsqu'il le veut jusqu'au plus modeste réalisme, et il atteint alors au pathétique simple et direct. Plus que *Rahab, City Block* fait pressentir les grandes œuvres qu'écrira Waldo Frank lorsqu'il sera entièrement délivré des formules.

As I have frequently been accused of over-indulgence in superlatives, I thought I would look around a bit—and I find that superlatives are also used by others who are wiser and nobler than I.

Joseph Wood Krutch: Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" is "the greatest novel of our generation."

H. L. Mencken on "My Antonia": "No romantic novel ever written in America is one-half so beautiful."

In "The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry": "Mr. Bridges can show a larger body of first-rate lyrical work, flawless in inspiration and in technique, than any other English poet."

Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Clarke: Disraeli was "the greatest Englishman who was born and died in the nineteenth century."

Professor J. B. S. Haldane: "Einstein is the greatest Jew since Jesus."

Many advertisements are put in the form of questions, the object being either to awaken or shame the reader. I have amused myself lately by framing answers to some of them:

Q. How many of Nature's Secrets do you UNDERSTAND?

A. *None.*

Q. Can you guess this man's age?

A. *No.*

Q. Have you read Elinor Glyn on Love?

A. *Certainly not.*

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN the interests of art were first taken under the wing of the great fabric that commemorates the name of Andrew Carnegie, in Pittsburgh, the president of Carnegie Institute was the late William N. Frew. There lies before me a faded letter that he wrote to the late John W. Beatty, the director who had organized the opening exhibition. This letter, dating from the fall of 1897, contains a passage so felicitously descriptive of the work that has been going on there ever since that I am glad to reproduce it now, as a preliminary to a survey of the Twenty-fifth International.

"As to the institution that is so dear to the hearts of all of us," he says, "I have from the first set before myself an ideal which is Perfection. We may never reach it, but we will never get well started on the road if we are content to rest satisfied with anything less. One other thing that I cannot lose sight of. Mr. Carnegie is the first man to set up a ladder in Pittsburgh by which we may climb, if we will, above the clouds of smoke and out of the noise of hammers." Pittsburgh has been steadily making that ascent, and to a man of artistic proclivities it is one of the most interesting spots in the world. Joseph Pennell rightly pounced upon it as rich in subjects for the drawings that he loved to make, showing "the wonder of work." The steel-mills alone constitute an extraordinary lure. But I have found the place sympathetic in many ways. For one thing Pittsburgh occupies a site, hilly and river-bound, that is unique in its romantic picturesqueness. Where anything like the same conditions exist in Europe people travel hundreds of miles to see them. Of course the Pittsburgher who has no use for Carnegie's ladder has done his best to ruin the natural beauty of this Pennsylvanian stronghold. As your taxi takes you from the railway-station up a glorious ramp, rising in prodigious length to a prodigious height, you are happy for a moment looking over the valley with the flare of the mills in the foreground and myriad twinkling lights beyond. But in another moment you are whelmed in distress because as you rise you are confronted by the most diabolical array of huge advertising signs that I have ever seen anywhere. Year after year over a long period I have gone to Pittsburgh to see the International, and year after year I have blenched before the awfulness of those signs. There is the ramp, a portentous asset by itself, a stretch of grandeur that any city here or abroad might envy, and for lack of adequate protection it is disfigured beyond belief. Yet, as I say, Pittsburgh is to me a wonderfully sympathetic place to visit. After all, you do emerge from that fiendish gantlet and presently you approach the ladder.

♣ ♣ ♣

YOU approach it under varying lights. Sometimes at night when one of the mills is going at full blast the sky is filled over an immense area with the loveliest imaginable rosy conflagration. But I like the daylight, too. Often it is merely cold and gloomy, but there are other days when even fairly strong sunshine is tempered by the smoke and then a very beguiling softness touches the atmosphere. A pleasant place is Pittsburgh, and nowhere pleasanter than at the Institute, where they are mounting the ladder in throngs. It would be interesting to explore in detail that hive of ambitious industry. I have peered through the glass door of a little sound-proof room and caught a glimpse of a student sawing away at his cello. There are many such cubicles. I have watched other students setting the stage in their theatre, and I have gone from a class in one art to a class in another. But I must resist the temptation to traverse them all. I note their activity here only to indicate the environment of the International. On

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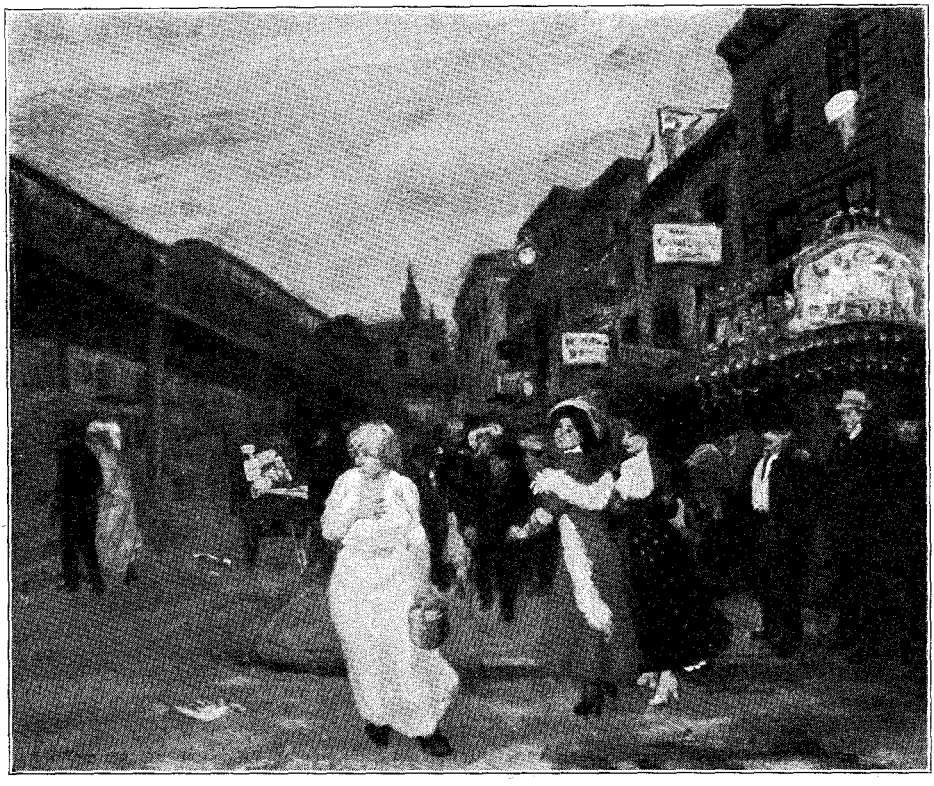
just one aspect of the scene may I grant myself a longer pause. This is supplied by the permanent collection. Carnegie, as is well known, was not content with creating the Institute alone. He supplied it with ample funds. Since 1896 about $75,000 has been paid in prizes awarded at the International, and in the same period there have been bought out of the International 79 of the 169 pictures in the permanent collection, at a cost of about $165,000. The outcome of these expenditures—and the excellent judgment directing them—as regards the permanent collection, has been the creation of a kind of American Luxembourg. It forms a really valuable exposition of modern painting. Of course it does not pretend to be absolutely comprehensive. But neither for that matter does the French Luxembourg. The point is that it is richly representative so far as it goes, and though I hate statistical information I cannot forbear setting down in this place the names of a few of the artists included, adding the statement that they are shown in really first-class examples.

The "star" picture in our own school is Whistler's Sarasate; and there are other instances of an eminent man present in eminent work, like Winslow Homer in The Wreck, and George Inness in The Clouded Sun. But all through the collection the effort has been to show an artist at his best; and it is at their best that we see Abbey, Alexander, Beaux, Brush, Chase, Currier, C. H. Davis, Dewing, Hassam, Lawson, Melchers, Metcalf, Murphy, Perrine, T. Robinson, Sargent, Thayer, Twachtman, and Weir. I give, too, only a fragment of the list. Some names I sorely miss from it, notably those of La Farge and Bunce. But, I repeat, the list, so far as it goes, is a good one. The



Sixth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street.
From the painting by the American John Sloan in the International at Pittsburgh.

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French, of course, are well represented in it, with Puvis de Chavannes at the head of the contingent. Bastien-Lepage is there, with Aman-Jean, Besnard, Blanche, Dagnan-Bouveret, Le Sidaner, Monet, Raffaelli, and others. The English have

Rose and Silver.

From the painting by the American Leopold Seyffert in the International at Pittsburgh.

their places, Lavery, Orpen, Morrice, and so on, and there are illustrations from divers Continental schools in Zuloaga, Thaulow, Boznanska, Stuck, and Mauve. I need not multiply citations. The foregoing is enough to show how the function of the permanent collection has been interpreted in the past by John Beatty, and in more recent years by Homer Saint-Gaudens, the present director. It is the function of a museum driving peculiarly at the subject of modern art, seeking to reflect contemporaneous conditions, in a very special sense recognizing art as part of that "wonder of work" which Pennell so happily phrased, as part, that is, of the world in which we live. And here I have to note a sharp distinction. The permanent collection makes a kind of antechamber to the International. It is allied with it but there is a sense in which it is not, strictly speaking, of it. It skims the cream of a given International, whereas the International itself is framed necessarily on another hypothesis. The purpose of the big annual exhibition is not to assemble "star" pictures, but to admit in all their diversity those things which, subject to the opinion of carefully organized advisory committees and juries, American and European, have a representative status. The purpose of the International, in a word, is to show what is going on in the studios of the world. Thus a good or bad exhibition is fairly indicative of good or bad conditions in contemporary painting at large. The International is for the United States in some sort an annual clearance, serving our public more or less in place of a transatlantic voyage.

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WHAT does it tell this year? I may warn the reader at once that I have no intention of seeking an answer to that question through a minute enumeration of pictures. There is little to be gained from such a course even if I had the patience for it. The occasion is one rather for the detachment of significant currents, traits, and influences. I am interested especially in the matter of who is painting well, and there I am struck by the progressive habit of our own school. It is not always realized that we have been interested in technique from the start. The pioneers were keen on drawing like gentlemen, and mediocre as some of them were, they planted here the seeds of technical integrity. Gilbert Stuart was, among other things, a superb craftsman. Just as it is a mistake to overemphasize what we "derived" from Great Britain in the eighteenth century, so it is a mistake to make too much of our debt to France in the nineteenth. That debt is

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immense, and should never be forgotten, but it was incurred by men of talent, in some cases by men of genius; and it is silly to talk of the French in the presence say of an Abbott Thayer or a John H. Twachtman, both of whom went to Paris. I feel as indignant with the familiar cant when I consider the even merit of the American pictures now at Pittsburgh. Let us admit that some of the men who made them have studied in Paris, and that, for others, French influences have been "in the air." The fact is that the technical competence which prevails reflects not only sound training but an inborn feeling for technical rectitude.

Let it be remembered also that what pulls a school through is in the long run not so much a national language as the individual idioms which give it force, color, and accent. I do not find these in the American section always carrying the development still further and enriching it with imagination, style, and beauty. But the rare man is rare anywhere, and we don't have to be downhearted when on a walk through this exhibition we can meet such distinguished figures as Brush and Davies, Dewing and Savage, Charles H. Davis and Rockwell Kent. Moreover, the beauty that resides in simple truth, painted skilfully, sincerely, and with personal energy lies all about us in this group of about a hundred American paintings. There are portraits and figure-paintings of the most persuasive character. There are landscapes having in them a natural magic more potent than you would find in the same art as it is practised in any of the European schools. There is a curious deftness, there is a curious precision, about it all that somehow connects itself in my mind with the frank practicality of American life. Nothing could be racier. This Americanism is perhaps most obvious in such a picture of a typical urban scene as John Sloan's Sixth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, but it crops out too in a pure "academy" like Leopold Seyffert's Rose and Silver. This latter study of a semi-nude figure is peculiarly characteristic of American art at the present day, characteristic in its clean-cut adroitness. It tends toward superficiality, I fear, but one of the pleasantest things about the show is the evidence afforded by men like Eugene Speicher, Leon Kroll, and John Carroll that something besides a light grace is being sought. The light touch is pervasive, but a graver note is creeping in.

Portrait of Mr. D.

From the painting by the German Conrad Hommel in the International at Pittsburgh.

THE English situation is ambiguous and a little puzzling, I suppose because nearly always British painting has been quite as much of an intellectual as of an emotional form of expression. It has been powerful in organization, as in the eighteenth-century portrait-painters, but it has not been very rich in virtuosi such as Hogarth and Gainsborough in earlier days and painters like Walter Sickert and the late Charles W. Furse in our own time. The school has always been hampered in its pursuit of pure painting by preoccupation with what it has had to say, the latter a virtue only efficacious when technique is

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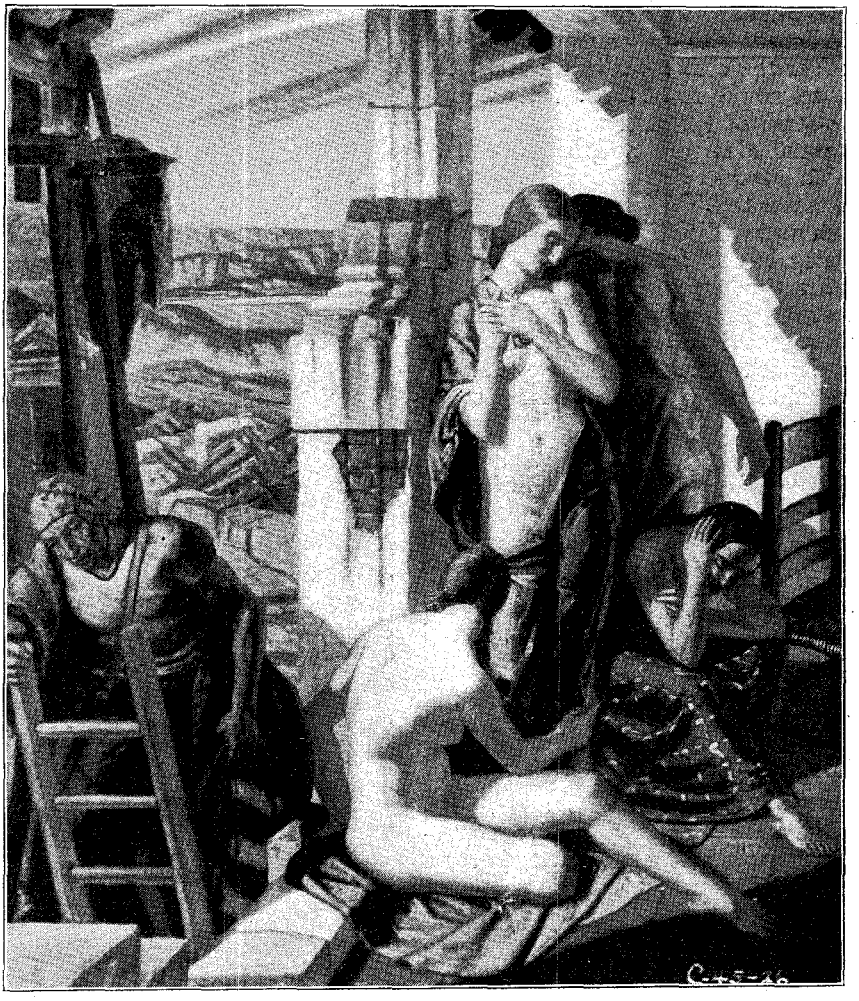
authoritative and at its ease. Charles Shannon's Birth of Venus, a beautiful Titianesque composition, is typical. It is as noble as a Watts, but there is a deadening conventionality about its execution. There are many different pictures in the exhibition that in this want of unity between conception and technique are very like it. The English artist constantly thinks for himself, but he does not always paint for himself. One of the heaviest disappointments in the British section is provided by Glyn Philpot. He has been promising to rise into something like original mastery, but his big Tunisian Afternoon looks like an enlarged Gérôme, even to the inelastic style. There are some free, vigorous talents amongst the English, like the portrait-painters Augustus John and Ambrose McEvoy, like the decorative Frank Brangwyn, like that clever handler of form Rosalie Emslie, and like the luminous, individualized Philip Conard. But the slick trail of the Royal Academy is over a good deal of the stuff, and though an illustration of this like the garish Tights and Tarlatan by Laura Knight undoubtedly makes "a hole in the



Captives.

From the painting by the English Harry Morley in the International at Pittsburgh.

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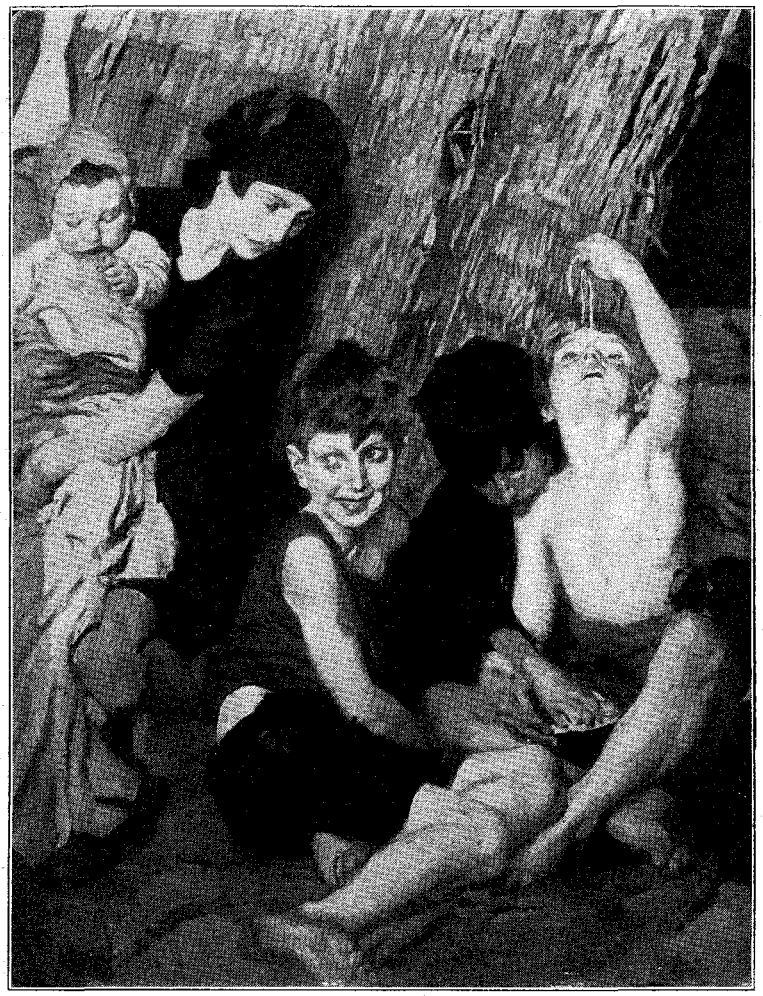
wall," the general effect leans toward mediocrity. Here and there there is an effort to achieve a mild sensationalism. Leon Underwood tries it by casually introducing a nude Venus among his clothed moderns at table in Kensington Gardens, but he recalls Manet only to his own disadvantage. In the main, however, this form of assertion is rarely visible, and Modernism only occasionally lifts its head. The broad impression I received from British art was of an art energized by thought, episodically interesting through the intervention of a good technician, but floundering somewhat in the doldrums. Though it abounds in fine intentions it awaits the coming of men of power. For one master like John, for one exemplar of brilliant painting like William Nicholson, whose little still-life in the exhibition is a gem, there are whole squads of second-raters. It is a time of transition in England.



Breakfast.
From the painting by the Italian Ettore Tito in the International at Pittsburgh.

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SO it is in France. The upholders of the old Salon tradition, meretricious in some respects but of sterling value in others, are to-day white-haired veterans,

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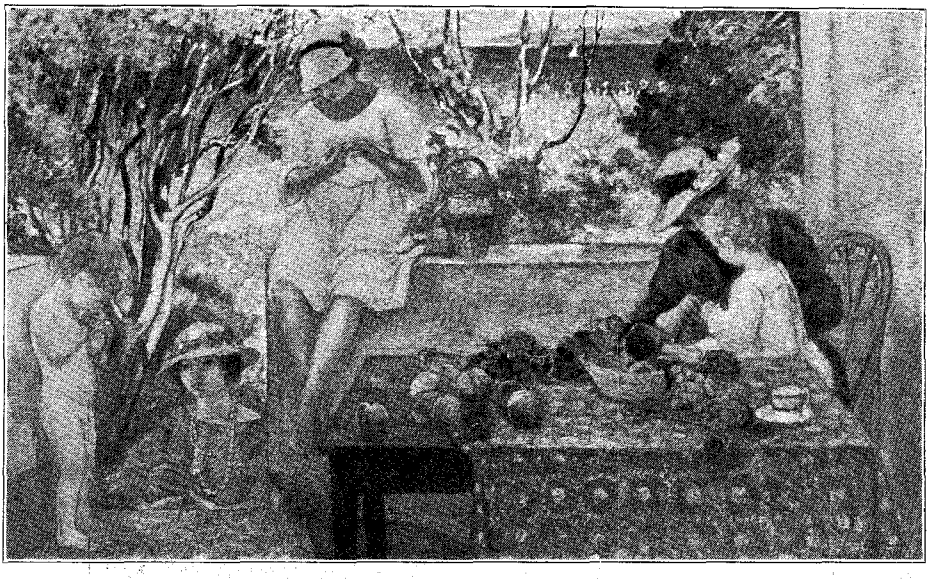

Breakfast on the Terrace.
From the painting by the French Henri Lebasque in the International at Pittsburgh.

One Evening.
From the painting by the Belgian Auguste Oleffe in the International at Pittsburgh.

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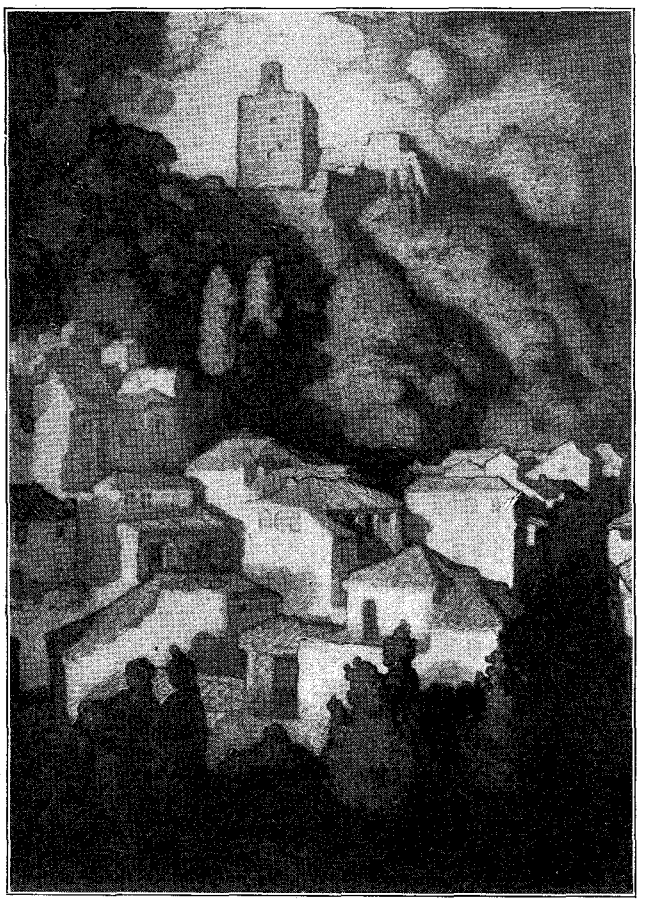
and the rising generation is not quite bending their bow. Though their workmanlike ideas of design and drawing are not forgotten, so that you see them carried on well enough in the works of such men as Lebasque, Charlot, Baignères, and quite a few others, the average Frenchman seems to me strangely listless and prosaic. It is very painful to say this, because in the same instant my mind reverts to the war, and to the lights put out by that cataclysm. Perhaps France is doing as well as she can after such a tragedy. On the other hand, one forgets sorrow and is merely resentful when one sees how in the break-up of old conditions the vagaries of Modernism have been given their chance. There is amusement available, too. It is amusing to look at Picasso's lumpy Mother and Child, and then to think of the fatuities that the advocates of "volume" may find ecstatically to utter about it. There is some consolation finally in observing that French art as French art remains untouched by Modernistic fallacies. There is even a sign that their tide is turning in the astonishingly rational character of Van Dongen's Pink Dress. For once at least he does not try to make the bourgeois sit up. The school is certainly not trying to do anything of that sort. It is plodding along, tired but faithful to its immemorial genius, and lacks chiefly the reinvigoration which new leaders, young and authentic, alone can give it.



Torre de la Vega, Granada.

From the painting by the Spanish Bacarisas in the International at Pittsburgh.

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ITALY comes bravely into the foreground with evidences of a livelier outlook upon life and a broadening style. One of her younger men, Giovanni Romagnoli, is this year the foreigner having a gallery to himself. In many nudes and some good pieces of still-life he admirably represents the new spirit of Italian art, the cultivation of a robust realism and of a technique freed from the mere dexterity and glitter once so wide-spread. Spain is experiencing a similar renaissance, held back by an unfortunate confidence in the immobile "tableau" which is a specious by-product of Zuloaga's brilliant talent. Belgium among the northern nations leaves a good impression, thanks to a few good realistic painters, especially Anto Carte, who has some imagination into the bargain. Holland does not seem to be so well off, and only in Russia is there much northern energy

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visible, and that is accompanied by a great deal that is crude in feeling, taste, and color. It will be observed that I

bly well-done picture may be found in the galleries to which these nations contribute, but there is no sign amongst

The Hunter.
From the painting by the Russian Dimitri Steletzki in the International at Pittsburgh.

grow very brief. It is because there is next to nothing to say about Germany, Austria, Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, and Sweden. A tolera-

them of the outstanding master. The point is symbolical. Of all the European schools it may be said that they are marking time.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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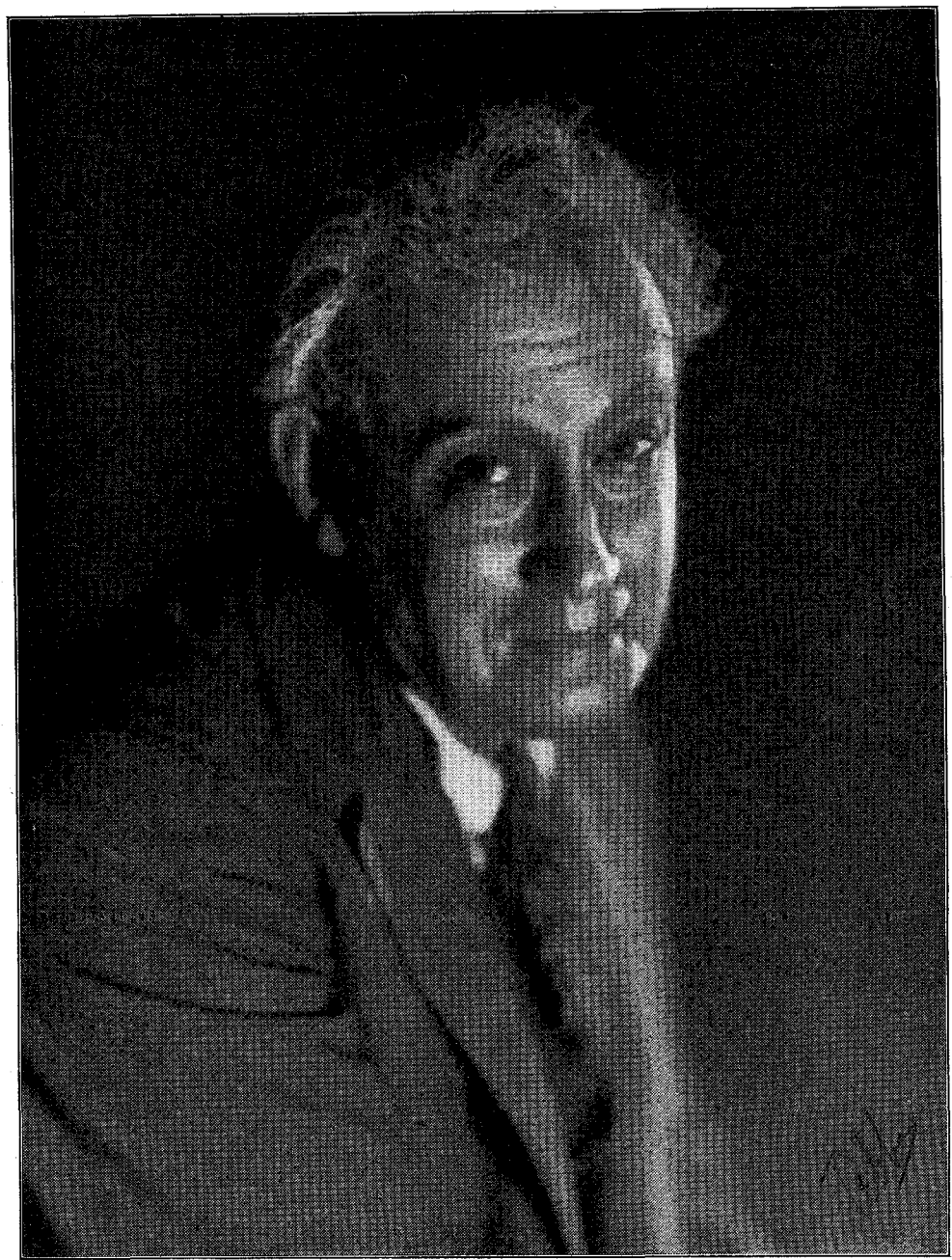

From a photograph by Abbé.

"THE OLD SOAK."

As interpreted by Harry Beresford.

—See "When the Turtles Sing," page 113.

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